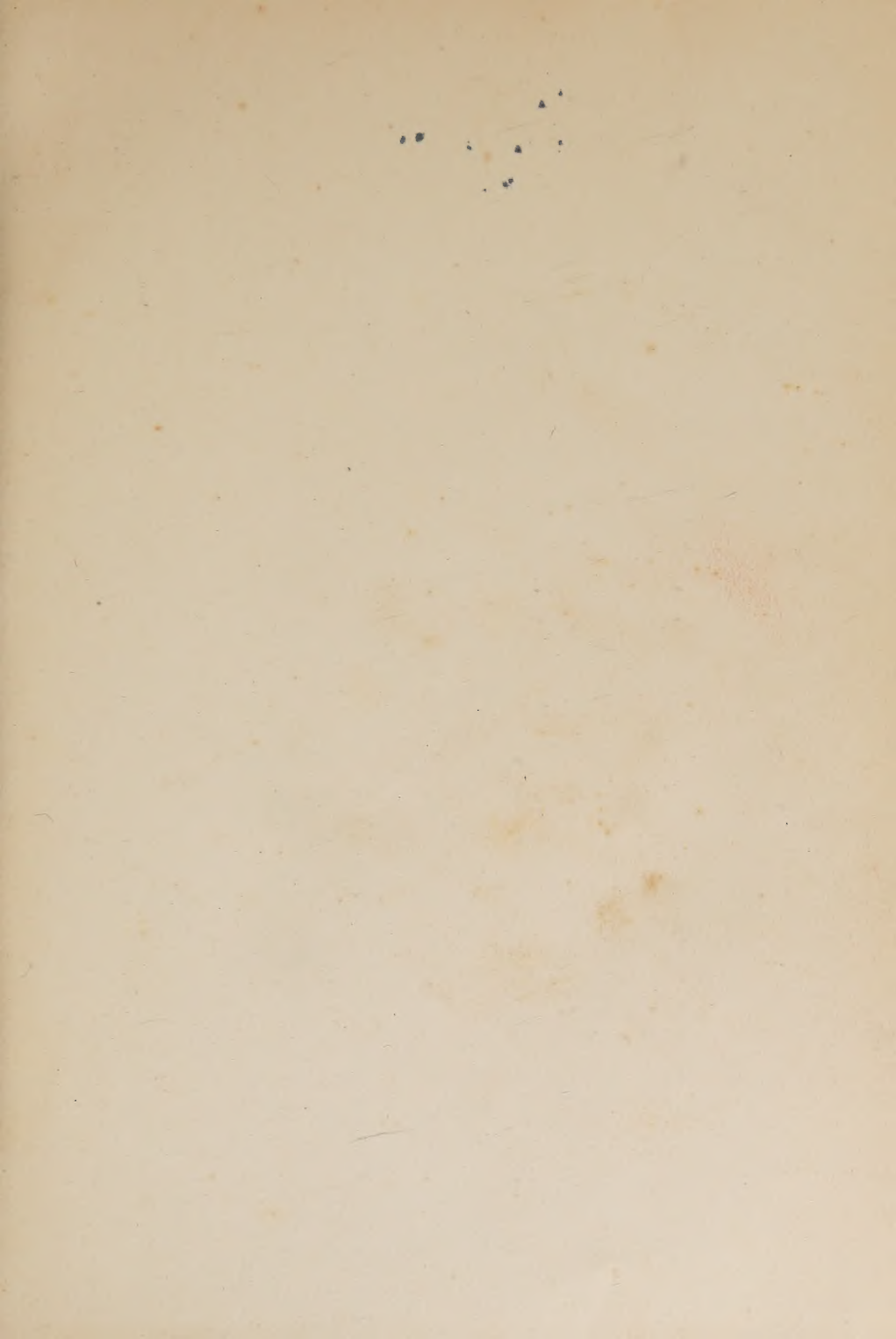



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PACIFIC COAST BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL UNION

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PACIFIC COAST BAPTIST
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No. 1000

Hymns of
Worship and Service




New York
The Century Co.
1905

H99

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Publishers' Note.

 HIS hymn book has grown out of an intimate acquaintance with the musical practice of the evangelical churches. It appears in answer to a general call from those churches for a book of convenient size and moderate cost that shall embrace the standard repertory of Christian praise.

The more compendious books, as a rule, either seek to present and emphasize a special point of view or are edited with the social meeting chiefly in mind. This compilation is based on a careful study of good usage generally, and is framed to meet all the aspects of modern church life.

We venture to assert that the hymns and tunes which compose this book will be found to constitute nine tenths of the repertory of any church, even where emphasis is laid upon the praise service. It will be found, also, that the union of hymn and tune is that which the best practice has sanctioned. The grounds of selection in each case were not individual preference, but the concurrent preference of the churches, ascertained by a painstaking tabulation of actual usage.

THE CENTURY CO.

NEW YORK, 1905.

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The Lord's Prayer

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME, THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN; GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD, AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS; AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL; FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER. AMEN.

Also No. 519 set to a chant.

The Commandments

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Musical responses No. 518.

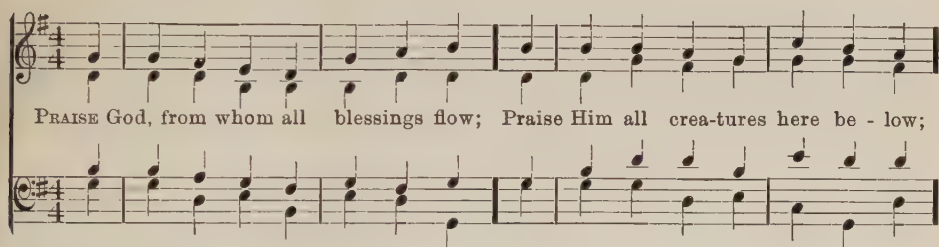
HEAR also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

Hymns of Worship and Service

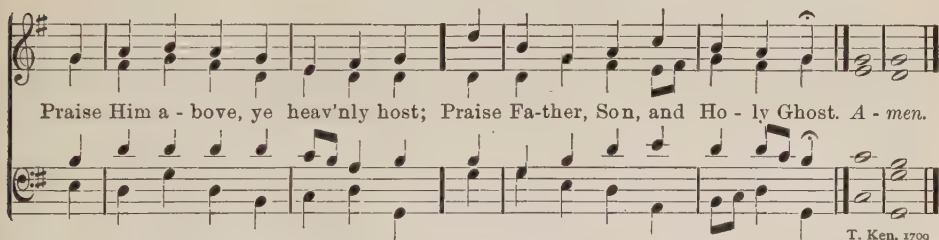
The Beginning of Worship

I THE OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

L. Bourgeois, 1551



PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all crea-tures here be - low;



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

T. Ken, 1709

2 L. M.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;

His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore.

W. Kethe, 1561

3

L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

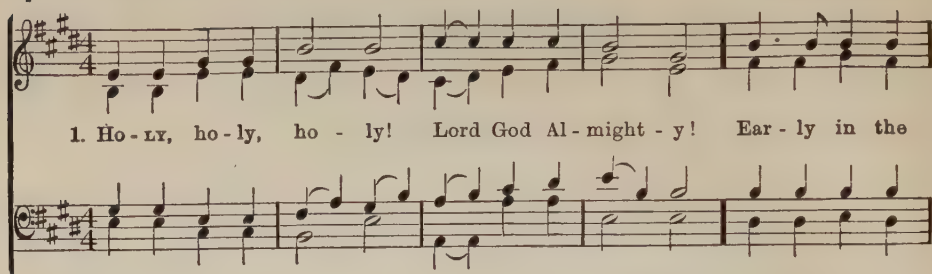
2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

I. Watts, 1719

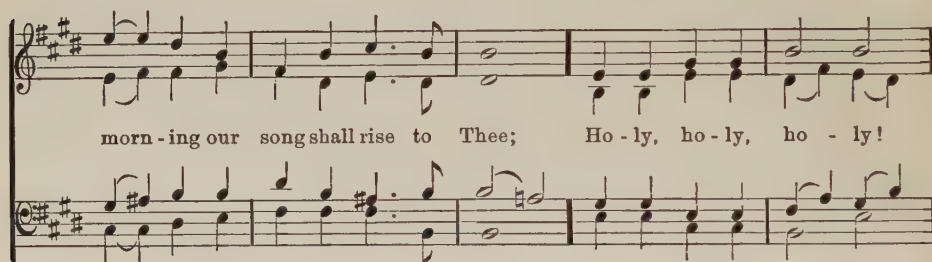
The Beginning of Worship

4 NICÆA P. M. (11, 12, 12, 10, Irregular)

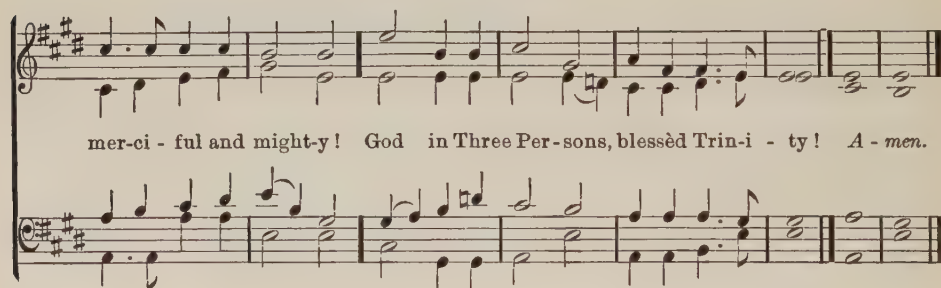
J. B. Dykes, 1861



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!



mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessèd Trin - i - ty! A - men.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

R. Heber, 1827

The Beginning of Worship

5

ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)



1. IN Thy name, O Lord, as - sembling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near;



Teach us to re - joice with trembling, Speak, and let Thy ser - vants hear—



Hear with meek-ness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear. A - men.



2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before—
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

The Beginning of Worship

6

LYONS 10, 10, 11, 11

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. YE ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His
won-der-ful name; The name all vic-to-rious of Je-sus ex-tol;
His king-dom is glo-rious, He rules o-ver all. A-men.

- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save; 2 Oh, tell of His might and sing of His
And still He is nigh—His presence we have; grace;
The great congregation His triumph shall Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
sing, space;
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King. His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne, And dark is His path on the wings of the
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son; storm.
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can
Lamb. recite?
4 Then let us adore and give Him His right, It breathes in the air, it shines in the
All glory, and power, and wisdom and light,
might; It streams from the hills, it descends to the
All honor and blessing, with angels above, plain,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love. And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

C. Wesley, 1744

7

LYONS 10, 10, 11, 11.

- 1 OH, worship the King, all-glorious above, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
And gratefully sing His wonderful love; Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of end!
days, [praise.] Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with

R. Grant, 1833

1. COME, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet ac-cord, And thus surround the throne. A - men.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry; [ground
We're marching through Emmanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

I. Watts, 1709

1. LORD, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

- 2 Our broken spirit pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay
And mount to Thee in praise.

- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly Thine.
- 5 May faith each meek petition fill
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

J. D. Carlyle, 1802

The Beginning of Worship

IO FABEN 8s, 7s. 8l.

J. H. Wilcox, 1849

1. LORD, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee, For the bliss Thy love be - stows,

For the par-d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows;

Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:

Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warm'd to praise. A - men.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him, who saw the guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

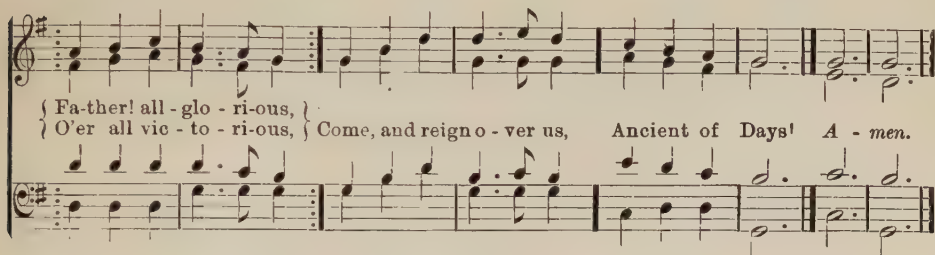
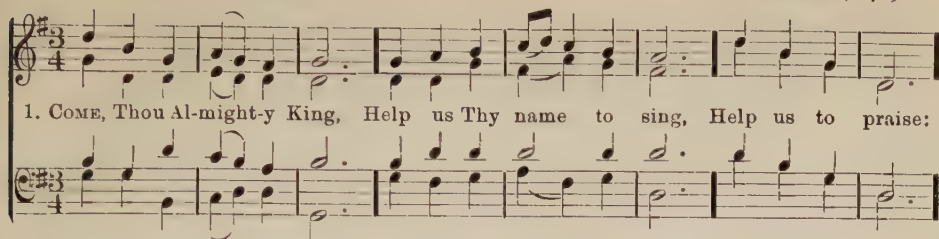
3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

F. S. Key, 1826

The Beginning of Worship

II ITALIAN HYMN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

F. de Giardini, 1769



2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,

Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

C. Wesley, 1757

I2 (FABEN) 8s, 7s. 8l.

1 ROUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple and repeated
Each to each th'alternate hymn:
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High!"
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy holy, holy, Lord!"
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
We adopt Thine angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy!" blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.

R. Mant, 1837

The Beginning of Worship

13 TOULON 108.

The Geneva Psalter, 1551 (L. Bourgeois)

1. As PANTS the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs, That sinks ex -
haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great
King of kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing - place. A - men.

- 2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
- 3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

R. Lowth Tr. G. Gregory, 1787, Ad.

PAX DEI 108.

(Second Tune.)

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. As PANTS the wearied hart for cool - ing springs, That sinks exhausted in the
sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,

The Beginning of Worship

So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing - place. A - men.

I4 FELIX (Raynolds) 10s.

F. Mendelssohn (1809—1847)

1. FA - THER, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in

pen - i - tence be-neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voic - es

raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise. A - men.

- 2 Oh, we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare!
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?
- 3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.
- 4 Oh, by that name in which all fulness dwells,
Oh, by that love which every love excels,
Oh, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in!

The Beginning of Worship

15 TRURO L. M.

C. Burney, 1789

1. HIGH in the heav'ns E - ter - nal God, Thy good-ness in full glo - ry shines;

Thy truth shall break thro' ev - ery cloud That veils and dark-ens Thy de-signs. A-men.

- 2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!

- The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.
- 4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

I. Watts, 1719

16 PARK STREET L. M.

F. M. A. Venn, 1810

1. BEFORE Je - ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is

God a-lone: He can cre-ate, and He de-destroy, He can cre-ate, and He de-destroy. A - men.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

The Beginning of Worship

I7 ST. BEES 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. LORD, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;

O do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A - men.

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;

6 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

W. Hammond, 1745

I8 (ST. BEES) 7s.

1 To Thy temple we repair,
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the veil we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

3 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for Thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

2 While Thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

4 While Thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at Thy law,
Let Thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From Thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say—
“We have walked with God to-day.”

J. Montgomery, 1822

The Beginning of Worship

19 BRATTLE STREET C. M. 81.

Ignace Pleyel (1757—1831)

1. { WHILE Thee I seek, pro- tect-ing Power! Be my vain wish-es stilled; } With
 And may this con- se- crat-ed hour (Omit.....)

bet - ter hopes be filled; Thy love the pow'r of tho't bestowed; To Thee my tho'ts would
 soar; Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer- cy I a- dore. A - men.

2 In each event of life how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear
 Because conferred by Thee.
 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise
 Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet Thy will.
 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen M. Williams, 1786

20 (MEAR) C. M.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,—
 “In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day.”

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
 The Church, adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show His milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
 The holy tribes repair;

The Son of David holds His throne,
 And sits in judgment there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest;
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
 Be her attendants blest.

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There, God, my Saviour reigns.

The Beginning of Worship

21 DALSTON 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8

A. Williams

1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the peo-ple cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day!"

Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and hon-ors pay. A-men.

2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
While walls of strength embrace thee
round:

In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:

The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

4 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred
dwell;

And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Isaac Watts

MEAR C. M.

Welsh Air. A. Williams

1. How did my heart re-joice to hear My friends de-vout-ly say,—

"In Zi-on let us all ap-pear, And keep this sol-emn day." A-men.

The Beginning of Worship

22 LONGWOOD 108.

J. Barnby, 1883

1. SPIR - IT of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from

earth, through all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness,

might-y as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A - men.

- 2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.
- 3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
Oh, let me seek Thee, and oh, let me find.
- 4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
- 5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,—
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The kindling of the Heaven-descended Dove.
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

The Beginning of Worship

23 SWAINSTHORPE S. M.

J. Booth (1852—)

1. SWEET is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious acts to sing, To
praise Thy name, and hear Thy word, And grate - ful of - f'rings bring. A - men.

- 2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.
- With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

H. Auber, 1829

24 MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760

1. EN - TER and wor - ship here, The Bride in - vites thee—Come;
The Spir - it bids thee cast out fear, And make the church thy home. A - men.

- 2 Enter and bless the Lord,
And meditate His grace,
Feast on the manna of His word,
And consecrate this place.

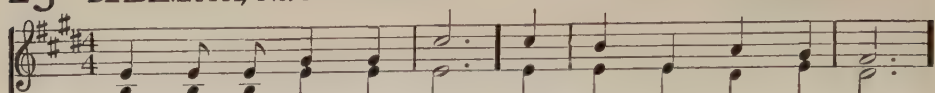
- 3 Enter and rest and pray,
Lift to the hills thine eyes;
Praise Him, and offer up to-day
Thy heart, a sacrifice.

C. C. Albertson, 1900


The Beginning of Worship

25 DIADEMATA, No. 1 S. M. 81.


G. J. Elvey, 1868



1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own;



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,



And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wond'ring eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

1. PLEAS-ANT are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;
Pleas-ant are Thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful - ness, God of grace! A - men.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heav'nly Father's breast!
Like the wand'ring dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;

On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!

The Beginning of Worship

27 GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. Sweetzer, 1849

1. SWEET-LY the ho - ly hymn Breaks on the morn - ing air;
Be - fore the world with smoke is dim We meet to of - fer prayer. A - men.

- 2 While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls, descend;
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send.
- 3 Upon the battle-field,
Before the fight begins,

- We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins.
- 4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.

Chas. H. Spurgeon

28 BUDDINGTON S. M.

H. G. Trembath (1845 -

1. A - WAKE, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb,
Wake ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue To praise the Saviour's name. A - men.

- 2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

The Beginning of Worship

29 CHERUBIM 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

G. F. LeJeune (1842—1904)

From The Tucker Hymnal, by per. of the Editor

1. HARK! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing.

Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,

Fill the heavens with sweet ac - cord,— Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! A - men.

2 Lo! the apostolic train
Join Thy sacred name to hallow.
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed martyrs follow;
And from morn to set of sun,
Through the church the song goes on.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
While in essence only One,
Undivided God, we claim Thee;
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded;
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me.

Morning

30 LAUDES DOMINI 6s. 6l.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. WHEN morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r,

To Je - sus I re - pair;... May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - men.

2 When'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Morning

31 BROWNELL L. M. 61.

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. WHEN, streaming from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing light sa-lutes mine eyes,

O Sun of Right-eous-ness di-vine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine,

Chase the dark clouds of guilt-a-way, And turn my dark-ness in-to day. A-men.

2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and friend;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

W. Shrubsole, 1813

Morning

32 MELCOMBE L. M.

S. Webbe, 1790

1. New ev-ery morning is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safe-ly brought, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and tho't. A - men.

2 New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;

Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1827

33 MORNING HYMN L. M.

F. H. Barthélémon (1741—1808)

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice. A - men.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will;
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Morning

34 WARWICK C. M.

S. Stanley, 1800

1. LORD, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;
To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye— A - men.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting, at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court
And worship in Thy fear.

5 Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

I. Watts, 1719

35 HALLE 7s. 6l.

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. { CHRIST, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light. }
{ Sun of Right-eous-ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night; }
Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star in my heart ap - pear. A - men.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If Thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley, 1740

Morning

36 CULLINGWORTH 11s, 10s.

E. Moss

1. STILL, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird

wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing,

love-lier than the day - light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee! *A-men.*

2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 1855

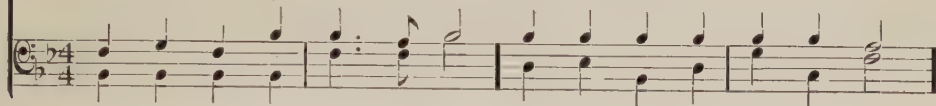
Morning.

37 KELSO 7s. 6l.

E. J. Hopkins, 1872



1. Ev - 'ry morn-ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn-ing dew;



Ev - 'ry morn-ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;



For Thy mer-cies, Lord, are sure, Thy com-pas-sion doth en-dure. A - men.



2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life,
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

G. Phillimore, 1863

Evening

38 EVENTIDE 105.

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. A - BIDE with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens;

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,

Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me. A - men.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Evening

39 ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 2 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8

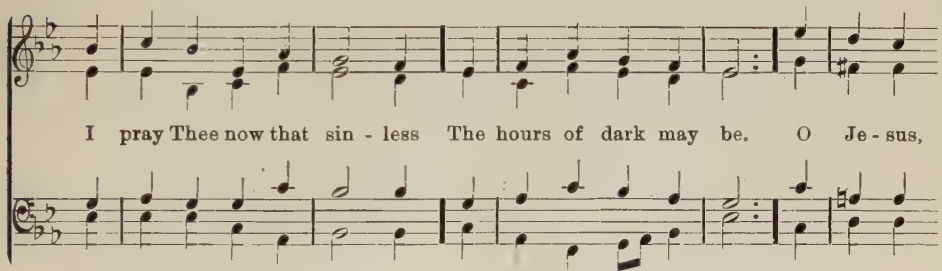
A. H. Brown, 1862



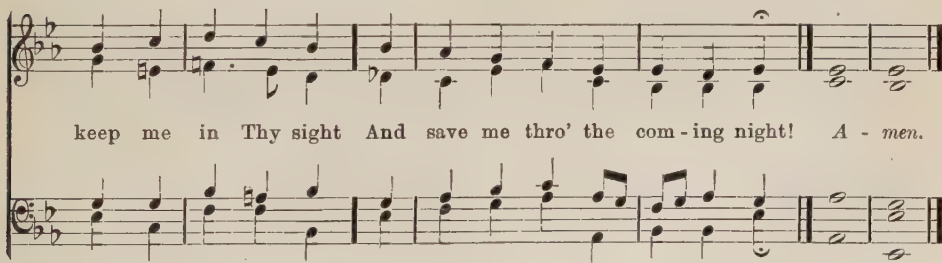
1. THE day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!



I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus,



keep me in Thy sight And save me thro' the com - ing night! A - men.



2 The joys of day are over.
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over.
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, oh, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

Evening

40 TWILIGHT 6s, 5s

J. Barnby, 1868

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;...

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky. A - men.

Eve - ning steal a - cross the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;

Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

41 SCHUMANN (Heath) S. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann (1810—1856)

1. OUR day of praise is done, The eve - ning shad - ows fall;

But pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'nest all. A - men.

Evening

42 HURSLEY L. M.

P. Ritter, 1792 Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861

1. SUN of my soul, Thou Sav- iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a- rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A- men.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble, 1820

(SCHUMANN—Heath) S. M.

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here,
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,

We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. Ellerton, 1867

Evening

43 NACHTLIED 108. 61.

H. Smart, 1872

1. THE day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and yet more faint the sunlight glows:

O brightness of Thy Father's glo - ry, Thou E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now:

Where Thou art pres - ent, darkness cannot be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - men.

- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide;
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide:
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Evening

44 ST. LEONARD C. M. 81.

H. Hiles, 1867

1. THE shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky;

Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dew's of eve-ning lie.

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;

Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - men.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.

Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose.

Evening

45 CHAUTAUQUA 7, 7, 7, 7, 4 With Refrain

W. F. Sherwin, 1877

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and

wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.

Refrain.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the Universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou are nigh.

Ref.—Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee!
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!

Mary A. Lathbury.

Evening

46 SALVATION P. M. With Refrain

Anon.

1. FAD-ING, still fad-ing, the last beam is shining; Fa-ther in Heav-en, the

day is de-cliping. Safe-ty and in-no-cence fly with the light, Temptation and

dan-ger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the shade till the

Refrain.

morning bells chime Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Father, have mercy,

Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Fa-ther have mer-cy, thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord. A-men.

2 Father in Heaven, oh, hear when we call;
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all.
Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might;
In doubting and darkness, Thy love be our light.
Let us sleep on Thy breast when the night taper burns,
Wake in Thy arms when morning returns.—*Ref.*

Evening

47 LUX BENIGNA 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. LEAD, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home; *p* Lead Thou me on:

cres. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....

The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me. *dim.* *p* A - men.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Evening

48

NIGHTFALL 11, 11, 11, 5

J. Barnby, 1872

1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing; The light and

dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing, And 'neath His shad - ow

here to rest we yield us, For He will shield.. us. A - men.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us.
All sick and mourners we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us
But Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us.
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

5 Praise be to Thee through Jesus our salvation,
God, Three in One, the ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all Thine eye of mercy casting,
Lord everlasting.

Evening

49 ST. FIDELIS L. M.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. A - GAIN, as eve-ning's shad - ow falls, We gath-er in these hal-lowed walls;

And ves-per hymn and ves - per prayer Rise mingling on the ho - ly air. A - men.

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our light, to Thee we bow!
Within all shadows standest Thou.
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

S. Longfellow, 1852

50 RADIANT MORN 8, 8, 8, 4

C. F. Gounod, 1872

1. THE ra-diant morn hath passed a - way And spent too soon her gold - en store;

The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more. A - men.

Evening

51 BENEDICTION 105.

E. J. Hopkins, 1867

1. SAV - IOUR, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our
part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease;
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton, 1866

(RADIANT MORN) 8, 8, 8, 4

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

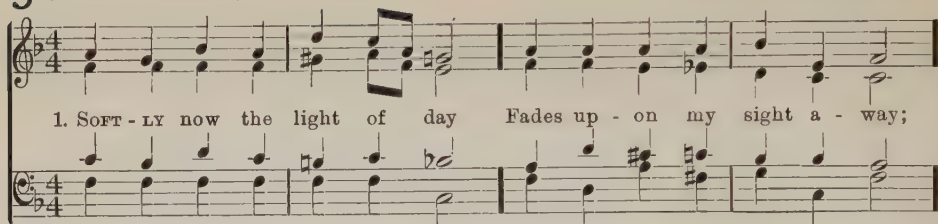
4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

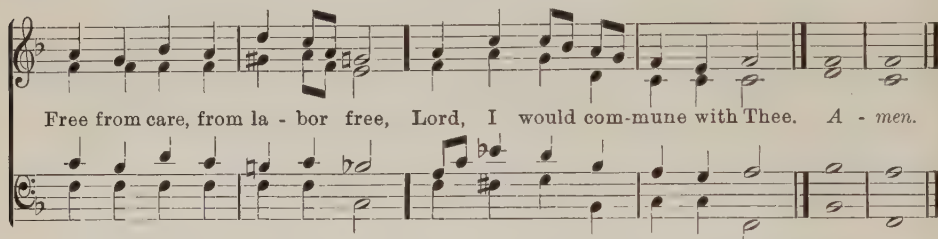
Evening

52 SEYMOUR 7s.

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826



1. SOFT - LY now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee. A - men.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;

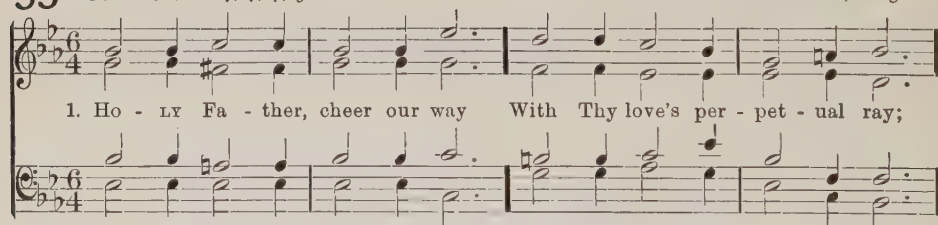
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

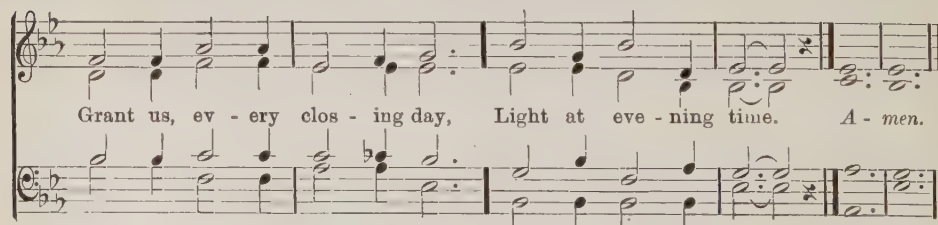
G. W. Doane, 1827

53 NELLINE 7, 7, 5

W. F. Sherwin, 1883



1. HO - LY Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray;



Grant us, ev - ery clos - ing day, Light at eve - ning time. A - men.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our later years,
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;

Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity!
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

R. H. Robinson, 1869

Evening

54 ST. MATTHIAS L. M. 61.

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. SWEET Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our
minds in - stil; And make our luke - warm hearts to glow
With low - ly love and fer - vent will. Thro' life's long day and
death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light. A - men.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Thro' night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Evening

55 EVENING PRAYER 8s, 7s.

G. C. Stebbins, 1878

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1. SAV - IOUR, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal.

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal. A - men.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee,

- Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

J. Edmeston, 1820

56 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant by L. Mason, 1824

1. THE day, O Lord, is spent; A - bide with us, and rest;

Our heart's de - sires are ful - ly bent On making Thee our guest. A - men.

- 2 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore!

- 3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

Evening

57 TALLIS' HYMN L. M.

T. Tallis, 1565

1. ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings

of the light: Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,

Be - neath Thine own al - might - y wings. A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.</p> | <p>5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.</p> |
| <p>3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at Thy judgment day.</p> | <p>6 The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds;
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see.</p> |
| <p>4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.</p> | <p>7 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?</p> |
| <p>8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.</p> | |

T. Ken, 1695 (text of 1709)

Dismissal Hymns

58

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN 8s, 7s. 6l.

Sicilian Melody

1. { LORD, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }
 { Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace; }

Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness. A - men.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Rise, and reign in endless day.

J. Fawcett, 1773

59

BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. THE Lord be with us as we bend His bless - ing to re - ceive;

His gift of peace up - on us send, Be - fore His courts we leave. A - men.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
 Along our homeward road;
 In silent thought or friendly talk
 Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
 Shall close the day of rest;
 Be He of every heart the light,
 Of every home the guest.

J. Ellerton, 1872

Dismissal Hymns

60

ILFRACOMB (Lambeth) C. M.

S. Webbe [?] (1740—1816)

1. CALM me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft rest - ing on Thy breast;

Soothe me with ho - ly hymn and psalm, And bid my spir - it rest. A - men.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
Who hate Thy holy name. [throng

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,

5 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Th' Eternal calm to gain.

H. Bonar, 1857

61

HEBRON L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. Dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Lord; Help us to feed up - on Thy word;

All that has been a - miss, for - give, And let Thy truth with - in us live. A - men.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

J. Hart, 1762

The Lord's Day

62 MENDEBRAS 7s, 6s. 81.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1839

1. { O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; }

On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne,

Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the Great Three in One. A - men.

2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee for our salvation
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee most glorious
 A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where Gospel-light is glowing,
 With pure and radiant beams
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the Rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

C. Wordsworth, 1858

The Lord's Day

63

MARLOW C. M.

J. Chetham, 1718

1. THIS is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own;

Let heav'n re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne. A-men.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna, to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

I. Watts, 1719

64

HEBRON L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. AN - OTH - ER six days' work is done, An - oth - er Lord's day has be-gun;

Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the hours thy God hath blest. A - men.

2 This day may our devotion rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And heaven that sweet repose bestow
Which none but they who feel it know!

3 That peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,

Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

The Lord's Day

65 SABBATH 7s. 6l.

L. Mason, 1824

1. { Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; }
 { Let us now a bless - ing seek, [Omit.....] }

Wait - ing in His courts to - day: Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest. A - men.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show Thy reconciling face—
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,—
 May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
 Let us feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we rest in Thee above.

John Newton, 1779

1. THE dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain,
 As some sweet sum - mer morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain;
 It comes as cool - ing show - ers To some ex - haust - ed land,
 As shade of clustered palm-trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand. A - men.

2 Lord, we would bring for offering,
 Though marred with earthly soil,
 A week of earnest labor,
 Of steady, faithful toil;
 Fair fruits of self-denial,
 Of strong, deep love to Thee,
 Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
 In our humility.

3 And we would bring our burden
 Of sinful thought and deed,
 In Thy pure presence kneeling,
 From bondage to be freed;
 Our heart's most bitter sorrow
 For all Thy work undone—
 So many talents wasted!
 So few bright laurels won!

4 And with that sorrow mingling,
 A steadfast faith, and sure,
 And love so deep and fervent,
 That tries to make it pure;
 In His dear presence finding
 The pardon that we need,
 And then the peace so lasting—
 Celestial peace indeed.

5 So be it, Lord, for ever.
 Oh, may we evermore,
 In Jesus' holy presence
 His blessed name adore.
 Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
 Within His temple-walls—
 Type of the stainless worship
 In Zion's golden halls.

The Lord's Day

67 GERMANY L. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1815

1. SWEET is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night. *A - men.*

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

I. Watts, 1719

68 STATE STREET S. M.

J. C. Woodman, 1844

1. WEL - COME, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;
Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes. *A - men.*

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been

Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

I. Watts, 1709

The Lord's Day

69 CROFT'S 148TH 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

W. Croft, 1700

1. WEL - COME, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest;

I hail thy kind re - turn;— Lord, make these mo - ments blest: From

the low train of mor - tal toys, I - soar to reach im - mor - tal joys. A - men.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

Hayward, in J. Dobell's Collection, 1806

God the Father

70 CREATION L. M. 81.

Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn, 1798

1. THE spa-cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -

the - real sky And span-gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their

great o - rig - i - nal pro-claim. The unwea-ried sun from day to day,

Does his... Cre-a - tor's power dis-play, And pub - lish-es.... to

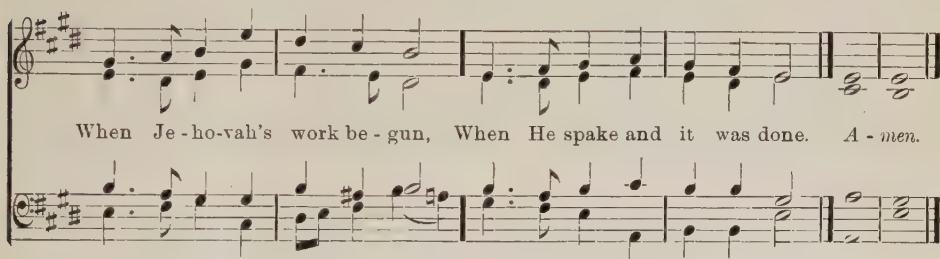
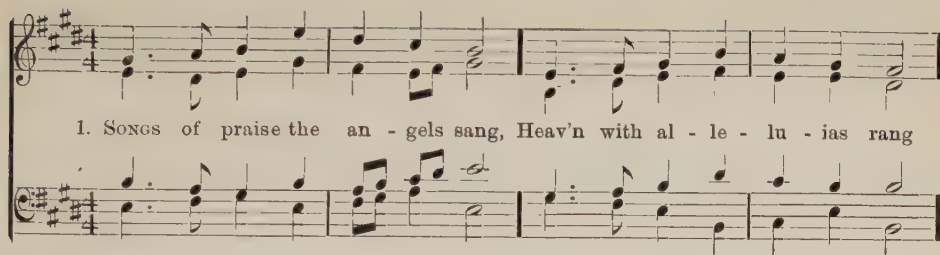
Ped.

ev - ery land The work of an... al-might-y hand. A - men.

God the Father

71 INNOCENTS 7s.

Old French Melody



2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

J. Montgomery, 1819.

(CREATION) L. M. 81

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

J. Addison, 1712.

God the Father

72 MIRIAM 7s, 6s. 81.

J. P. Holbrook (1822—1888)

1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,

What time the tem - pest rag - es, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene:

Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,

To end - less gen - er - a - tions, The Ev - er - last - ing Thou! A - men.

2 Our years are like the shadows

On sunny hills that lie,

Or grasses in the meadows

That blossom but to die:

A sleep, a dream, a story

By strangers quickly told,

And unremaining glory

Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,

Whose light grows never pale,

Teach us aright to number

Our years before they fail.

On us Thy mercy lighten,

On us Thy goodness rest,

And let Thy Spirit brighten

The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor

With beauty and with grace,

Till, clothed in light for ever,

We see Thee face to face:

A joy no language measures,

A fountain brimming o'er,

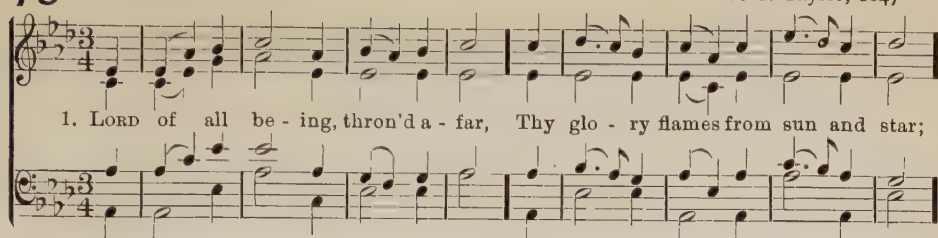
An endless flow of pleasures,

An ocean without shore.

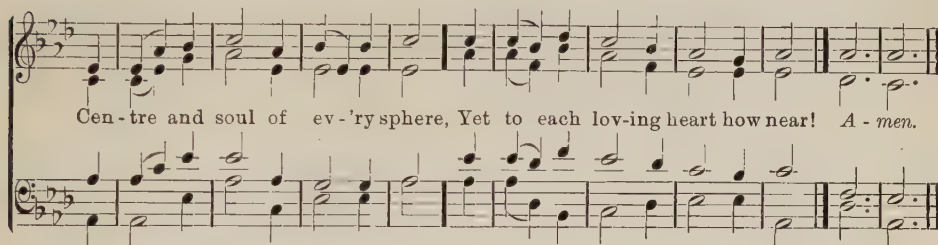
God the Father

73 LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. Taylor, 1847



1. LORD of all be-ing, thron'd a-far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star;



Cen-tre and soul of ev-'rysphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near! A-men.

2 Sun of our life Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

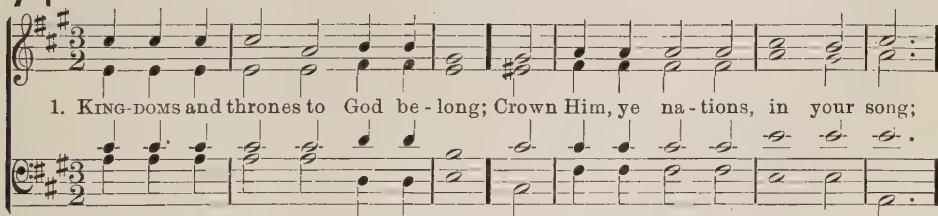
3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

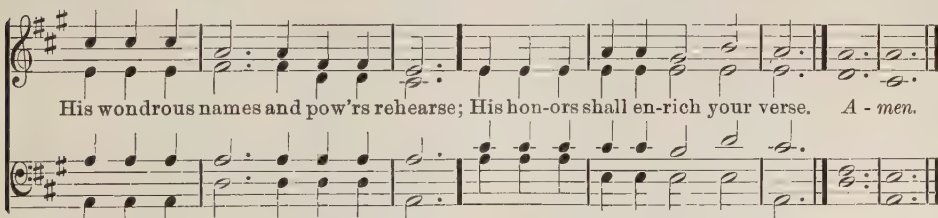
O. W. Holmes, 1848

74 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832



1. KING-DOMS and thrones to God be-long; Crown Him, ye na-tions, in your song;



His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse; His hon-ors shall en-rich your verse. A-men.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

God the Father

75 FARRANT C. M.

R. Farrant (1530—1580)

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm. A - men.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper, 1772

76 DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1564

1. GREAT God, how in - fi - nite art Thou! What worthless worms are we!

Let the whole race of crea-tures bow And pay their praise to Thee. A - men.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;

To Thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

God the Father

77 CORINTH C. M.

L. Mason

1. My God, how won - der - ful Thou art, Thy Maj - es - ty how bright,

How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light. A - men.

2 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

F. W. Faber, 1849

78 ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Croft, 1708

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home! A - men.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;

Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

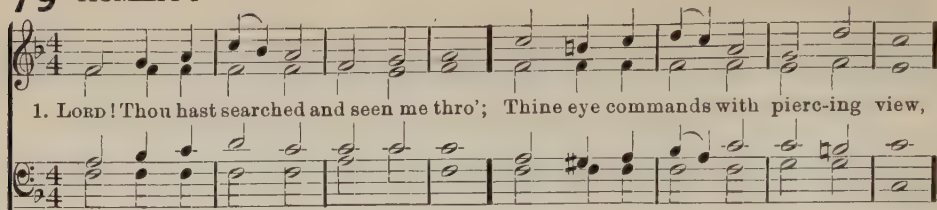
6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

I. Watts, 1719

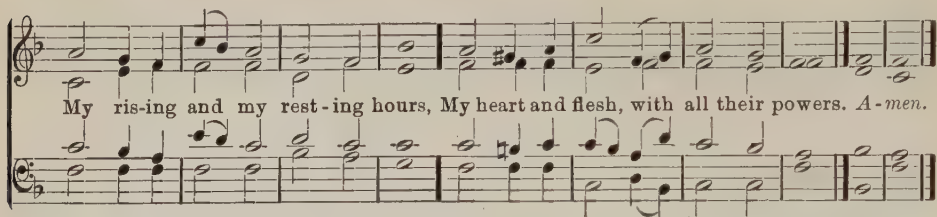
God the Father

79 HUMILITY L. M.

S. P. Tuckerman, 1848



1. LORD! Thou hast searched and seen me thro'; Thine eye commands with pierc-ing view,



My ris-ing and my rest-ing hours, My heart and flesh, with all their powers. A-men.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

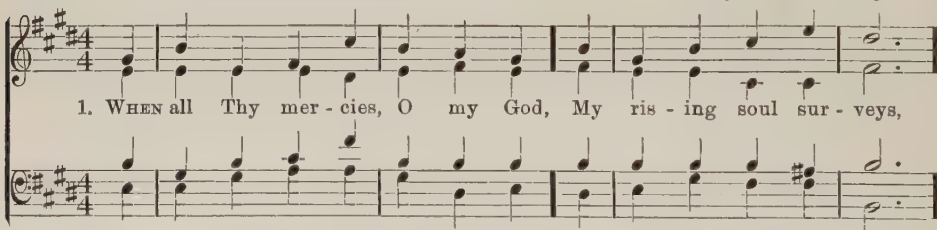
3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

I. Watts, 1719

80 ST. FULBERT C. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1852



1. WHEN all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,



Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise, A-men.

2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;

4 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

J. Addison, 1712

God the Father

81 MANOAH C. M.

Anon.

1. BE - GIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing,
The might-y works, or might-ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King. A - men.

- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
The love and truth of God.
- 3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;

- The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
- 4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

I. Watts, 1707

82 RIVAUUX L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. FA - THER of all, whose love pro-found A ran-som for our souls hath found,
Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us Thy pard'ning love ex - tend. A - men.

- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,

- Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

E. Cooper, 1805

God the Father

83 CARTER 8, 7, 8, 7

E. S. Carter

1. God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens; God is wisdom, God is love. A - men

- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;

From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

J. Bowring, 1825

84 THEODORA 7s.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1749

1. LET us with a glad - some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

For His mercies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful ev - er sure. A - men.

- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 4 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

God the Father

85 ERIE 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

C. C. Converse

1. THERE'S a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;

There's a kind-ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.

There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good;

There is mer-cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal-ing in His blood. A - men.

2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber, 1854

Nativity

86

AVISON II, II, I2, II With Refrain

C. Avison (1710—1770)

Refrain.

Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; ... Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-

si - ah is King. 1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the

High - est, how low - ly His birth; The bright - est arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He

Repeat 1st Refrain.

After last verse.


stoops to re - deem thee, He reigns up - on earth. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing; ...

Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King. A - men.


Nativity

87 REGENT SQUARE 8s, 7s. 6l.

H. Smart, 1867



1. AN - GELS, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;



Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth;



Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King. A - men.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. Montgomery, 1819

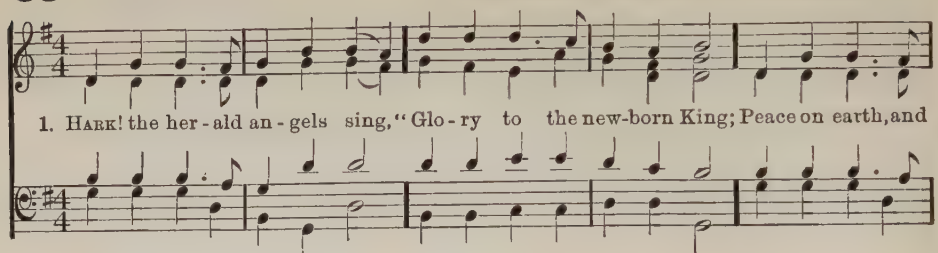
(AVISON) II, II, I2, II

- 2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

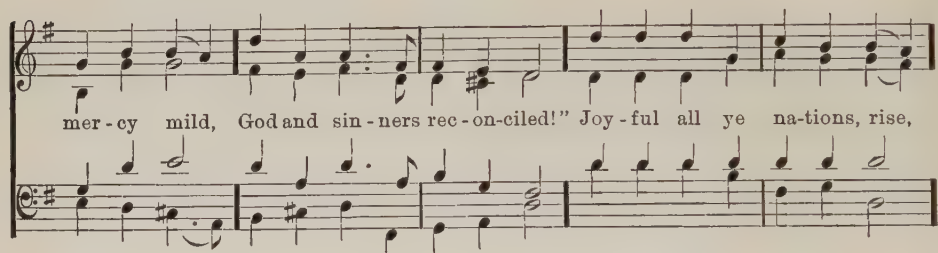
W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826

Nativity

88 MENDELSSOHN 7s. 81. Arr. fr. Mendelssohn, 1840, by W. H. Cummings, 1855



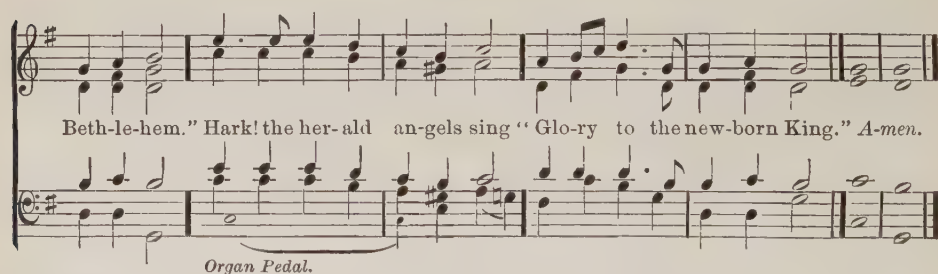
1. HARK! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and



mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!" Joy-ful all ye na-tions, rise,



Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim "Christ is born in



Beth-le-hem." Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King." A-men.

Organ Pedal.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

C. Wesley, 1739; alt. G. Whitefield, 1753, M. Madan, 1760,
Suppl. to New Version, c. 1782, J. Kemphorne, 1810.

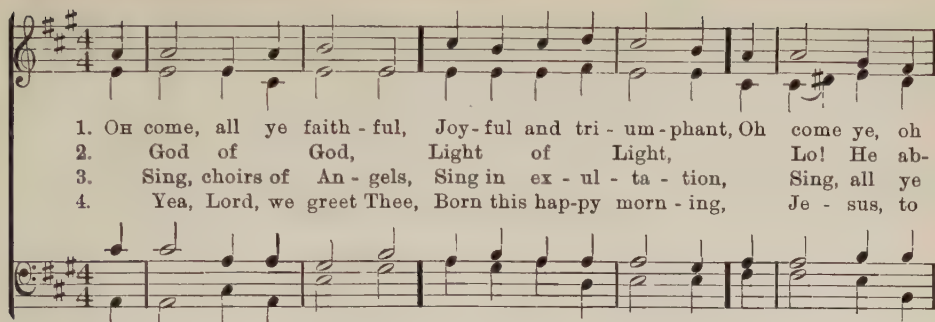
Nativity

89

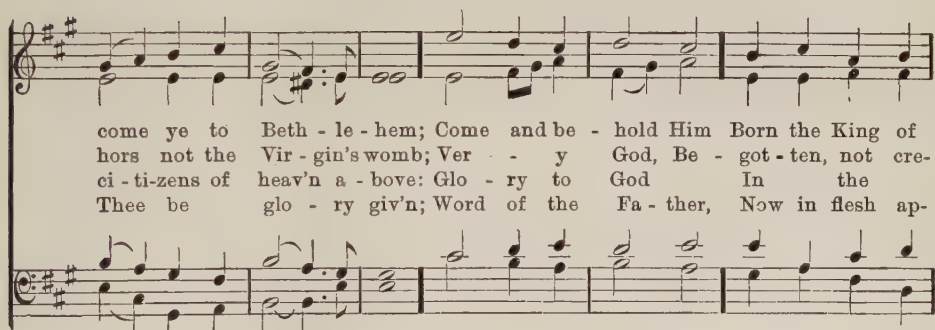
ADESTE FIDELES

P. M. Irregular

Anon. 1751 (?)

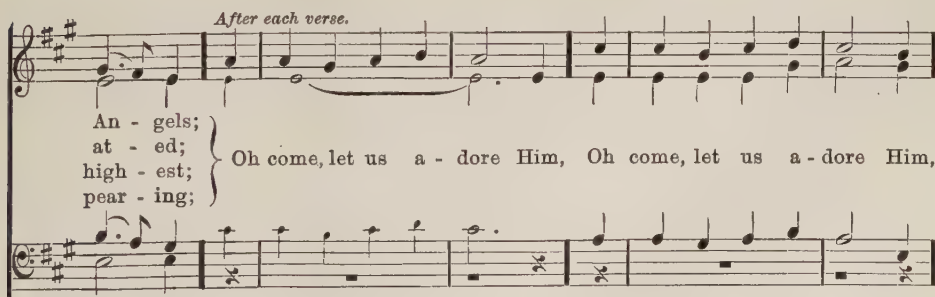


1. Oh come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, Oh come ye, oh
 2. God of God, Light of Light, Lo! He ab -
 3. Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye
 4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing, Je - sus, to

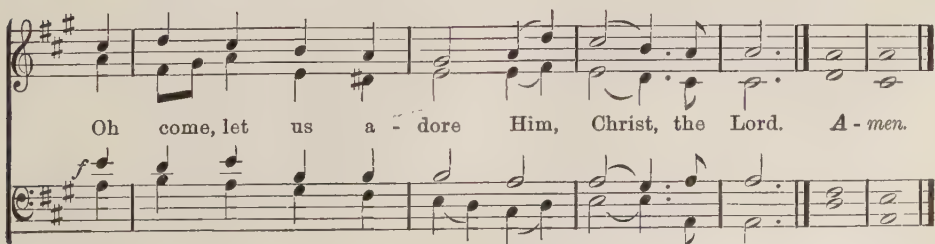


come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him Born the King of
 hors not the Vir - gin's womb; Ver - - y God, Be - got - ten, not cre -
 ci - ti - zens of heav'n a - bove: Glo - ry to God In the
 Thee be glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap -

After each verse.



An - gels;
 at - ed;
 high - est;
 pear - ing; } Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a - dore Him,

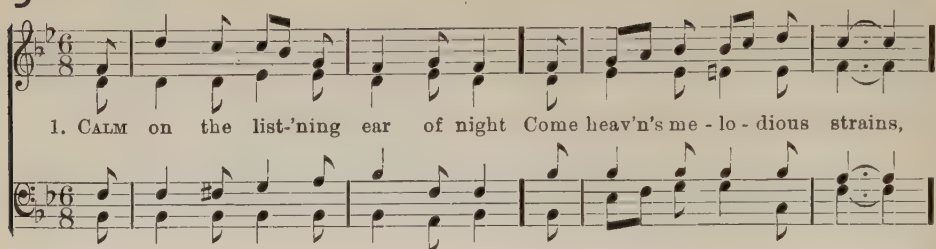


Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A - men.

Nativity

90 CAROL C. M. 81.

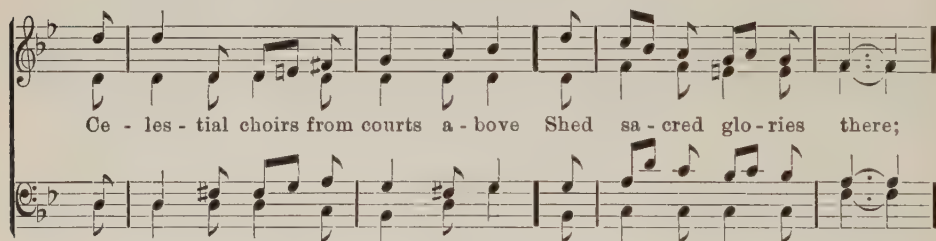
R. Storrs Willis, 1849



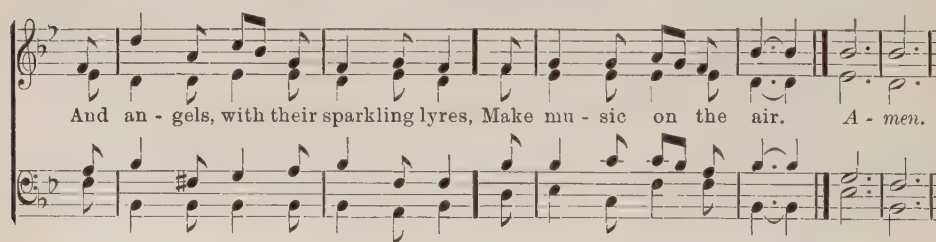
1. CALM on the list'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me - lo - dious strains,



Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains.



Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;



And an - gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air. A - men.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

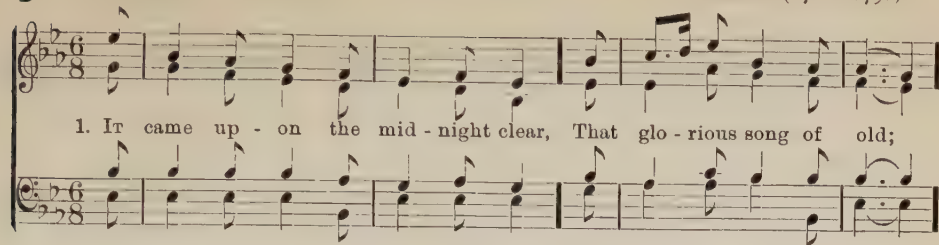
3 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"
Light on Thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born: [plains
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. Sears, 1834

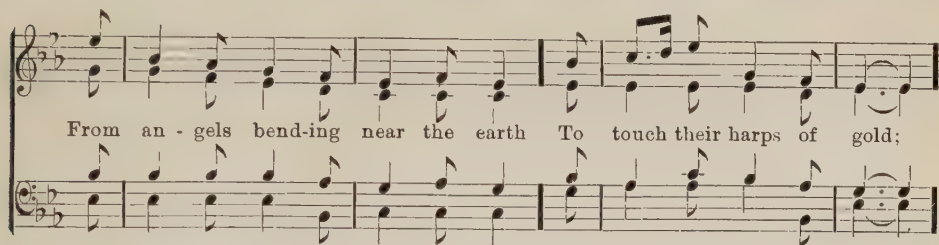
Nativity

91 ATHENS C. M. 81.

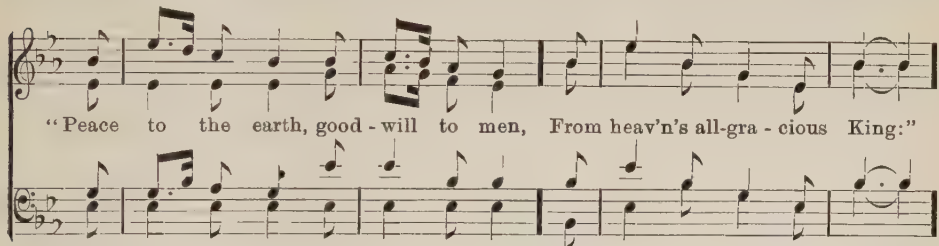
F. de Giardini (1716—1796)



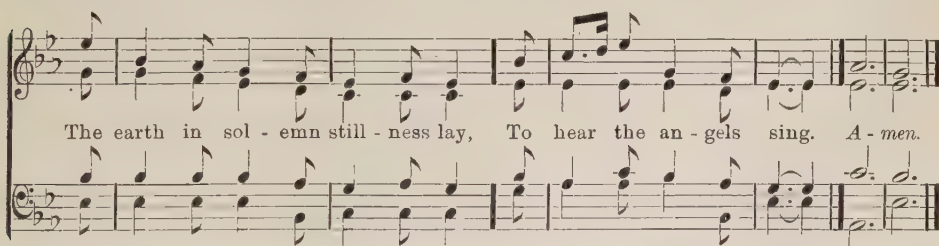
1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old;



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;



"Peace to the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's all-gra - cious King:"



The earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. A - men.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,

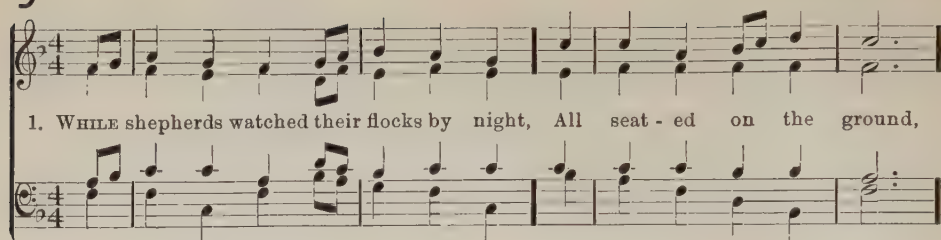
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Nativity

92 NOEL C. M. 81.

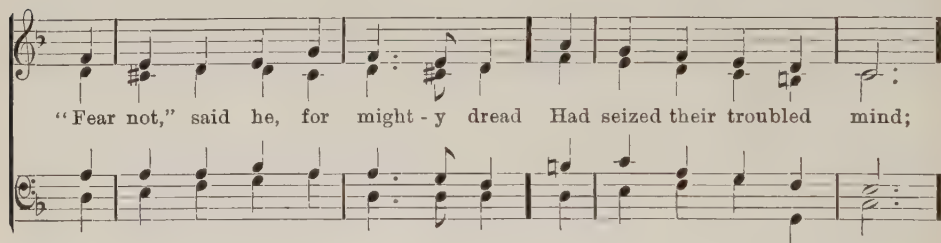
Arr. Arthur Sullivan



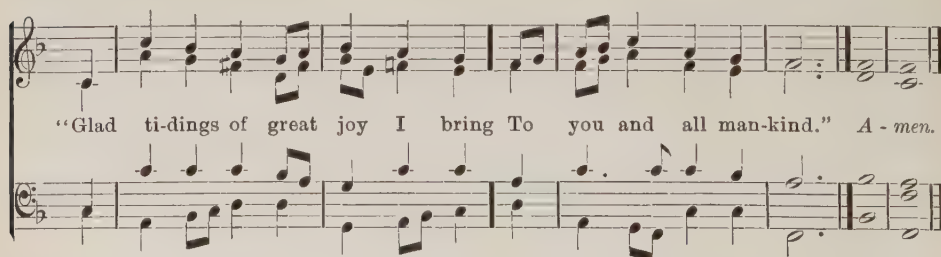
1. WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,



The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.



"Fear not," said he, for might - y dread Had seized their troubled mind;



"Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind." A - men.

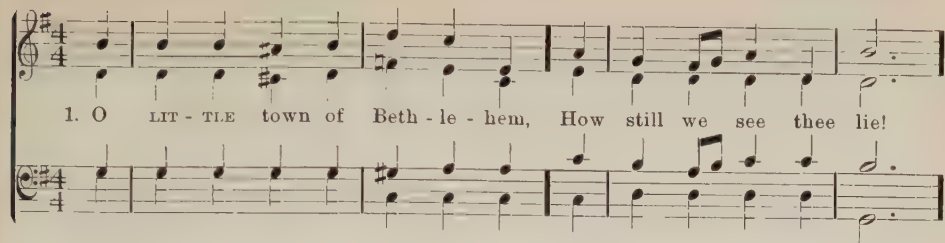
2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

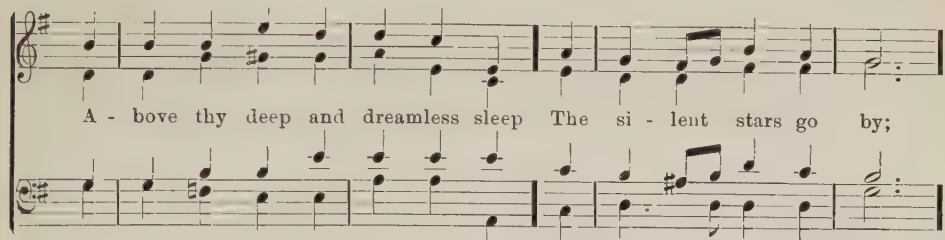
Nativity

93 ST. LOUIS 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6

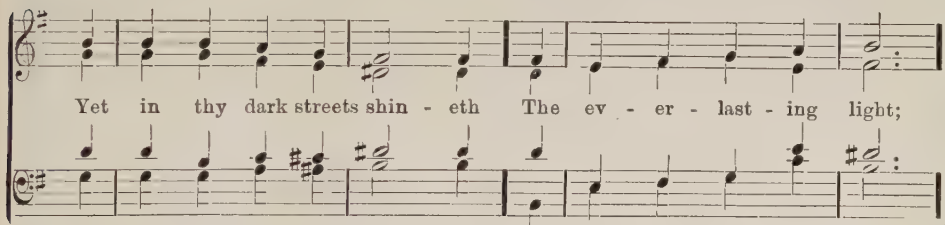
L. H. Redner, 1868



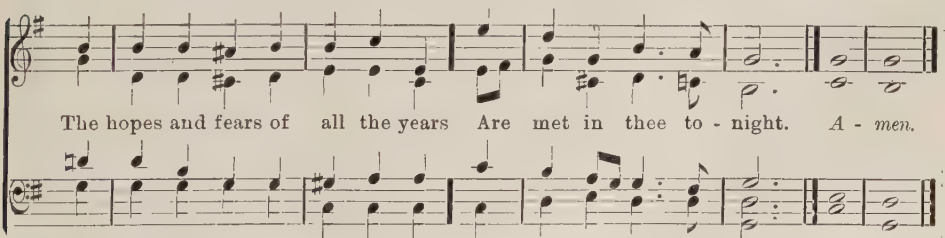
1. O LIT - TLE town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!



A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by;



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

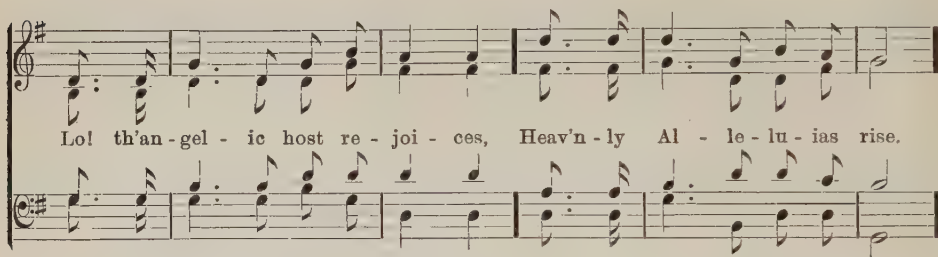
Nativity

94 HARWELL 8, 7, 8, 7

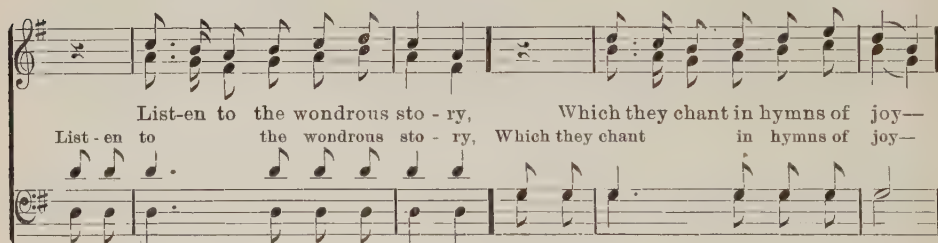
L. Mason (1792—1872)



1. HARK! what mean those ho - ly voic - es Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies?



Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces, Heav'n - ly Al - le - lu - ias rise.



List - en to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy—
List - en to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy—



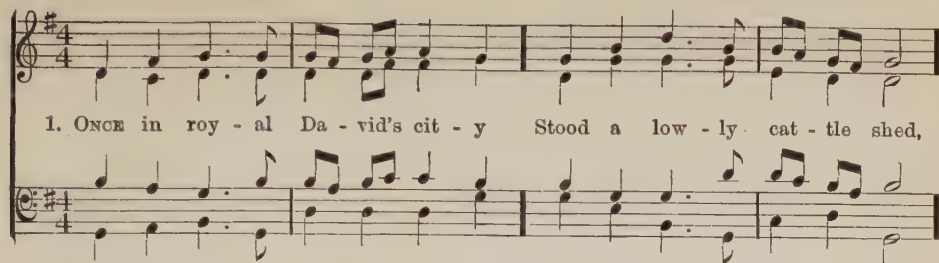
Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high! A - men.

2 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

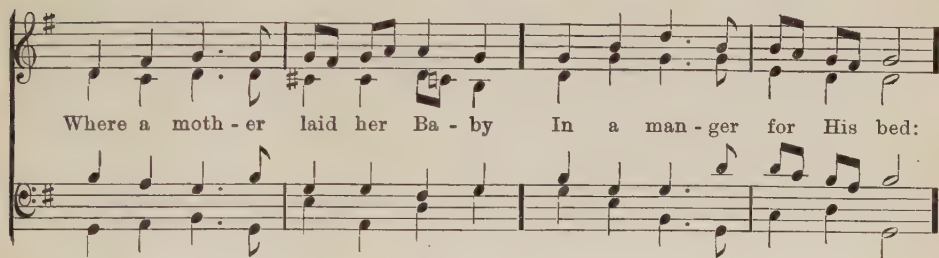
Nativity

95 IRBY 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)



1. ONCE in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,



Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed:



Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A - men.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,

Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above:
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high:
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

Nativity

96 BONN 8, 6, 6, 8, 6, 6

J. G. Ebeling (c. 1620—1676)

1. ALL my heart this night re-joices, As I hear, far and near, Sweet-est

an-gel-voic-es; "Christ is born," their choirs are singing, Till the air ev-ry-where

Now with joy is ring-ing. A-men.

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star that from far
Bright with hope is burning!

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger! [you
Brethren, come! from all that grieves
You are freed; all you need
I will surely give you."

4 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt, 1656 Tr. C. Wordsworth, 1858

97 BRISTOL C. M.

E. Hodges, 1819

1. HARK, the glad sound! the Sav-iour comes, The Sav-iour prom-ised long;

Let ev-ery heart pre-pare a throne And ev-ery voice a song. A-men.

Nativity

98 ANTIOCH C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1742, by L. Mason, 1830

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And And heav'n and na-ture And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing. A-men. sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nation prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. Watts, 1719

(BRISTOL) C. M.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

P. Doddridge, 1735

Nativity

99 ST. NINIAN 118, 108.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. BRIGHT - EST and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our

dark - ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a -

dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A - men.

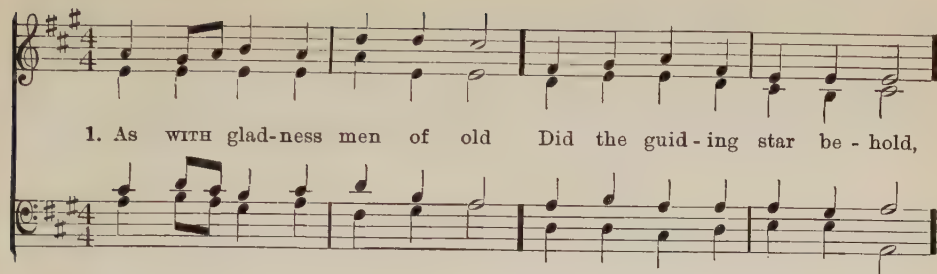
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Shall we not yield Him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

R. Heber, 1821

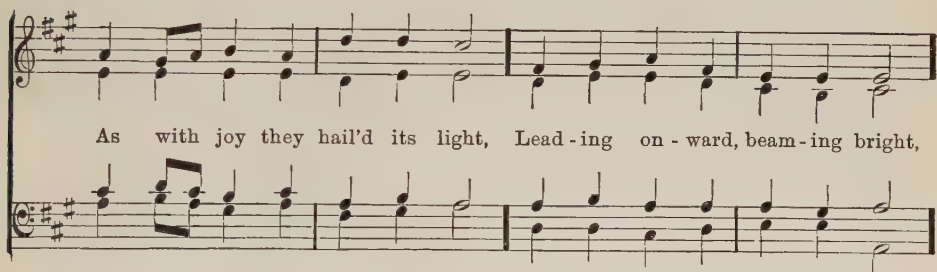
Nativity

100 DIX 7s. 61.

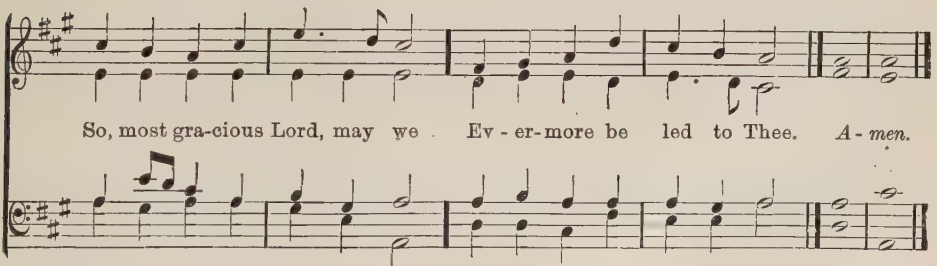
Arr. fr. C. Köcher (1786—1872)



1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,



As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright,



So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-men.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Life and Ministry

101 MARYTON L. M.

H. P. Smith, 1874

1. O MAS-TER, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of ser-vice free;

Tell me Thy se-cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-men.

- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
- 4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.
- 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,

W. Gladden, 1880

102 FAITH C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1867

1. Thou art the Way, to Thee a-lone From sin and death we flee,

And he who would the Fa-ther seek Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. A-men.

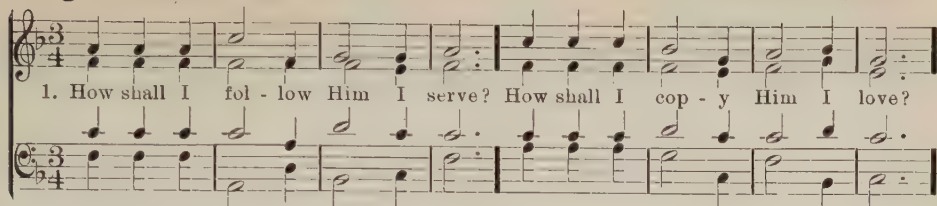
- 2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.
- 3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;

G. W. Doane, 1824

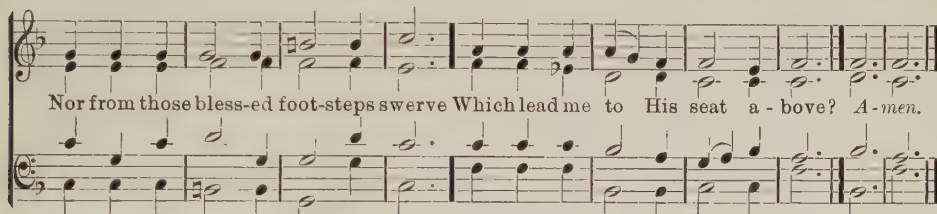
Life and Ministry

I03 QUEBEC (Hesperus) L. M.

H. Baker, 1866



1. How shall I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I cop - y Him I love?



Nor from those bless-ed foot-steps swerve Which lead me to His seat a - bove? A - men.

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?

3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the cup of bitter gall.

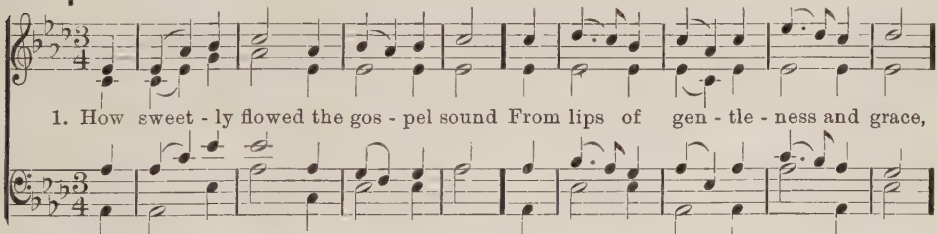
4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

5 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

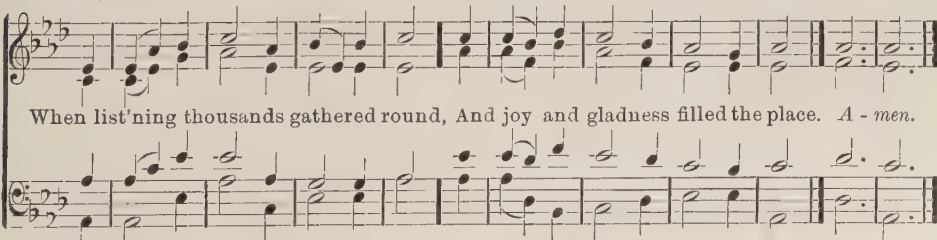
J. Conder, 1824

I04 LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. Taylor, 1847



1. How sweet - ly flowed the gos - pel sound From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace,



When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and gladness filled the place. A - men.

2 From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"

Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest!

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

J. Bowring

Life and Ministry

105 VOX DILECTI C. M. 8 L

J. B. Dykes, 1868

p *pp rall.* *mf a tempo.*

1. I HEARD the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;

$J = 92.$

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

p *cres.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
 2nd v. Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 3rd v. In Him my star, my sun;

$J = 112.$

cres. *ff*

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say, .
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my star, my sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

1. Oh, where is He that trod the sea, Oh, where is He that spake,
And de-mons from their vic-tims flee, The dead their slumbers break?
The pal-sied rise in free-dom strong, The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, be-night-ed long, Bright beams of morn-ing spring. A-men.

- 2 Oh, where is He that trod the sea,
Oh, where is He that spake?
And piercing words of liberty,
The deaf ears open shake?
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire,
And strong ones heal the weak who waste
Their life in sad desire.
- 3 Oh, where is He that trod the sea,
Oh, where is He that spake?
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take;
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, 't is He can save.

- 4 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
'T is only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave:
Full soon, with food celestial fed,
Their mystic fare they take; [bread
'T was springtide when He blest the
And harvest when He brake.
- 5 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear,
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy;
Art thou diseased or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

Life and Ministry

IO7 ST. CRISPIN L. M.

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)

1. How beau-teous were the marks di-vine, That in Thy meek-ness used to shine;
That lit Thy lone-ly path-way, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God! A-men.

- 2 Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou God of God, Thou Light of light?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?
- 3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs, of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

- 4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love thro' all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.
- 5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

A. C. Cox, 1840

IO8 ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1866

1. O JE-SUS, when I think of Thee, Thy man-ger, cross, and throne,
My spir-it trusts ex-ult-ing-ly In Thee, and Thee a-lone. A-men.

- 2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from Thy shame,
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.
- 3 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

- 4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin,
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.
- 5 Then shall I know what means the strain
Triumphant of Saint Paul:
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
"Christ is my all in all."

Life and Ministry

109 TALLIS' ORDINAL C. M.

T. Tallis, 1560

1. WHAT grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low;

What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe! A - men.

- 2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

- 4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace which spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

E. Denny, 1839

110 ROCKINGHAM, NEW L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. My dear Re-deem - er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word;

But in Thy life the law ap - pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters. A - men.

- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;

- The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

I. Watts, 1709

Life and Ministry

III EUROCLYDON 6s, 4s. 81.

G. W. Torrance, 1870

1. FIERCE was the wild bil - low, Dark was the night, Oars la - bored

heav - i - ly, Foam glimmered white, Trembled the ma - ri - ners,

Per - il was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I!"

For 2d and 3d verses first two bars will be:

Peace! It is I!" A - men.

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of the stormy wind,
Be thou at rest;
Peril there none can be,
Sorrow must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I!"

3 Jesus, deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea.
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I!"

Life and Ministry

II2 SERENITY C. M.

Arr. fr. W. V. Wallace (1814-1865)

1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the low-est deeps, For Him no depths can drown. A-men.

- 2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith hath still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
3 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;

- We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.
4 O Lord, and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. Whittier, 1866

II3 ANGELUS L. M.

G. Josephi, 1657

1. Ar e-ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;
Oh, in what di-vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a-way! A-men.

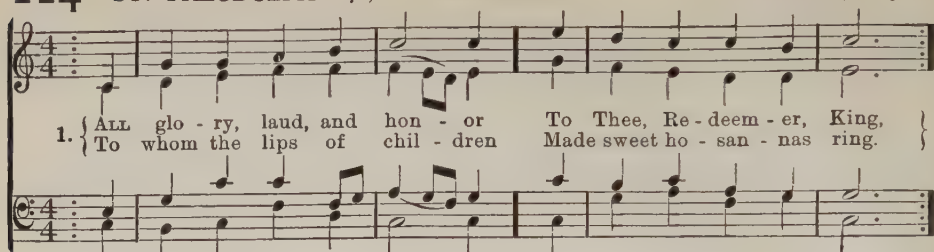
- 2 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.
3 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

- 4 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
5 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Passion and Crucifixion

II4 ST. THEODULPH 7s, 6s. With Refrain

M. Teschner, 1615

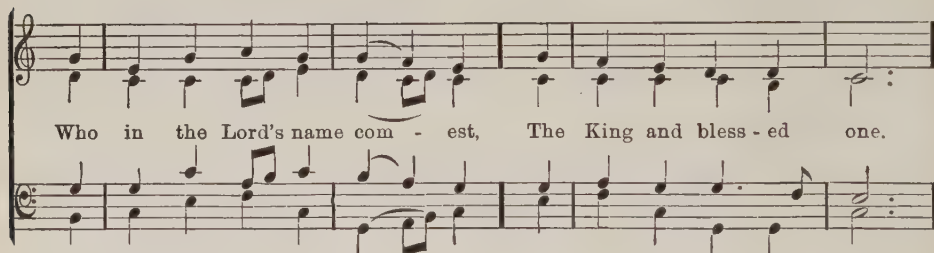


1. { ALL glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem - er, King, }
 { To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. }

The 2nd and following verses.

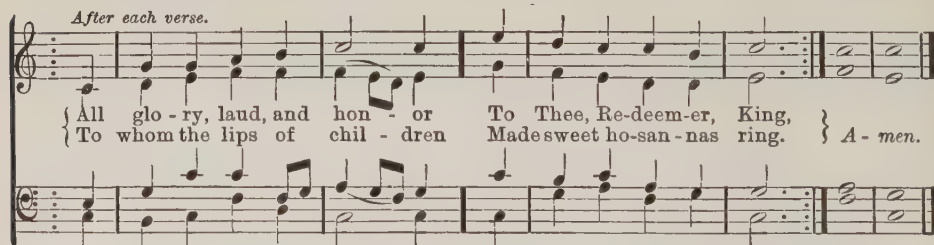


2. Thou art the King of Is - - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,



Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed one.

After each verse.



{ All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem - er, King, }
 { To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. } A - men.

3 The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high;
 And mortal men, and all things
 Created, make reply.
 All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before Thee went:
 Our praise and prayers and anthems
 Before Thee we present.
 All glory, etc.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
 They sang their hymns of praise;
 To Thee, now high exalted,
 Our melody we raise.
 All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, etc.

Passion and Crucifixion

115 ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Walch, 1875

1. Mr sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold on me,

I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to Thee.

In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bun - dant grace;

My shad - ow and my sun - shine The brightness of Thy face. A - men.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour,
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.
I know they are forgiven;
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till with Thee in the desert
I near Thy passion drew;

Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Makes glad those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

Passion and Crucifixion

II 6 GETHSEMANE (Redhead) 7s. 61.

R. Redhead, 1853

1. Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power;

Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;

Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A - men.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear the cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

J. Montgomery, 1820 (text of 1853)

Passion and Crucifixion

II7 MARTYRDOM (Avon) C. M.

H. Wilson (1764—1824)

1. A - LAS! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? A - men.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

I. Watts, 1707

II8 HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1824

1. WHEN I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A - men.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707

Passion and Crucifixion

119 ILFRACOMB (Lambeth) C. M.

S. Webbe [?] (1740—1816)

1. THERE is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. A - men.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

C. F. Alexander, 1848

120 RATHBUN 8s, 7s

I. Conkey, 1851

1. IN the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - ring o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - men.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

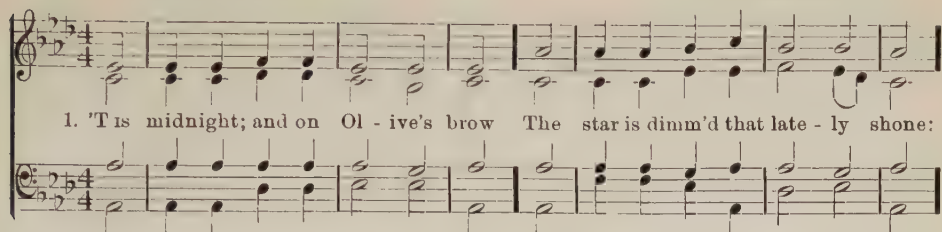
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

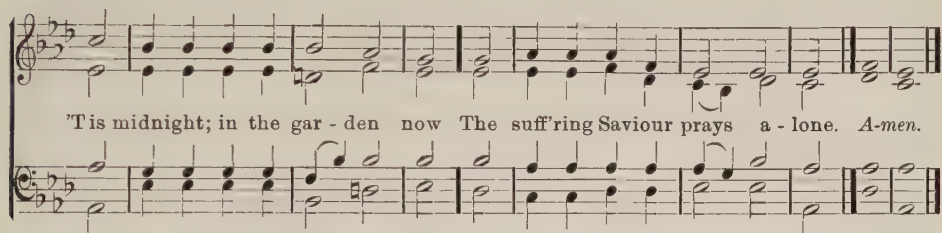
Passion and Crucifixion

121 OLIVE'S BROW L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1853



1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone:



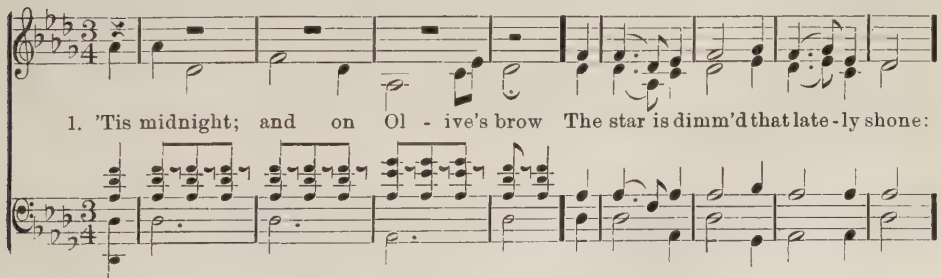
'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone. A-men.

2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed, Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears; Is not forsaken by his God.
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears. 4 'Tis midnight, and from heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

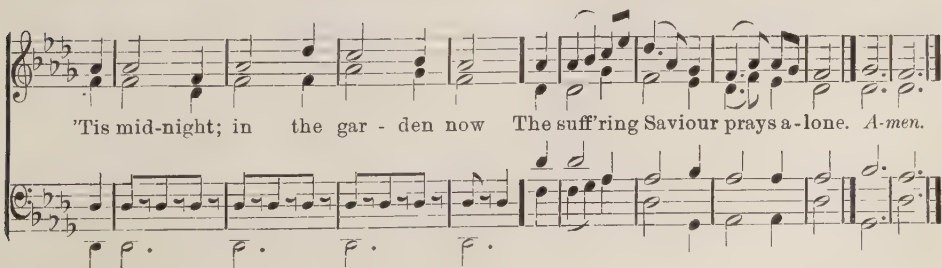
W. B. Tappan, 1822

SOLITUDE L. M.

V. C. Taylor



1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone:



'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone. A-men.

Passion and Crucifixion

122 DORRANCE 8s, 7s.

I. B. Woodbury, 1848

1. SWEET the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;

Life, and health, and peace pos - sess - ing From the sin - ner's dy - ing friend. A - men.

2 Here I rest, for ever viewing
 Mercy's stream in streams of blood;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before His Cross to lie,
 While I see divine compassion
 Pleading in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
 Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
 Till I taste Thy full salvation,
 And Thine unveiled glories see.

W. Shirley, 1770 Verse 5, Cook and Webb, 1853

123 ST. CROSS L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. 'Tis fin - ished! so the Sav - iour cried, And meek - ly bowed His head and died:

'Tis fin - ished! yes, the race is run, The bat - tle fought, the vic - try won. A - men

2 'Tis finished! all that heaven decreed,
 And all the ancient prophets said
 Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
 In Me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished! this My dying groan
 Shall sins of every kind atone;

Millions shall be redeemed from death,
 By this My last expiring breath.

4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
 Be heard through all the nations round;
 'Tis finished! let the echo fly
 Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky.

Passion and Crucifixion

I24 GETHSEMANE (Redhead) 7s. 6l.

R. Redhead, 1853

1. REST - ING from His work to - day, In the tomb the Sav - iour lay;

Still He slept, from head to feet Shroud-ed in the wind - ing sheet,

Ly-ing in the rock a-lone, Hid-den by the seal-ed stone. A - men.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene,
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thee may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

T. Whytehead, 1842

Resurrection

125 WORGAN 7s. With Alleluia

Lyra Davidica, 1708

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Al - - - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing,
Alleluia!

4 Now be God the Father praised,
With the Son, from death upraised,
And the Spirit, ever blest,
One true God, by all confessed.
Alleluia!

Resurrection

126 VICTORY 8, 8, 8 With Alleluia

Arr. fr. Palestrina (1515—1594)

AL - LE - LU - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Org.

1. THE strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is won;

The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

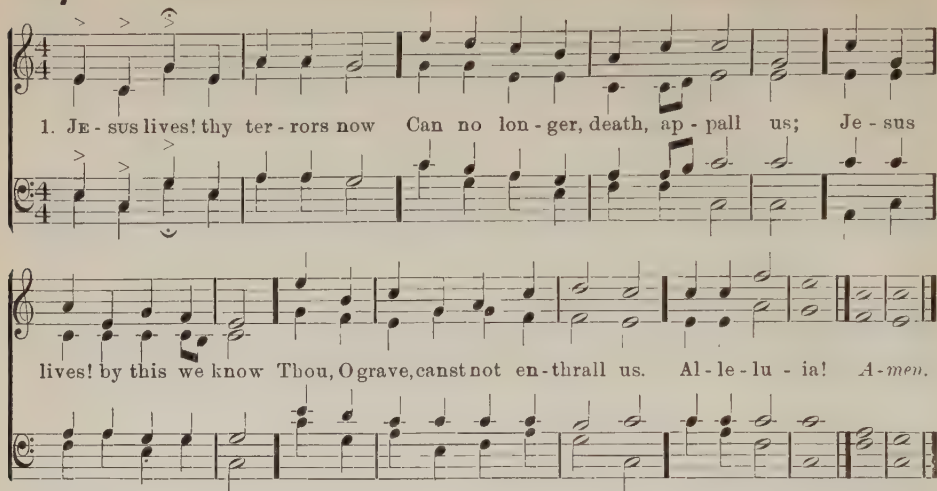
5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!

Anon. (Latin) Tr. F. Pott, 1861

Resurrection

I27 ST. ALBINUS 7s, 8s. With Alleluia

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)



1. JE-sus lives! thy ter-rors now Can no lon-ger, death, ap-pall us; Je-sus
lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en-thrall us. Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

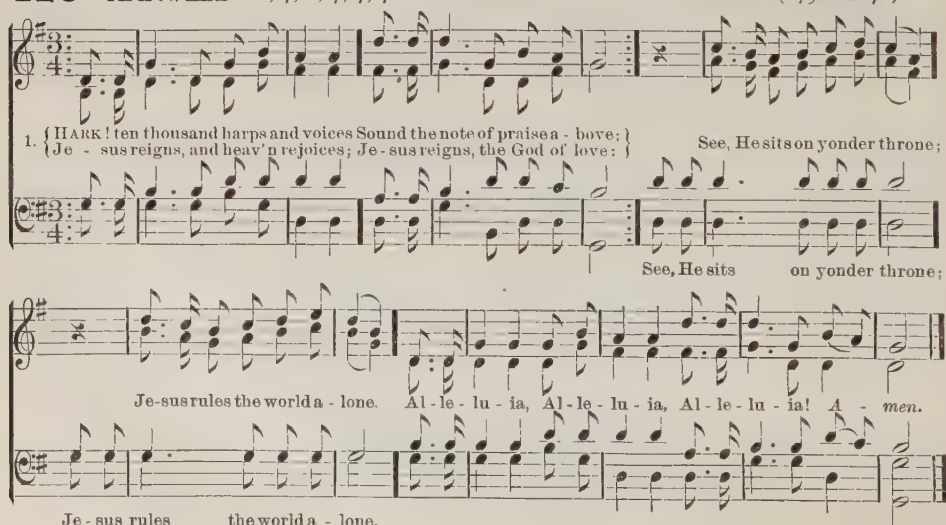
4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

C. F. Gellert, 1757 (*Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich*)
Tr. Miss F. E. Cox, 1841 *Alt.*

I28 HARWELL 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7 With Refrain

L. Mason (1792—1872)



1. { HARK! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a - bove; } See, He sits on yonder throne;
{ Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices; Je - sus reigns, the God of love: } See, He sits on yonder throne;
Je-sus rules the world a - lone. Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia! A - men.

Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

Resurrection

129 REDCLIFF 8, 8, 8, 4

E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

1. Morn's roseate hues have deck'd the sky, The Lord has ris'n with vic - to - ry;

Let earth be glad, and raise the cry, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The Prince of life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given,
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven.
Alleluia!</p> | <p>5 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body like to Thine shall rise.
Alleluia!</p> |
| <p>3 And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,
Has given a glorious harvest birth:
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth
Alleluia.</p> | <p>6 Oh, grant us, then, with Thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky.
Alleluia!</p> |
| <p>4 Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
Are sown to rise to heavenly day;
For He by rising burst the way.
Alleluia!</p> | <p>7 Oh, praise the Father and the Son,
Who has for us the triumph won,
And Holy Ghost, the Three in One.
Alleluia!</p> |

Latin Tr. W. Cooke, 1872

(HARWELL) 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

- 2 King of glory! reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;—
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.
- 3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps we'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

T. Kelly, 1804

Resurrection

130 LANCASHIRE

7s, 6s. 8l.

H Smart, 1836

1. THE day of Res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad,

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.

From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - men.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His Own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

Resurrection

131 FORTUNATUS IIS.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. WEL-COME hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is vanquished, heav'n is won to - day. Lo! the Dead is liv - ing, God for ev-er-more; Him, their true Cre- a - tor, all His works a - dore. Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say. A-men.

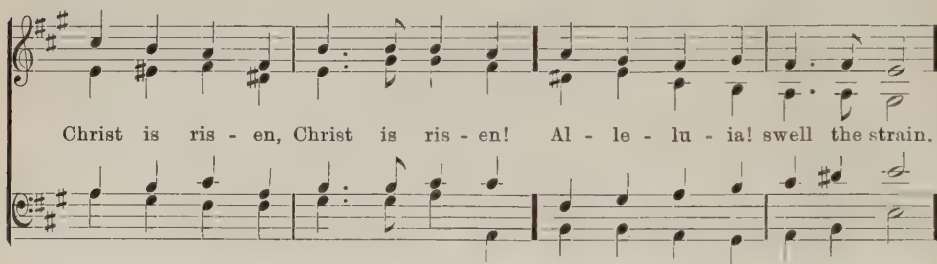
- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough.
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea.
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.
- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 5 Thou, of 'life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.
- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain,
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

Resurrection

I32 RESURREXIT 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 5, 7, 5 With Refrain Arthur Sullivan (1842—1900)



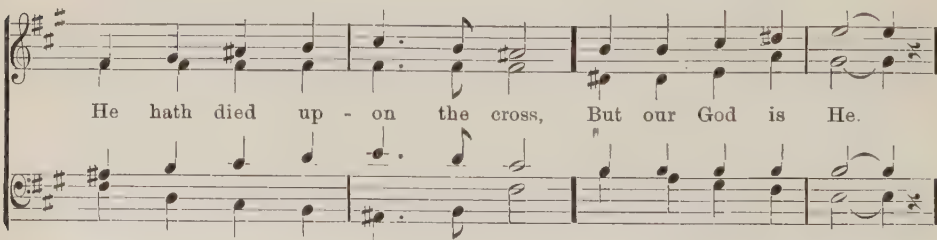
1. CHRIST is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in 'twain;



Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain.

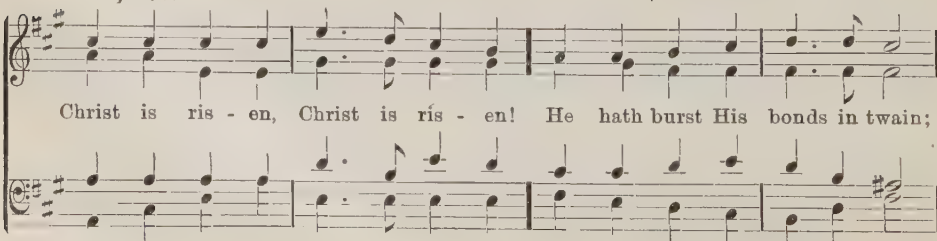


For our gain He suf - fer'd loss By di - vine de - cree;



He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is He.

Refrain.



Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;

Resurrection

Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain. A - men.

2 See, the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.—*Ref.*

Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice,
Gleam, ye starry train;
All creation, find a voice;
He o'er all shall reign.

3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;

REF.—Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign.

A. T. Gurney, 1862 Recast in Church Hymns, 1871

I33 VIENNA 7s.

J. H. Knecht, 1797

1. CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say;

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re- ply. A - men.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ has opened paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head.
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

3 Live again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

5 King of glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

C. Wesley, 1739

Resurrection

134 ST. KEVIN 7s, 6s. 8l.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. COME, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph - ant glad - ness,

God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;

Loosed from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,

Led them with un - moist - ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A - men.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day,
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;

Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
Jesus' resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal;
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

John of Damascus (8th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1850

Ascension

I35 ASCENSION 7s. With Alleluia

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!

To His throne a - bove the skies. Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, Al - le - lu - ia!

Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;

Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.

5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

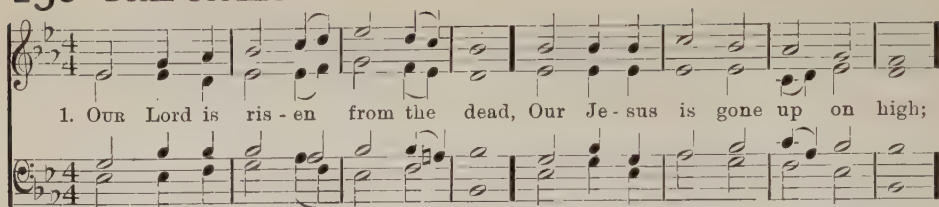
6 Lord, though parted from our sight
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

C. Wesley, 1739 *Alt.* v. 1, l. 2; v. 2, l. 1; v. 6, l. 1

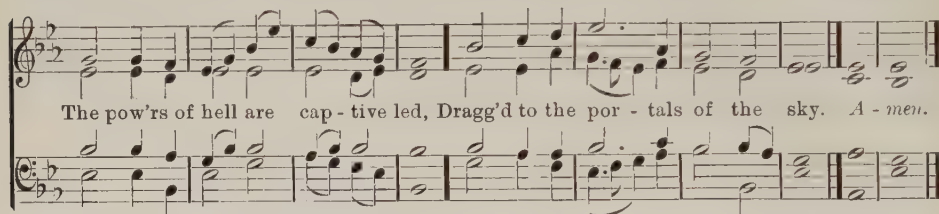
Ascension

I36 DUKE STREET L. M.

J. Hatton, c. 1790



1. OUR Lord is ris-en from the dead, Our Je-sus is gone up on high;



The pow'rs of hell are cap-tive led, Dragg'd to the por-tals of the sky. A-men.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.

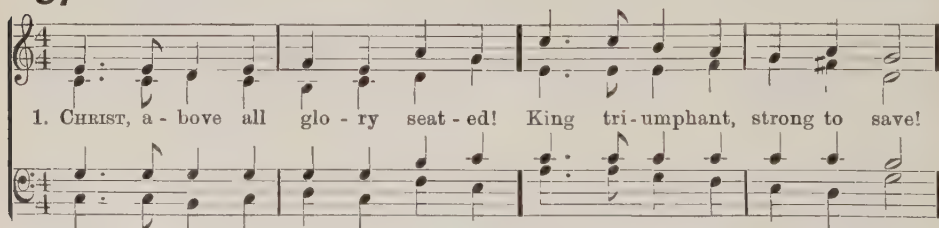
4 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God, over all, for ever blest.

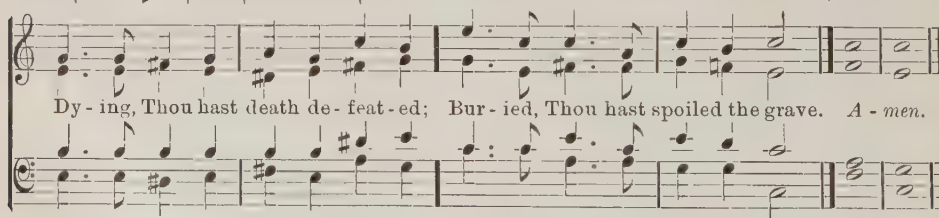
C. Wesley, 1741

I37 ANDREW 8s, 7s.

E. H. Thorne (1834—)



1. CHRIST, a-bove all glo-ry seat-ed! King tri-umphant, strong to save!



Dy-ing, Thou hast death de-feat-ed; Bur-ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave. A-men.

2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain;
On th' eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.

3 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky;

Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high;

4 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

Ascension

138 CORONÆ 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

W. H. Monk, 1871



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the Man of Sor - rows now;



From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious, Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow;



Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow. A - men.



- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings. | 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the victor's fame! |
|--|--|

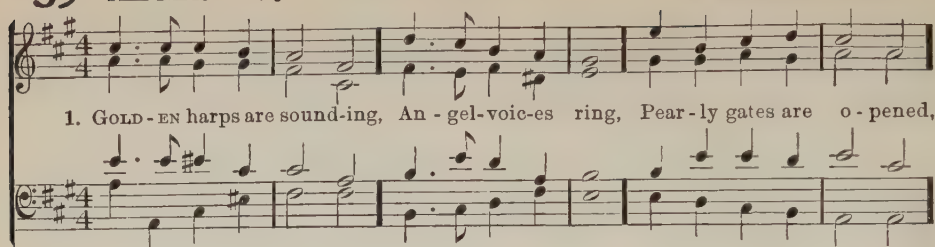
- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation;
Hark! those loud triumphant chords.
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

T. Kelly, 1809


Ascension

139 HERMAS 6s, 5s. 81. With Refrain

F. R. Havergal, 1872



1. GOLD-EN harps are sound-ing, An-gel-voic-es ring, Pear-ly gates are o-pened,

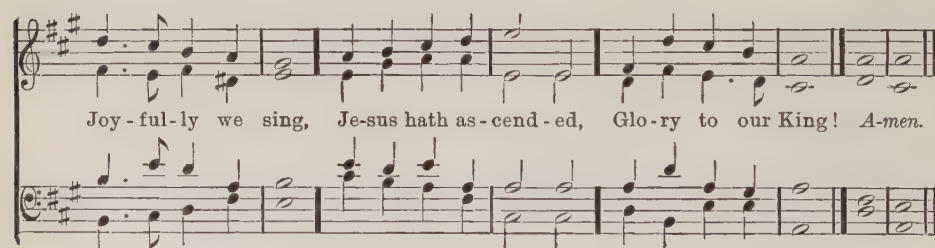


O-pened for the King, Christ, the King of Glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love,



Refrain.

Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a-bove. All His work is end-ed;



Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je-sus hath as-cend-ed, Glo-ry to our King! A-men.

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work, etc.

3 Pleading for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work, etc.

Ascension

I40 REX GLORIÆ 8s, 7s. 81.

H. Smart, 1868

1. SEE the Con-queror mounts in tri-umph; See the King in roy-al state,
 Rid-ing on the clouds His char-iot To His heav'n-ly pal-ace gate!
 Hark! the choirs of an-gel-voic-es Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing,
 And the por-tals high are lift-ed To re-ceive their heav'nly King. A-men.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee?
 Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He hath gained the victory.
 He who on the cross did suffer,
 He who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan;
 He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
 He was parted from His friends,
 While their eager eyes behold Him,
 He upon the clouds ascends;
 He who walked with God and pleased Him,
 Preaching truth and doom to come,
 He, our Enoch, is translated,
 To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heav'nly Aaron enters,
 With His blood, within the veil;
 Joshua now is come to Canaan,
 And the kings before Him quail;
 Now He plants the tribes of Israel
 In their promised resting-place;
 Now our great Elijah offers
 Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
 On the clouds to God's right hand:
 There we sit in heav'nly places,
 There with Thee in glory stand.
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
 Man with God is on the throne;
 Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,
 We by faith behold our own.

Second Coming

I4I HOLLYWOOD 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

S. Webbe (1740—1816)



1. Lo! HE comes, with clouds de-scend - ing, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain;



Thousand thousand saints at-tend - ing Swell the tri - umph of His train;



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God ap - pears on earth to reign. A - men.



2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

V. 1, 2, 4, C. Wesley, 1758; v. 3, J. Cennick, 1752;
Arr. Alt. M. Madan, 1760

Second Coming

142 CONQUEROR 8s, 7s. 81.

H. F. Hemy (1818—)

1. HE is com-ing, He is com-ing, Not as once He came be-fore,

Wail-ing in-fant born in weak-ness On a low-ly sta-ble floor;

But up-on His cloud of glo-ry, In the crim-son-tint-ed sky,

Where we see the gold-en sun-rise In the ros-y dis-tance lie. A-men.

2 He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With His followers poor and few;
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round His judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve Apostles
Sitting crownèd at His feet.

3 He is coming, He is coming,
Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near,
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Second Coming

I43 HOLYROOD S. M.

J. Watson (1816—1880)

1. COME, Lord, and tar - ry not; Bring the long-looked - for day.

O why these years of wait-ing here, — These a - ges of de - lay? A - men.

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come:"
Dost Thou not bear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief,
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

5 Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God!

6 Come and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

7 Come and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of righteousness.

H. Bonar, 1846

I44 BROCKLESBURY 8s, 7s.

C. A. Barnard (1830—1869)

1. LIGHT of those whose drear - y dwell - ing Bor - ders on the shades of death,

Come, and by Thy love's re - veal - ing, Dis - si - pate the clouds be - neath. A - men.

Second Coming

I45 GREENLAND 7s, 6s. 8l.

Lausanne Psalter

1. RE-JOICE, all ye be-liev-ers, And let your lights ap-pear; The eve-ning is ad-

vanc-ing, And dark-er night is near. The Bride-groom is a - ris-ing, And soon He

draw-eth nigh; Up, pray, and watch, and wres-tle: At mid-night comes the cry. A - men.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
 Replenish them with oil;
 Look now for your salvation,
 The end of earthly toil.
 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
 Go meet Him as He cometh,
 With alleluias clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear;
 Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere.
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 That brings us unto Thee.

L. Laurenti, 1700 Tr. S. B. Findlater, 1853

(BROCKLESBURY) 8s, 7s.

2 Come and manifest the favor
 God hath for our ransomed race;
 Come, Thou universal Saviour,
 Come and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
 O Thou mild, pacific Prince;

Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins.

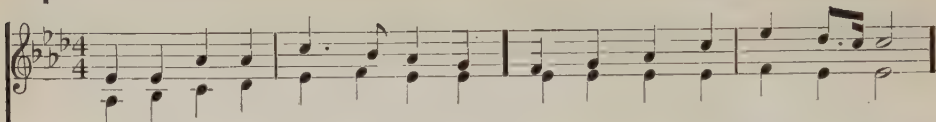
4 By Thine all-restoring merit,
 Every burdened soul release,
 Every weary, wandering spirit
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Second Coming

I46

FENITON COURT 8s, 7s. 6l.

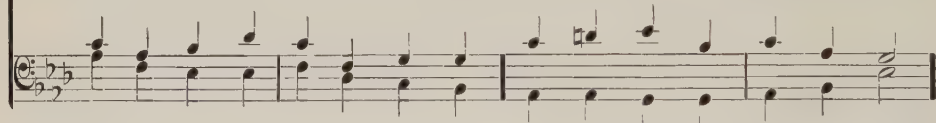
E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)



1. JE - sus came, the heav'n's a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;



Je - sus came for man's re - demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.



2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glad's our hearts, and dries our tears;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.


5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory,
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! Ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

G. Thring, 1864


Reign and Mediation

I47 CORONATION C. M.

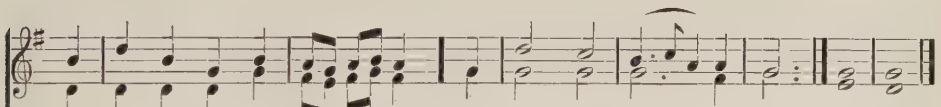
O. Holden, 1793



1. ALL hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all! A - men.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

E. Perronet, 1779-80; J. Rippon, 1787

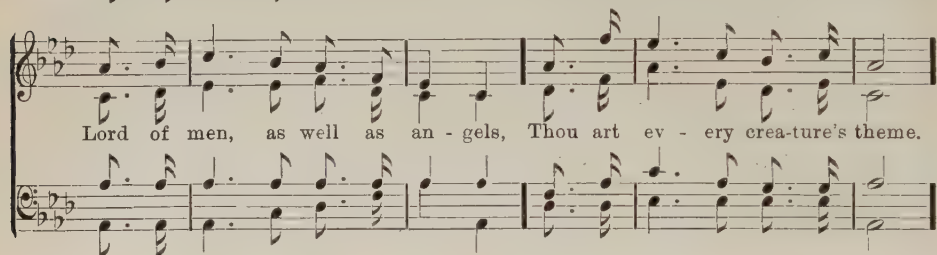
Reign and Mediation

148 AUTUMN 8s, 7s. 8l.

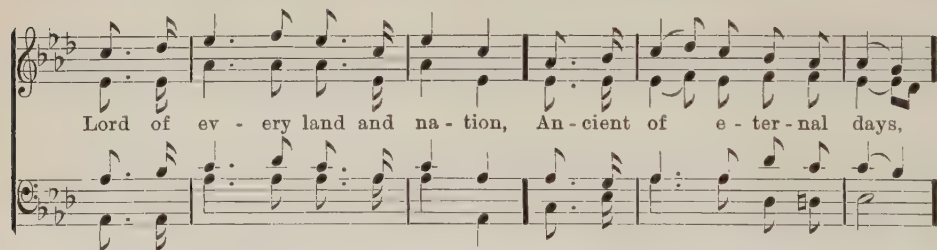
L. von Esch, c. 1810



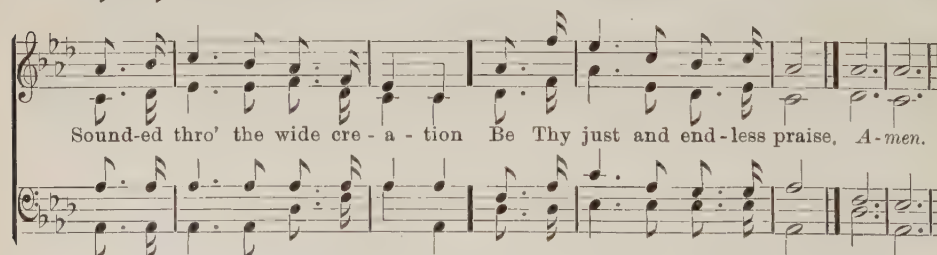
1. MIGHT - Y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal lispen Thy name?



Lord of men, as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - ery crea-ture's theme.



Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days,



Sound-ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and end-less praise, A-men.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
Who can sing that wondrous song?

Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:
Thence return, and reign for ever:
Be the kingdom all Thine own!

Reign and Mediation

149 GOPSAL 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

G. F. Händel, 1745

1. RE-JOICE, the Lord is King!... Your Lord and King a - dore!

Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more:

Unison (optional.)

Lift up your heart; lift up your voice; Re-joyce! a - gain I say, re-joyce! A-men.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet,
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope.
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound;—Rejoice!

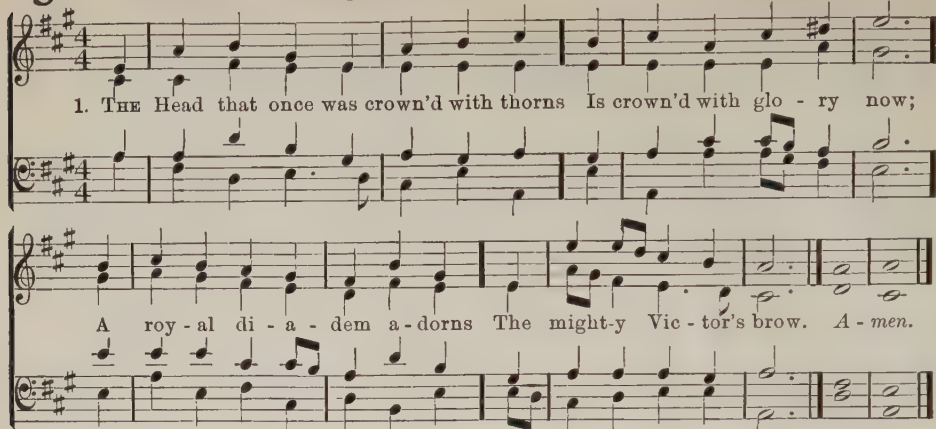
C. Wesley, 1744. J. Taylor, 1795

(Composed by Händel for this hymn; and in the form here given)

Reign and Mediation

150 ST. MAGNUS (Nottingham) C. M.

J. Clarke (1670—1707)



1. THE Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now;
A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow. A - men.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;

Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

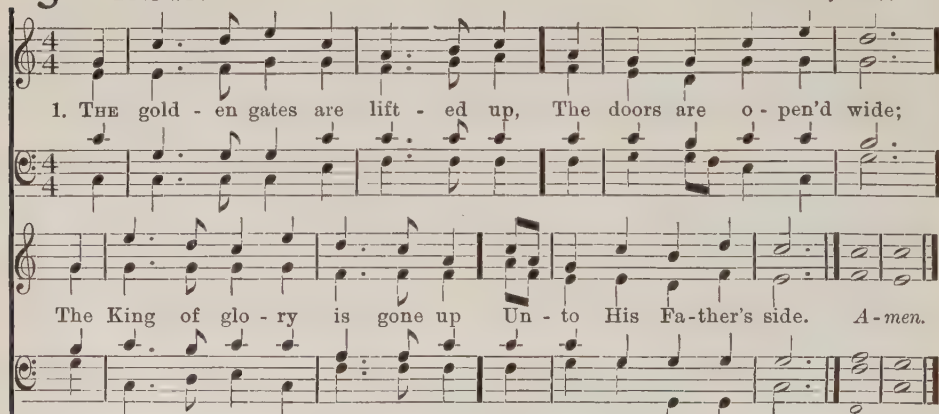
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hopes, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly, 1820

151 BROWN C. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1844



1. THE gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pen'd wide;
The King of glo - ry is gone up Un - to His Fa - ther's side. A - men.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,

That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

4 That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Reign and Mediation

I52 HAREWOOD 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

S. S. Wesley (1810—1876)

1. COME, ev - ery pi - ous heart That loves the Sav - iour's name,

Your no - blest pow'r ex - ert To cel - e - brate His fame: Tell all a -

bove, and all be - low, The debt or love to Him you owe. A - men.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, oh who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;
The gift, though small, do Thou receive!

Reign and Mediation

I53 PARKHURST (St. Hilda) 8s, 7s. 8l.

Barnby, 1861

1. HAIL, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus, Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an King!

Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.

Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!

By Thy mer - it we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name. A - men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee are laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

Reign and Mediation

I54 BRADFORD (Messiah) C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1741

1. I KNOW that my Re-deem-er lives And ev-er prays for me;
A tok-en of His love He gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty. A-men.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

C. Wesley, 1742 Ab.

I55 AZMON C. M.

Arr. fr. C. G. Gläser, 1828, by L. Mason, 1839

1. COME. let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne:
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A-men.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;

And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The Holy Spirit

I56 ST. CUTHBERT 8, 6, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. OUR blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well,

A Guide, a Com-fort-er, be-queathed With us to dwell. A-men.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
And speaks of heaven. [each fear,

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

H. Auber, 1829

I57 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

From I. J. Pleyel, 1800

1. COME, O Cre-a-tor Spir-it blest! And in our souls take up Thy rest;

Come, with Thy grace and heav'nly aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made. A-men.

2 Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry:
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above!
3 Our senses touch with light and fire;
Our hearts with charity inspire;
And with endurance from on high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far back our enemy repel,
And let Thy peace within us dwell;
So may we, having Thee for guide,
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.
5 O may Thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And evermore to hold confessed
Thyself of each the Spirit blest.

The Holy Spirit

158 NEW HAVEN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

Thos. Hastings

1. COME, Ho - ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a - bove

Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred

gifts im - part To glad - den each sad heart; Oh come to - day! A - men.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light, serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

Latin (13th Cent.) Tr. R. Palmer, 1858

The Holy Spirit

159 ITALIAN HYMN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

F. de Giardini, 1769

1. THOU, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,

And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the

Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! A - men.

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face
Spreading the beams of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

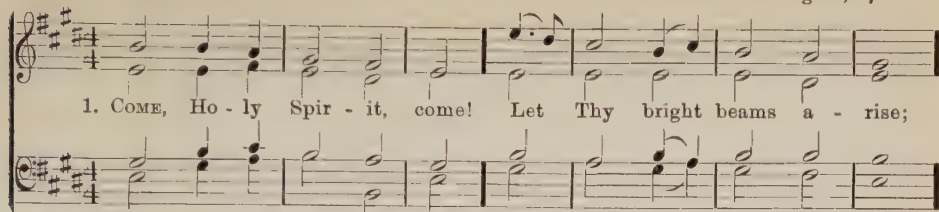
4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

J. Marriott, c. 1813

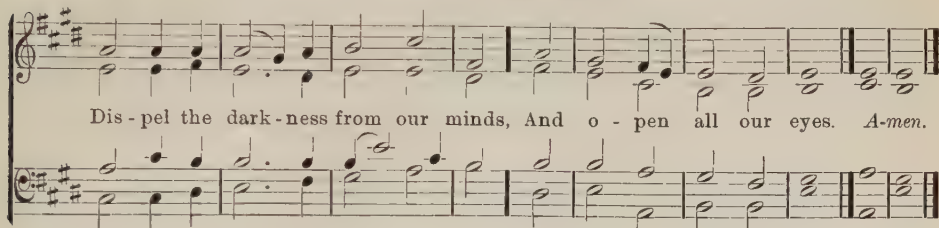
The Holy Spirit

I60 MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760



1. COME, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let Thy bright beams a - rise;



Dis - pel the dark - ness from our minds, And o - pen all our eyes. A-men.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.


4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

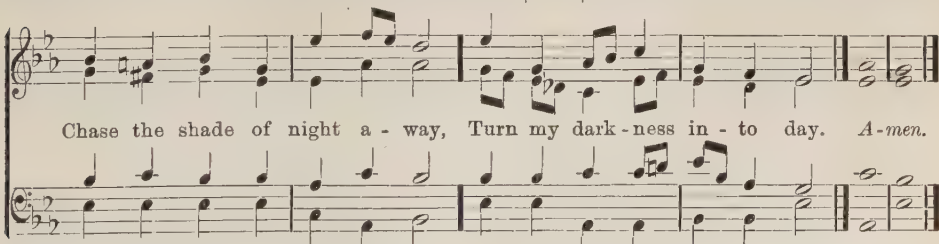
J. Hart, 1759 Alt. A. M. Toplady, 1776

I61 DOWNES 7s.

L. T. Downes, 1851



1. Ho - LY Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;



Chase the shade of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day. A-men.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;

Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

The Holy Spirit

I62 INTERCESSION, OLD L. M.

Arr. by J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. COME, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav-en-ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;

Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide, O'er ev-ery thought and step pre-side. A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and choose our way;
Plant holy fear within each heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart. | Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God. |
| 3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray; | 4 Lead us to God; our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is. |

S. Browne, 1720 Alt.

I63 CAPETOWN 7. 7, 7, 5

F. Filitz (1804-1876)

1. COME to our poor na - ture's night With Thy bless - ed in - ward light,

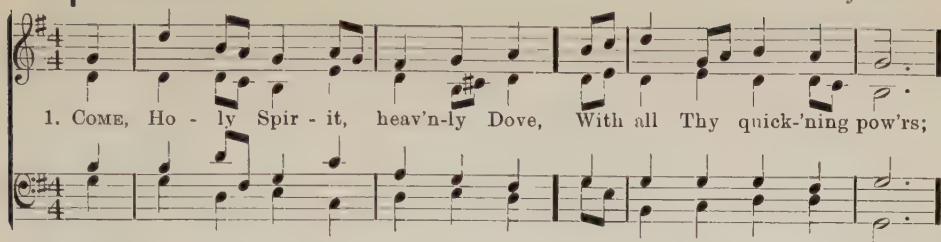
Ho - ly Ghost the in - fl - nite, Com - fort - er di - vine. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine. | Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine. |
| 3 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine. | 5 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine. |
| 4 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead | 6 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter divine. |

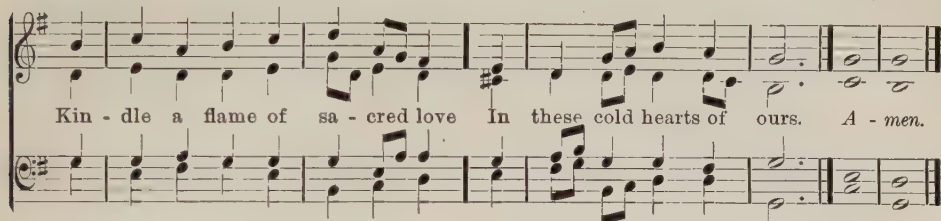
The Holy Spirit

I64 STEPHENS C. M.

Wm. Jones



1. COME, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-n'ing pow'rs;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - men.

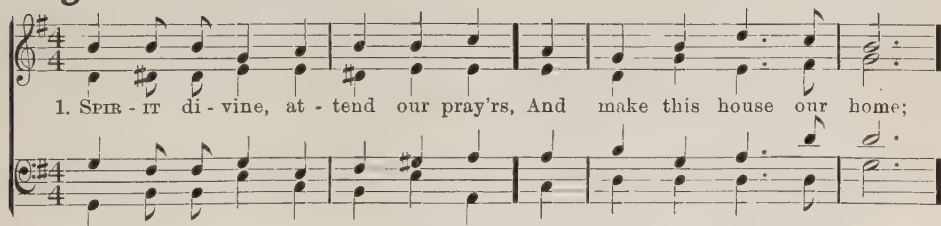
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold, to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

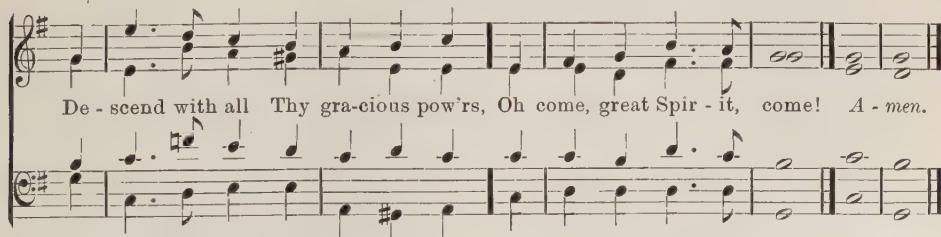
I. Watts, 1707

I65 NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1875



1. SPIR - IT di - vine, at - tend our pray'rs, And make this house our home;



De - scend with all Thy gra-cious pow'rs, Oh come, great Spir - it, come! A - men.

- 2 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 3 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings
The wings of peaceful love;

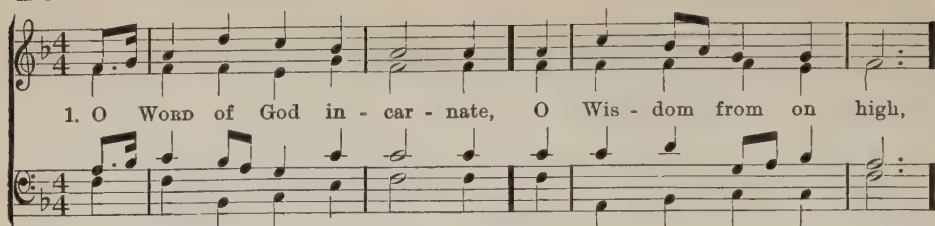
- And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.
- 4 Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious pow'rs,
Oh come, great Spirit, come!

A. Reed, 1829

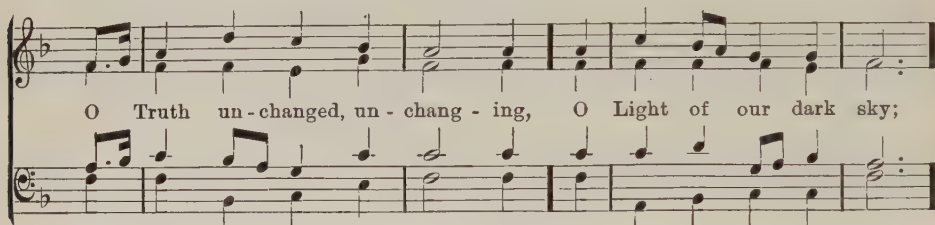
The Holy Scriptures

166 MUNICH 7s, 6s. 81.

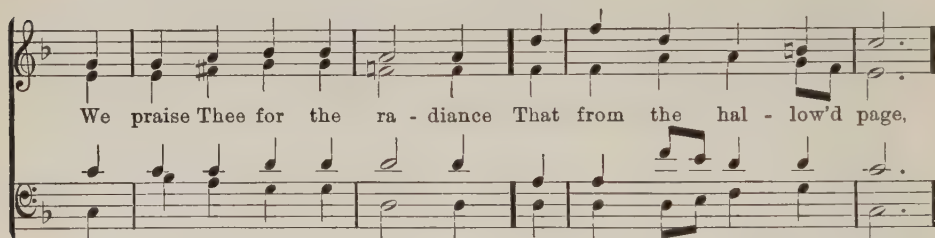
J. G. C. Störl's Choralbuch, 1710



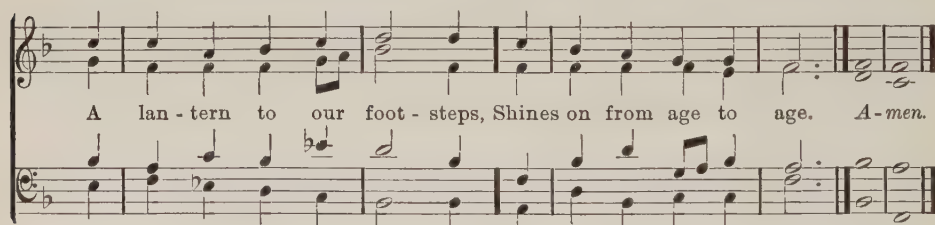
1. O WORD of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,



O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;



We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,



A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;

It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

1. FA-ther of mer-cies! in Thy word What end-less glo-ry shines! For
ev-er be Thy Name a-dored For these ce-less-tial lines. A-men.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

A. Steele, 1760

T. Hastings, 1837

1. The Spirit breathes upon the word, And brings the truth to sight; Precepts and prom-ises
af-ford A sanc-ti-fy-ing light, A sanc-ti-fy-ing light. A-men.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

W. Cowper, 1772

The Holy Scriptures

I69 UXBRIDGE L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. THE heav'ns de-clare Thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - ery star Thy wis - dom shines;
But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines. *A - men.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou didst write
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace. | 4 Thy Gospel-heralds dare not rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun. |
| 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land. | 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
The Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right. |

I. Watts, 1719

I70 KNOX C. M.

Temple Melodies

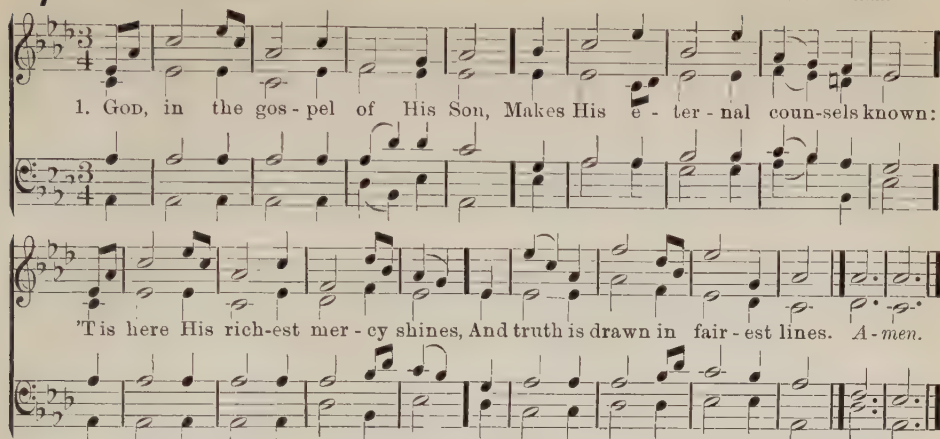
1. How precious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n. *A - men.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near. | 4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears. |
| 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God. | 5 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. |

The Holy Scriptures

I71 WILLINGTON L. M.

F. W. Williams



1. God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun-sels known:
'Tis here His rich-est mer - cy shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines. A - men.

2 Here, sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.

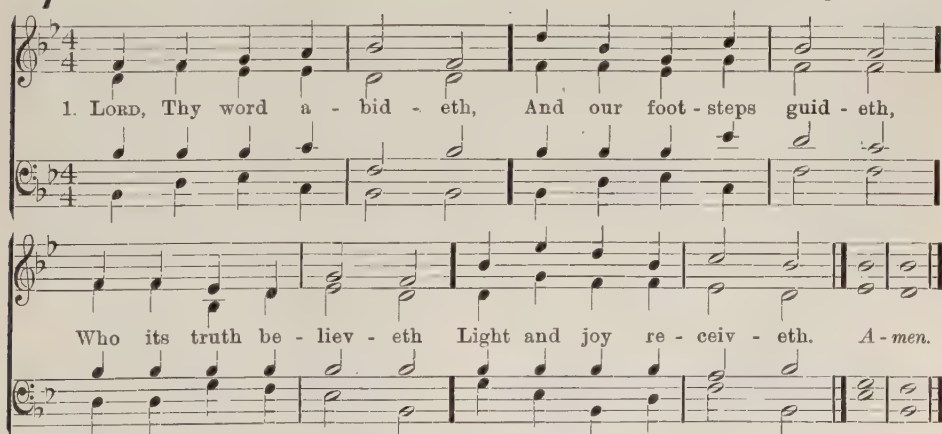
4 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes,
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here, shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To read and mark Thy Holy Word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

B. Beddome, 1787 Alt. T. Cotterill, 1819

I72 ST. CYPRIAN 6s.

R. R. Chope, 1862



1. LORD, Thy word a - bid - eth, And our foot - steps guid - eth,
Who its truth be - liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth. A - men.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

5 Oh, that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee!
Evermore be near Thee!

The Church

I73 AURELIA 7s, 6s. 8l.

S. S. Wesley, 1864

1. THE Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
 From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.

2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 One holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
 Men see her sore oppressed,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distressed;
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great church victorious
 Shall be the church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won;
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace, that we,
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

The Church

I74 AUSTRIA 8s, 7s. 81.

F. J. Haydn, 1797

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;

He whose word can-not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a-bode;

On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?

With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A-men.

2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;

Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

The Church

I75 CLOISTERS II, II, II, 5

J. Barnby, 1868

1. LORD of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our

night, and hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy

Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A - men.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling,
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy church nor death nor hell prevaieth,
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

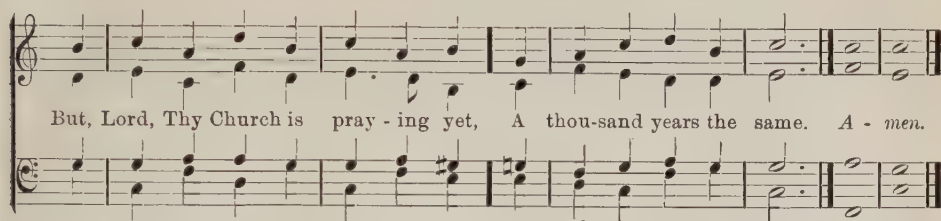
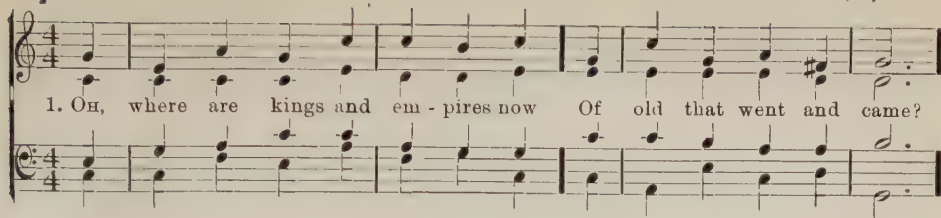
4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
Send us, O Saviour.

5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

The Church

I76 ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Croft, 1708



2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

Though earthquake shocks are threaten-
And tempests are abroad; [ing her,

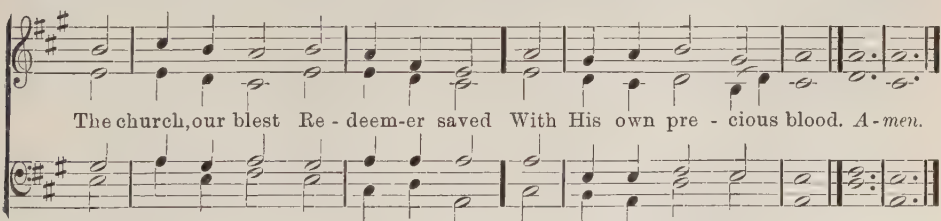
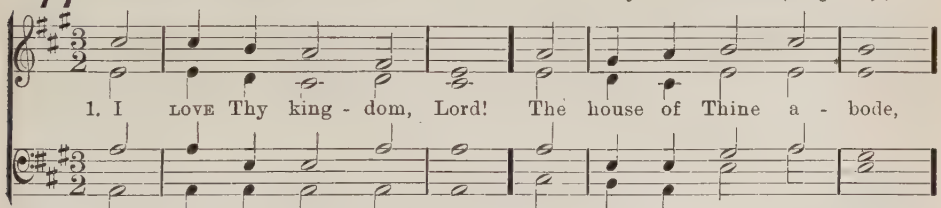
4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!

A. C. Cox, 1839

I77 STATE STREET S. M.

J. C. Woodman (1813—1894)



2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

The Church

I78 EIN' FESTE BURG 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7

Martin Luther, 1529

1. A MIGHTY fort - ress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing;

Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,

And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - - qual. A - men.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with demons
filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.

The Prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure:
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Baptism

179 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

From I. J. Pleyel, 1800

1. OUR Saviour bowed be - neath the wave, And meek-ly sought a wa - t'ry grave;

Come, see the sa - cred path He trod, A path well pleasing to our God. A - men.

2 His voice we hear, His footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek His face,
To do His will, to feel His love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round Him shine!
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

Adoniram Judson

180 AZMON C. M.

Arr. fr. C. G. Gläser, by L. Mason, 1839

1. MEER-LY in Jor - dan's ho - ly stream The great Re-deem - er bowed;

Bright was the glo - ry's sa - cred beam That hush'd the wond'ring crowd. A - men.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.

3 So, blessèd Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene;

Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs;
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

Samuel Francis Smith

Baptism

I81 CRUCIS S. M.

G. M. Garrett, 1872

1. STAND, sol - dier of the cross, Thy high al - le - giance claim, And

vow to hold the world but loss For thy Re - deem - er's name. A - men.

2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr-throngs enrolled:

4 In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great captain's feet.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1870

I82 EMERALD L. M.

W. D. MacLagan (1826—)

1. COME, Ho - ly Spir - it, Dove di - vine, On these bap - tis - mal wa - ters shine,

And teach our hearts, in highest strains, To praise the Lamb for sinners slain. A - men.

2 We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,
And joyfully embrace Thy cause;
We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain;

3 We sink beneath Thy mystic flood,
Oh, bathe us in Thy cleansing blood;

We die to sin, and seek a grave
With Thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with Thee to live,
Oh, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

Baptism

183 VICTORY L. M. 81.

H. Lahee (1826—)

1. ARM these Thy sol-diers, might-y Lord, With shield of faith and Spir - it's sword;

Forth to the bat-tle may they go And bold - ly fight a - gainst the foe,

With ban-ner of the cross un-furled, And by it o - ver-come the world;

And so at last re-ceive from Thee The palm and crown of vic - to - ry. A - men.

2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be
Hallowed forever, Lord, to Thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace Divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity
One only God and Persons Three;
In whom, thro' whom, by whom we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use Thy grace,
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. Wordsworth, 1862

Baptism

184 GOSHEN H.S.

Arr. by Thos. Hastings

1. O THOU who in Jor - dan didst bow Thy meek head,

And whelmed in our sor - row, didst sink to the dead,

Then rose from the dark - ness to glo - ry a - bove,

And claimed for Thy cho - sen the king - dom of love,— A - men.

2 Thy footsteps we follow, to bow in the tide,
And are buried with Thee in the death Thou hast died,
Then wake in Thy likeness to walk in the way
That brightens and brightens to shadowless day.

3 O Jesus, our Saviour, O Jesus, our Lord,
By the life of Thy passion, the grace of Thy word,
Accept us, redeem us, dwell ever within,
To keep, by Thy Spirit, our spirits from sin.

4 Till crowned with Thy glory, and waving the palm,
Our garments all white from the blood of the Lamb,
We join the bright millions of saints gone before,
And bless Thee, and wonder, and praise evermore.

Baptism

I85 BOARDMAN C. M.

L. Devereux. Arr. G. Kingsley, 1839

1. WHILE in this sa - cred rite of Thine, We yield our spir - its now,
Shine o'er the wa - ters, Dove di - vine, And seal the cheer-ful vow. A - men.

2 All glory be to Him whose life
For us was freely given,
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.

3 To Thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.

S. F. Smith, 1832

I86 DOMINUS REGIT P. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. THIS rite our blest Re - deem - er gave To all in Him be - liev - ing;
He leads us thro' this hal - lowed wave, To His ex - am - ple cleav - ing. A - men.

2 I'll follow then my glorious Lord,
Whate'er the ties I sever;
He saved my soul, and left His word
To guide me now and ever.

3 For me the cross and shame to bear,
Dear Saviour, Thou wast willing;
Nor would I shrink Thy yoke to wear,
All righteousness fulfilling.

4 Jesus, to Thee I yield my all;
In Thy kind arms enfold me:
My heart is fixed—no fears appal—
Thy gracious power shall hold me.

5 How sweet the way divine to take,
So clear in Jordan's story;
On souls that follow Christ shall break
The Spirit's beam of glory.

S. Dryden Phelps

The Lord's Supper

I87 HANFORD 8, 8, 8, 4

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. By Christ redeem'd, in Christ re-stored, We keep the mem-o-ry a-dored,
And show the death of our dear Lord, Un-til He come! A-men.

2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is here in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory,—by this rite,
Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 Oh, blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

G. Rawson, 1857

I88 HENLEY 108.

L. Mason

1. HERE, O my Lord; I see Thee face to face: Here would I touch and handle things un-seen;
Here grasp with firmer hand e-ter-nal grace, And all my wea-ri-ness up-on Thee lean. A-men.

The Lord's Supper

189 ST. SEBASTIAN 7s. 6l.

S. S. Wesley, 1872

1. "TILL He come," oh, let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords;
Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come." A - men.

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only, "Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread,—
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, "Till He come."

E. H. Bickersteth, 1861

(HENLEY) 10s.

- 1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things un-
seen;
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of
heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
- Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with
Thee.
- 4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and
gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art
here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.
- 5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and
love.

The Lord's Supper

190 HAPPY DAY L. M.

From E. F. Rimbault

Chorus.

1. { Oh, hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour, and my God! { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py

day, hap-py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins a-way! { He taught me how to watch and pray, } { And live re-joic-ing ev-ery day; }

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way! A-men.

- 2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.—*Cho.*
- 3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.—*Cho.*
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.—*Cho.*

P. Doddridge, 1755

191 CCENA DOMINI 10s. 2 l.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. DRAW nigh and take the bod-y'of the Lord, And drink the holy blood for you outpour'd. A-men.

The Lord's Supper

I92 MOSELEY 6s.

H. Smart (1813—1879)

1. I HUN - GER and I thirst; Je - sus, my Man - na be:

Ye liv - ing wa - ters, burst Out of the Rock for me. A - men.

2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
Oh, feed me, or I die!

3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1873

(CÆNA DOMINI) 10s. 2l.

2 Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.

4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim, and Himself the priest.

5 He, ransomer from death, and light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.

6 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

7 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields,

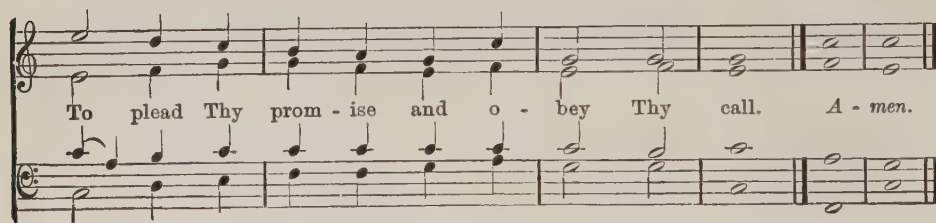
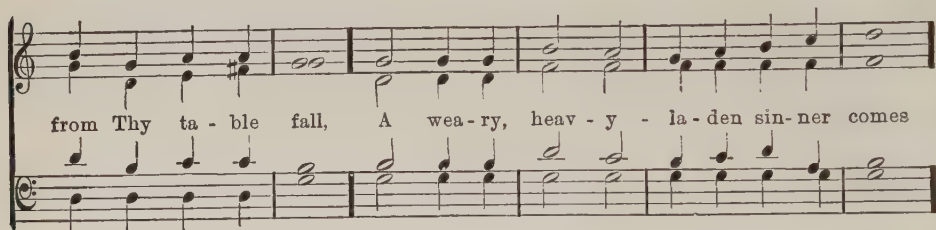
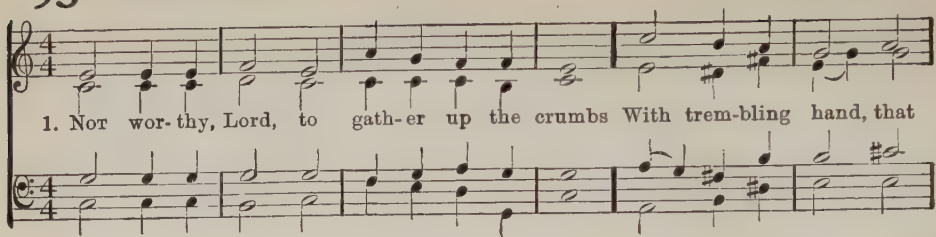
8 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

9 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

The Lord's Supper

193 MORECAMBE 108.

Anon



- 2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board ;
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again ;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.
- 4 And is not mercy Thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine ?
Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive,
And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.
- 5 I hear Thy voice ; Thou bid'st me come and rest ;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet ;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.
- 6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee ;
Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with Thee ; sup Thou with me.

The Lord's Supper

194 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann, 1839

1. JE - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men, From
the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un - fill'd to Thee a - gain. A - men.

- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all!
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1150, arr. Tr. R. Palmer, 1858

195 EUCHARIST 9s, 8s.

J. S. B. Hodges, 1869

1. BREAD of the world, in mer - cy broken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A - men.

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

The Lord's Supper

I96

LACRYMÆ 7s, 3l

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. JE - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry
heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread. A - men.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

R. H. Baynes, 1864

I97

BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. AC - CORD - ING to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. A - men.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,

Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

The Lord's Supper

198 GREENPORT (Hodnet) 8s, 7s. 8l.

Ad. fr. S. Thalberg, 1850

1. O BREAD to pil - grims giv - en, O food that an - gels eat,

O man - na sent from heav - en, For heav'n-born na - tures meet,

Give us, for Thee long pin - ing, To eat till rich - ly fill'd,

Till, earth's de - lights re - sign - ing, Our ev - 'ry wish is still'd. A - men.

2 O water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art:
Oh let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Anon. (Latin, c. 17th Cent.) Tr. R. Palmer, 1858

The Lord's Supper

199 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason, 1824

1. A PART - ING hymn we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord; A -

gain our grate - ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord. A - men.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood,
By sin no longer led,

The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

A. R. Wolfe, 1858

200 DORRANCE 8s, 7s.

I. B. Woodbury, 1848

1. FROM the ta - ble now re - tir - ing Which for us the Lord hath spread,

May our souls, re - freshment find - ing, Grow in all things like our head. A - men.

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives His image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day,

The Lord's Supper

201 BREAD OF LIFE 108.

W. F. Sherwin, 1877

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent

1. BREAK Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves be - side the sea.
Be - yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word! A - men.

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace, my all in all.

M. A. Lathbury, 1880

202 DEIPNON 108.

Anon.

1. Too soon we rise; the symbols dis - ap - pear; The feast, tho' not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine re - move, but Thou art here—Near - er than ev - er— still my Shield and Sun. A - men.

2 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm but Thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

3 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Salvation Offered

203 GALILEE 8s, 7s.

W. H. Jude (1851—)

1. JE - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low me!" A - men.

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1852

204 ETERNITY S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. OH, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'T were

vain the q - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole. A - men.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,

4 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

1. BE-HOLD a Stranger at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knocked be-fore,
Has waited long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill. A-men.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands:
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:

The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

J. Grigg, 1765

206 ST. BEES 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. HARK! my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Sav-iour, hear His word:
Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee: "Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou Me? A-men.

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,

Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My Throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

Salvation Offered

207 STEPHANOS 8, 5, 8, 3

H. W. Baker, 1861

1. ART thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be at rest." A - men.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?

"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?

"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?

"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?

"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

J. M. Neale, 1862

208 BROOKFIELD L. M.

T. B. Southgate (1814—1868)

1. HE lives! the great Re - deem-er lives! What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives!

And now, be - fore His Fa - ther, God, Pleads the full mer - its of His blood. A - men.

Salvation Offered.

209 LENOX 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

L. Edson, 1782

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the nations know,

To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, The

The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, The year of Ju-bi-
year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home. A-men.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. Wesley, 1750

(BROOKFIELD) L. M.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,

Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele

Salvation Offered

210 ST. HILDA 7s, 6s 81.

Arr. by W. H. Walter, from
J. H. Knecht, 1799, and E. Husband, 1871

1. O JE - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:

Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His Name and sign who bear:

Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! A - men.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Salvation Offered

211 PORTUGUESE HYMN 118.

Anon. 1751 (?)

1. How FIRM a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
ex - cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, Who un - to the
Saviour for ref-uge have fled? Who un - to the Saviour for ref-uge have fled? A-men.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "Even down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

Salvation Offered

212 MONSELL (St. Andrew) S. M.

J. Barnby, 1866

1. THE Spir - it in our hearts Is whis-p'ring, "Sin - ner, come;" The

Bride, the Church of Christ, pro-claims To all His children, "Come." A - men.

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come ;"

And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come ;"
Lord, even so ; I wait Thine hour ;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,

E. U. Onderdonk, 1826

213 HORTON 7s.

Xavier Schnyder

1. COME, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My paths your choice;

I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil-grim, hith-er come! A - men.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn ;

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Salvation Offered

214 RETREAT L. M.

T. Hastings, 1842

1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat. A-men.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;

4 There, there, on eagle's wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down, our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. Stowell, 1823

215 ST. BEES 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. CAST thy bur - den on the Lord, On - ly lean up - on His word; Thou shalt soon have cause to bless His e - ter - nal faith - ful - ness. A-men.

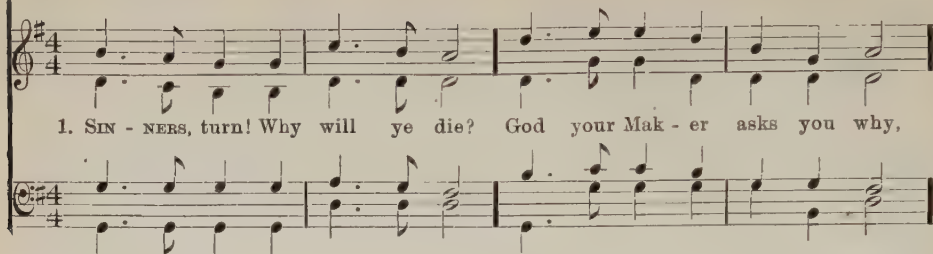
2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at His feet;
Linger at His mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

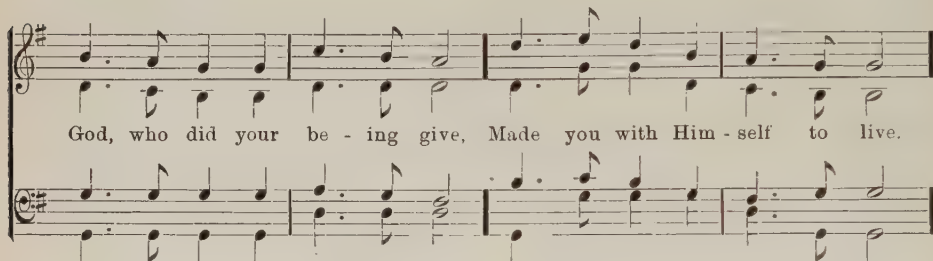
Salvation Offered

216 MESSIAH 7s. 81.

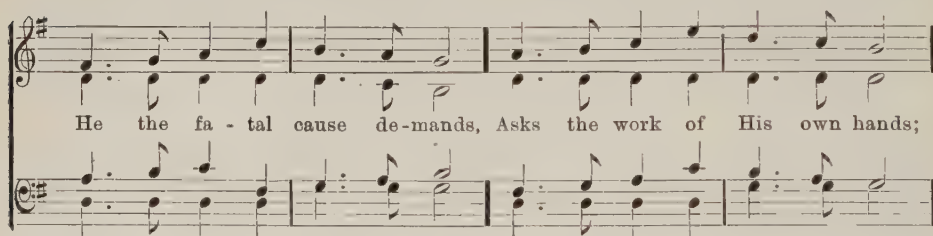
Arr. by Geo. Kingsley (1811—1884)



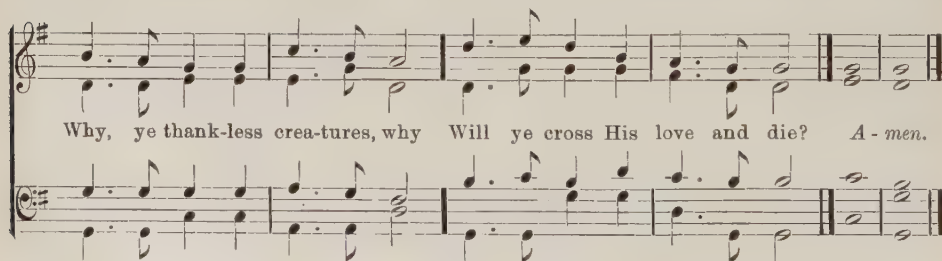
1. SIN - NERS, turn! Why will ye die? God your Mak - er asks you why,



God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live.



He the fa - tal cause de-mands, Asks the work of His own hands;



Why, ye thank-less crea-tures, why Will ye cross His love and die? A - men.

2 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
 God your Saviour asks you why,
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 God, who died that ye might live.
 Will ye let Him die in vain,
 Crucify the Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why,
 God, who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace His love.
 Will ye not the grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God and die?

Salvation Offered

217 CONSOLATOR (Alma) 11, 10s.

S. Webbe, 1792

1. COME, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;

Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;

Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;

Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal. A - men.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life, see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
 Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Salvation Offered

218 NEWCASTLE 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

H. L. Morley

1. E - TER - NAL Light! e - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be,

When, placed with - in Thy search - ing sight, It shrinks not, but with

calm de - light Can live, and look on Thee! A - men.

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An advocate with God.

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love.

Salvation Offered

219 ST. GODRIC 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. Thy works, not mine, O Christ, Speak glad-ness to this heart; They

tell me all is done; They bid my fear de-part, To whom, save

Thee, who canst a-lone For sin a-tone, Lord, shall I flee! A-men.

2 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 The righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

H. Bonar, 1857

Salvation Accepted

220 TOPLADY 7s. 6l.

T. Hastings, 1830



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.



2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

A. M. Toplady, 1776

Salvation Accepted

221 WOODWORTH L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1849

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

C. Elliott, 1836

ST. CRISPIN L. M.

(Second Tune)

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)

1. JUST as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

Salvation Accepted

222 HOLLINGSIDE 7s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. JE - SUS, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity!

Salvation Accepted

MARTYN 7s. 81.

(Second Tune)

S. B. Marsh, 1834

6/4 FINE.

1. { JE - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }
 D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

223 COWPER C. M.

L. Mason, 1830

3/4

1. THERE is a foun-tain fill'd with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins, And sin - ners, plung'd be -

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains. A - men.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor, lisping, stammering
 tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

W. Cowper, 1771

Salvation Accepted

224 INTERCESSION, NEW 7s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

W. H. Callcott, 1867
Last 2 l. fr. Mendelssohn, 1846

1. WHEN the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav-y - la - den cast

All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek-ing peace, On Thy name shall call;

Refrain.

When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall:..... Hear then in

love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwell - ing - place on high. A-men.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, from his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:

(Refrain)

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:

(Refrain)

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

Salvation Accepted

4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;

When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:

(Refrain)

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

H. Bonar, 1866 Ab.

225 MARGARET 8, 8, 8, 8, 6

A. L. Peace, 1885

1. O LOVE that wilt not let me go.... I rest my

wea-ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,

That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich-er, full-er be. A-men.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

G. Matheson, 1882

Salvation Accepted

226 DENVER 8s, 6s. 81.

H. Houseley, 1896

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1. I bow my fore-head to the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame,

And urge, in trem-bling self dis-trust, And pray'r without a claim.

No off-'ring of mine own I have, Nor works my faith to prove;

I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love. A-men.

2 I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight;
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.
And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

3 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercies underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

4 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

Salvation Accepted

227 PRINCE (St. Catherine) L. M. 61. Arr. fr. F. Mendelssohn (1809—1847) Attrib. to F. H. Hemy, 1865 Alt by J. G. Walton, 1871 (?)

1. JE - SUS, Thy bound-less love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare;

Oh, knit my thank-ful heart to Thee And reign with-out a ri - val there.

Thine wholly, Thine a-lone, I am, Be Thou a-lone my constant flame. A-men.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
What wondrous things Thy love hath
Still lead me, lest I go astray; [wrought!
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that dark final hour
Of death, be Thou my guide, and friend,
That I may love Thee without end.

P. Gerhardt, 1653. 77. J. Wesley, 1739; verse 3, l. 7, alt.

Salvation Accepted

228

EVEN ME

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 3 With Refrain

W. B. Bradbury, 1862

1. { LORD, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free,— }
 { Show'rs the thirst - y land re-fresh - ing; Let some por - tion fall on me, }

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some por - tion fall on me. A - men.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me, even me!

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
 Let me love and cling to Thee;
 I am longing for Thy favor;
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me,
 even me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me, even
 me!

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me, even me!

6 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
 'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee;
 All my heart to Thee is springing;
 Blessing others, oh bless me, even me!

E. Codner, 1860

229

RAPHAEL C. M.

Arr. fr. Donizetti (1797—1848)

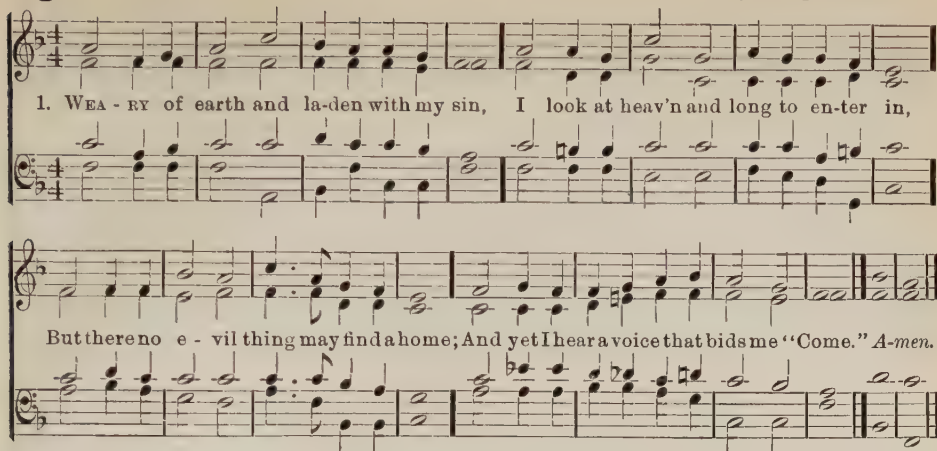
1. I've found the Pearl of great - est price, My heart doth sing for joy;

And sing I must; for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song em - ploy. A - men.

Salvation Accepted

230 LANGRAN 108.

J. Langran, 1862



- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 'T was He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child.
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

S. J. Stone, 1866

(RAPHAEL) C. M.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
A Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the Throne,
My King of heavenly might.</p> <p>3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in His wings.</p> | <p>4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.</p> <p>5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My Comfort and my Love,
My Life below, and He shall be
My Joy and Crown above.</p> |
|--|---|

Salvation Accepted

231 LEBANON S. M. 81.

J. Zundel, 1855

1. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;
 I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.
 I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;
 I did not love my Fa-ther's voice; I loved a-far to roam. A - men.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child,
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild:
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished and faint, and lone;
 They bound me with the bands of love;
 They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'T was He that loved my soul,
 'T was He that washed me in His blood,
 'T was He that made me whole;

'T was He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep,
 'T was He that brought me to the fold,
 'T is He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled;
 But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold;
 I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home.

Salvation Accepted

232 LUX MUNDI 7s, 6s. 81.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

Not too fast.

1. WE stand in deep re - pent - ance Be - fore Thy throne of love;

O God of grace, for - give us, The stain of guilt re - move;

Be - hold us while with weep - ing We lift our eyes to Thee,

And, all our sins sub - du - ing, Our Fa - ther, set us free. A - men.

2 O shouldst Thou from us, fallen,
Withhold Thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander
From Thee, and peace, aside;
But Thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve Thee,
With thankful, joyous heart.

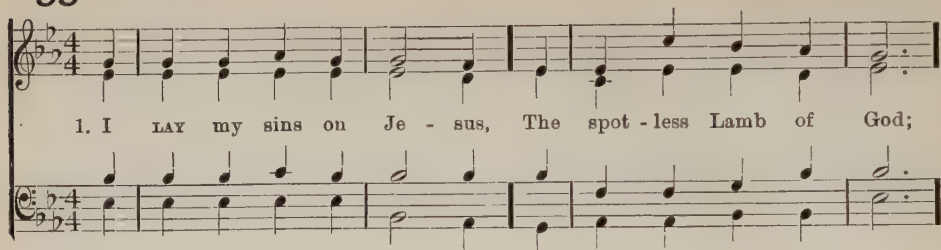
3 Our souls—on Thee we cast them,
Our only refuge Thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon Thy loving breast,
And givest all Thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Tr. R. Palmer, 1834

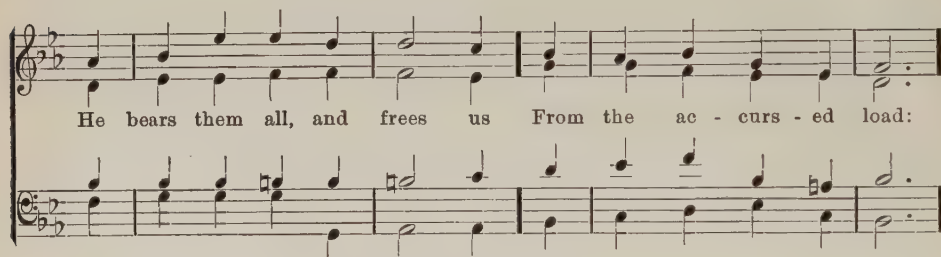
Salvation Accepted

233 AURELIA 7s, 6s. 81.

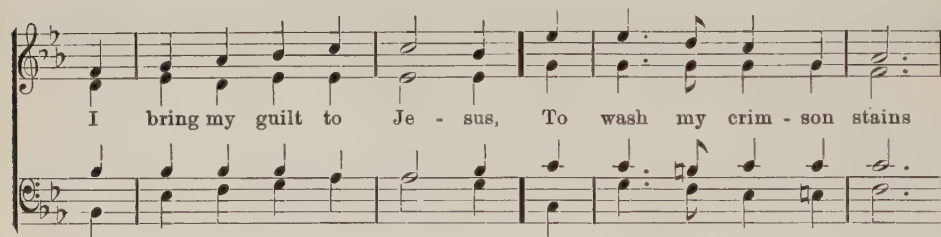
S. S. Wesley, 1864



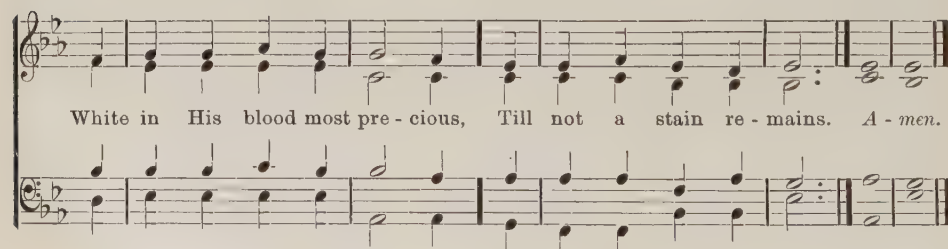
1. I LAY my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;



He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:



I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains



White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains. A - men.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song,

Salvation Accepted

234 CONSTANCE 8s, 7s. 81.

Arthur Sullivan, 1875

1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;

And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,

For I am His and He is mine, For ev - er and for ev - er. A - men.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!

He bled, He died to save me;

And not alone the gift of life,

But His own self He gave me.

Naught that I have mine own I'll call,

I'll hold it for the Giver;

My heart, my strength, my life, my all,

Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!

All power to Him is given,

To guard me on my onward course,

And bring me safe to heaven:

Eternal glory gleams afar,

To nerve my faint endeavor:

So now to watch, to work, to war;

And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,

So kind and true and tender!

So wise a Counsellor and Guide,

So mighty a Defender!

From Him, who loves me now so well,

What power my soul shall sever?

Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?

No: I am His for ever.

J. G. Small, 1866

Salvation Accepted

235 HOLLINGSIDE 7s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. JE - SUS, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child:

On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline.

Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou canst bid the sin - ner live;

Guide the wand'rer, day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. A - men

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more can I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,
Thou hast made me truly Thine;
Thou hast bought me by Thy blood;
Reconciled my heart to God.
Hearken to my humble prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

T. Hastings, 1858

Salvation Accepted

236

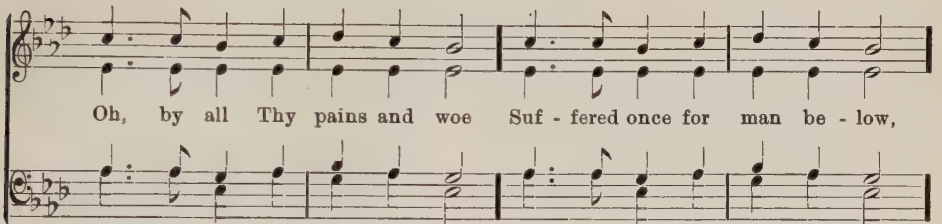
SPANISH HYMN

7s. 8l.

Spanish Melody



1. { SAV - IOUR! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee, }
 { When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes, }



Oh, by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,



Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny! A - men.

- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness,
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power:
 Turn, oh turn a favoring eye,
 Hear our solemn litany!
- 3 By the sacred grief that swept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode;
 By the anguished sigh that told;
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
 From Thy seat above the sky,
 Hear our solemn litany!

- 4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn litany!
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sad sepulchral stone;
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God:
 Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn litany!

Salvation Accepted

237 FAITH C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1867

1. Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith! My God, how can it be

That Thou, who hast dis - cern - ing love, Shouldst give that gift to me? A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine,
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine!</p> <p>3 Ah, grace, into unlikeliest hearts,
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.</p> | <p>4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright!</p> <p>5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?</p> |
|--|--|

F. W. Faber, 1849

238 FRANCONIA S. M.

J. G. Ebeling (c. 1620—1676)

1. BE - HOLD what won - drous grace, The Fa - ther hath be - stowed;

On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.</p> <p>3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.</p> | <p>4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.</p> <p>5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And Thou the kindred own.</p> |
|--|---|

Salvation Accepted

239 SEYMOUR 7s.

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826

1. DEPTH of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare? A - men.

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are,
Me He now delights to spare;

Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His
God is love: I know, I feel; [hands;
Jesus lives and loves me still.

C. Wesley, 1740

240 DORRANCE 8s, 7s.

I. B. Woodbury, 1848

1. TAKE my heart, O Fa - ther! take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;

Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it— This proud heart of sin and stone. A - men.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let Thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,

Till Thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly Thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path of heaven.

Salvation Accepted

242 ST. PHILIP 7s. 3l.

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. LORD, in this Thy mer-cy's day, Ere the time shall pass a-way, On our knees we fall and pray. A-men.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardoned, round Thy throne.

I. Williams, 1844

243 BARTLETT 7s.

John I. Romig

1. Ho-ly Fa-ther, hear my cry; Ho-ly Sav-iour, bend Thine ear;
Ho-ly Spir-it, come Thou nigh; Fa-ther, Sav-iour, Spir-it hear. A-men.

2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;

Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

Salvation Accepted

244 SOLID ROCK L. M. 61.

W. B. Bradbury (1816—1868)

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name:

On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is

sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-men.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil;
On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

E. Mote

Salvation Accepted

245 HOLBORN HILL L. M.

St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie? A - men.

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still: my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay.
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

G. Tersteegen, 1735. Tr. S. B. Findlater, 1855

246 WOODWORTH L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1849

1. WITH bro - ken heart, and con - trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me! A - men.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His Cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

Salvation Accepted

247 DALEHURST C. M.

A. Cottman, 1872

1. AP-PROACH, my soul, the mer - cy-seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r;

There hum-bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A-men.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

5 Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy precious name.

J. Newton, 1779

248 GRATITUDE L. M.

Thos. Hastings (1784—1872)

1. My God, how end-less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery eve-ning new,

And morn-ing mer-cies from a - bove Gen-tly dis - til like ear-ly dew. A - men.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

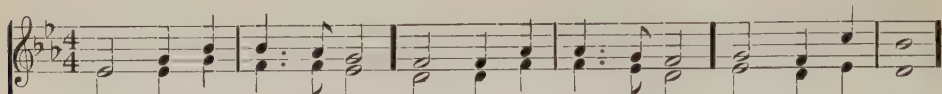
3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

I. Watts, 1709

Faith and Consecration

249 OLIVET 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

L. Mason, 1832



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine!



Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,



Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.



2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

R. Palmer, 1830

Faith and Consecration

250 HOLY OFFERINGS 7, 7, 7, 8, 8, 8, 8

R. Redhead (1820—)

1. Ho - ly of - frings, rich and rare, Of - fer - ings of praise and prayer,

Pur - er life and pur - pose high, Clasp - ed hands, up - lift - ed eye, Low - ly

acts of ad - o - ra - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion— On His

al - tar laid we leave them: Christ, pre - sent them! God, re - ceive them! A - men,

2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them
On Thy holy altar pour them:
There in trembling faith to leave them,
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

4 Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

5 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, holy! holy! holy!
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

Faith and Consecration

251 BETHANY 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

L. Mason, 1856

1. NEAR-ER, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my

God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A-men.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Faith and Consecration

HORBURY 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4 (Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. NEAR-ER, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth

me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! A - men.

252 NETTLETON 8s, 7s. 81.

J. Wyeth, 1812

1. { COME, Thou fount of ev - ery bless-ing. Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }
 D. C. Praise the mount; I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's un-changing love! A - men.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove; D. C.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 ♦ And I hope, by Thy good pleasure;
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed with precious blood.

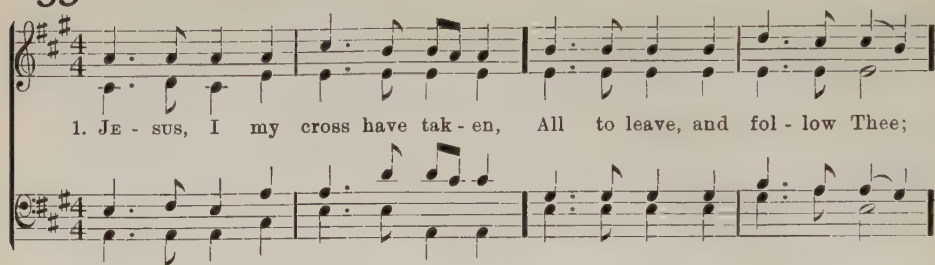
3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

R. Robinson, 1758

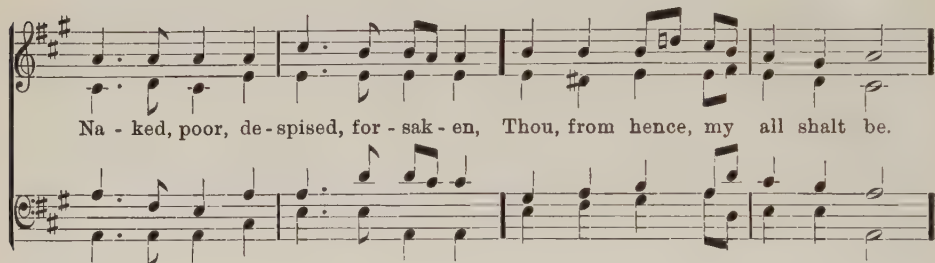
Faith and Consecration

253 DISCIPLE (Ellesdie) 8s, 7s 8l.

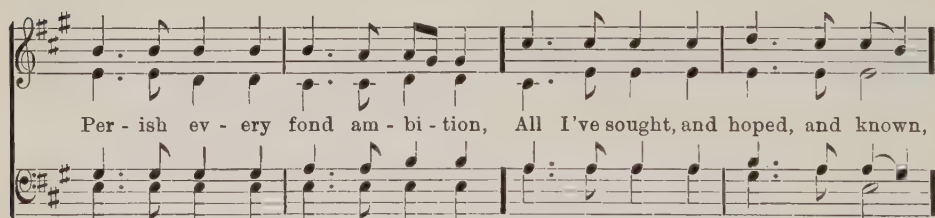
Arr. fr. W. A. Mozart, by H. P. Main



1. JE - SUS, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;



Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.



Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba, Father;
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Faith and Consecration

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
 Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
 What a Father's smile is thine,
 What a Saviour died to win thee :
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte, 1825

254 PROPRIOR DEO 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. MORE love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make

On bend - ed knee. This is my earn - est plea, More love, O

Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A - men.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest ;
 Now Thee alone I seek ;
 Give what is best ;
 This all my prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee !

3 Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain ;
 Sweet are Thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,

When they can sing with me,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee !

4 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise ;
 This be the parting cry,
 My heart shall raise,—
 This still its prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee !

E. P. Prentiss, 1869

Faith and Consecration

255 SOMETHING FOR THEE 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

T. E. Perkins

1. SAV-IOUR, Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught with-hold,

Dear Lord, from Thee, In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fill its vow,

Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee. A-men.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.*

S. D. Phelps, 1867

Faith and Consecration

256 ST. HELEN'S P. M. 8, 5, 8, 3

R. P. Stewart (1825—1894)

1. I AM trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee!

Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free. A - men.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,

Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

257 ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. Merrick, 1887

1. JE - SUS, I live to Thee, The lov - li - est and best; My

life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. A - men.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;

To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

187

H. Harbaugh, 1850

Faith and Consecration

258 BAXTER 6s. 8l.

U. C. Burnap, 1872

1. THY way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!

Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out my path for me.

I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might;

Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right. A - men.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great, or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

H. Bonar, 1857

Faith and Consecration

259 BEN RHYDDING S. M.

A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain, Could

give the guilt - y con-science peace, Or wash a - way the stain. A - men.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

I. Watts, 1709

260 LASTINGHAM 7s, 6s.

A. Gray, 1895

1. In full and glad sur - ren - der I give my - self to Thee,

Thine ut - ter - ly and on - ly, And ev - er - more to be. A - men.

2 O Son of God who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone,
Myself and my possessions
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus;
O make my heart Thy throne:

It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

4 Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus,
Rule over everything;
And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee, my King.

Faith and Consecration

261 BREMEN 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

T. Hastings (1784—1872)

1. O LORD, how hap-py should we be If we could cast our cares on Thee,

If we from self could rest; And feel at heart that One a - bove,

In per-fect wisdom, per-fect love, Is work-ing for the best. A - men.

2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

J. Anstice, 1836

Faith and Consecration

262 SHELTERING WING L. M.

J. Barnby, 1883

1. LORD, I am Thine, en - tire - ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di - vine;

With full con-sent Thine I would be, And own Thy sovereign right in me. A - men.

- 2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die, 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
Be Thine through all eternity; That bought my guilty soul for God,
The vow is past beyond repeal; Thee my new Master now I call,
Now will I set the solemn seal. And consecrate to Thee my all.

S. Davies, publ., 1769

263 MABYN 8s, 7s.

A. H. Brown (1830—)

1. YES, for me, for me He car - eth With a broth - er's ten - der care;

Yes, with me, with me He shar - eth Ev - ery bur - den, ev - ery fear. A - men.

- 2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

- 3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

- 4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

- 5 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

H. Bonar, 1844

Faith and Consecration

264 SONG OF SONGS L. M. With Refrain

J. B. Powell, 1884

1. Come, let us sing the song of songs, The saints in heaven be -

gan the strain, The hom - age which to Christ be - longs: "Wor-thy the

Lamb, Wor - thy the Lamb, Wor - thy the Lamb, for He was slain!" A-men.

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 To Him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

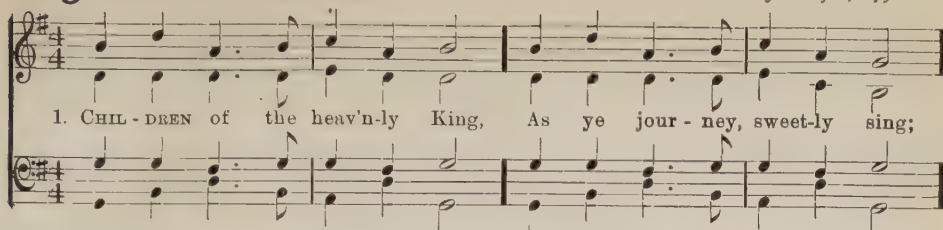
5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

J. Montgomery, 1841

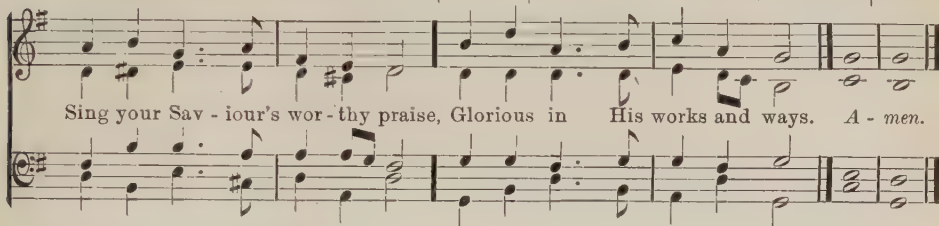
Faith and Consecration

265 PLEYEL'S HYMN 7s.

I. J. Pleyel, 1790



1. CHILDREN of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;



Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glorious in His works and ways. A-men.

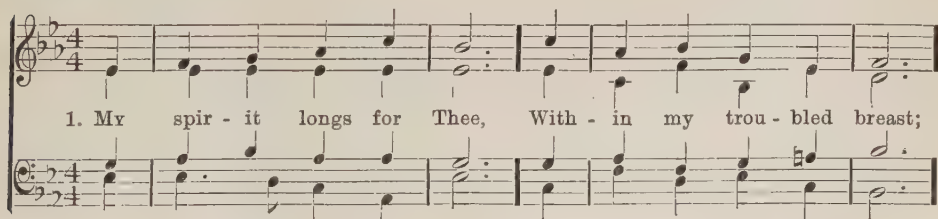
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

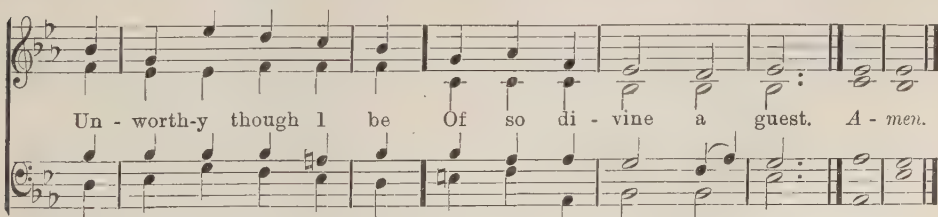
J. Cennick, 1742 Ab.

266 MOSELEY 6s.

H. Smart (1813—1879)



1. My spir-it longs for Thee, With-in my trou-bled breast;



Un-worthy though I be Of so di-vine a guest. A-men.

- 2 Of so divine a guest,
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee.
- 3 Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;

- In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found.
- 4 No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessed love:
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

Faith and Consecration

267 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1826

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It
soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear. A-men.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast!

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and King;

My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1770

268 HENDON 7s.

H. A. C. Malan, 1827

1. CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still in Thee may
I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs employ, Still for Thee my pow'rs em-ploy. A-men.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it Christ to live.

3 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;

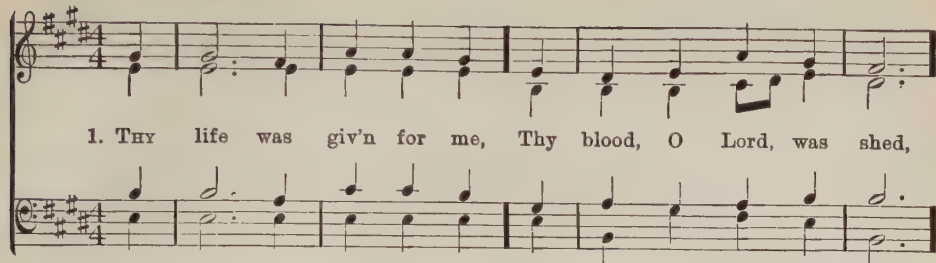
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from Thee my ravished soul.

4 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it Christ to live,
Let me know it gain to die.

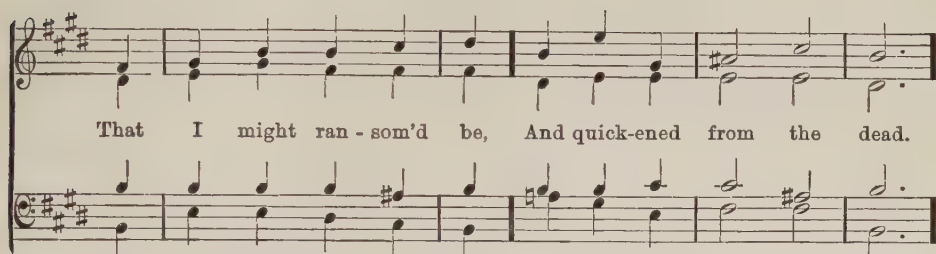
Faith and Consecration

269 FALCONER 6s. 6l.

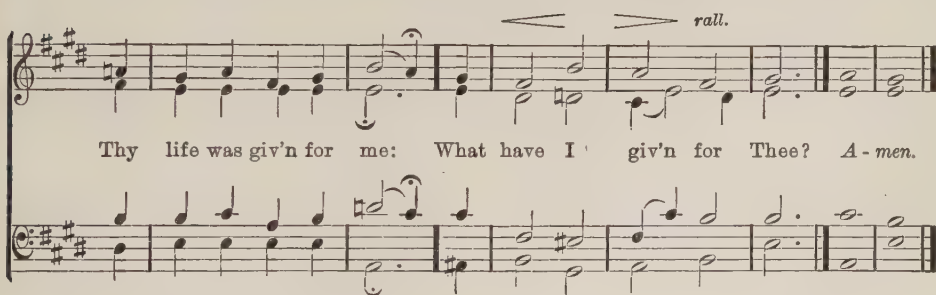
A. C. Falconer (1850—)



1. Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,



That I might ran-som'd be, And quick-ened from the dead.



Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee? A-men.

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent!
Thou gavest Thyself for me;
I give myself to Thee.

Faith and Consecration

270 ST. BEDE C. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. FA - THER, I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me;

The chang-es that are sure to come, I do not fear to see:

I ask Thee for a pres-ent mind, In-tent on pleas-ing Thee. A-men.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

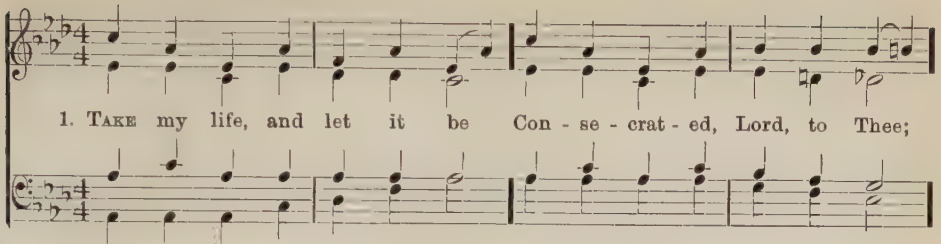
6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

A. L. Waring, 1850. *Alt.*

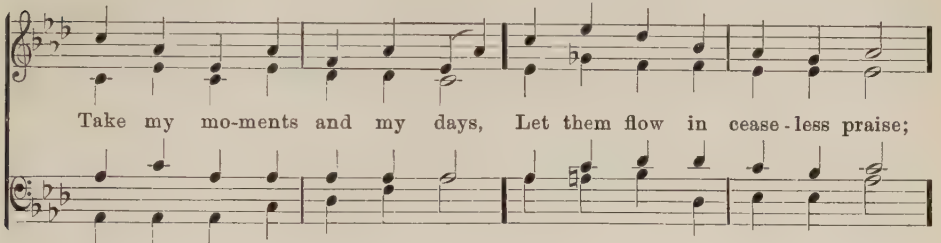
Faith and Consecration

271 CEASELESS PRAISE 7s. 81.

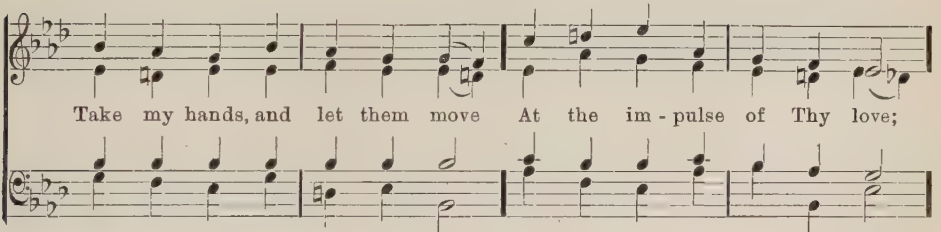
Anon.



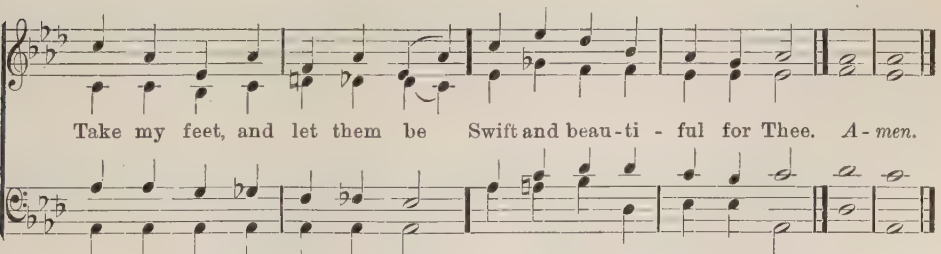
1. TAKE my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;



Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise;



Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;



Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee. A - men.

2 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou should choose.

3 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne;
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

Faith and Consecration

272 ADORO L. M. 61.

J. Barnby, 1872

1. JE - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour,

when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place

Slower.
Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace, Je - sus, my Lord, I

Thee a - dore: Oh, make me love Thee more and more. A - men.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought:
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,

So far exceeding hope or thought.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

Love and Gratitude

273 LOVING-KINDNESS L. M.

American Melody

1. A - WAKE, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re -

deem - er's praise: He just - ly claims a song from me, His

lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free! Lov - ing - kind - ness,

lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free! A - men.

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

- 4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Love and Gratitude

274 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE H.S.

Adoniram J. Gordon

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,

For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou;

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - men.

2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first lovèd me,
And purchased my pardon, on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight;
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

Anon.

Love and Gratitude

275 GOUNOD (Muriel) 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

C. Gounod (1818—1893)

1. ONE there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:

They, who once His kind - ness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love. A - men.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed!
 Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abased,
 "Friend of sinners" was His name;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above:
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love Thee as we ought.

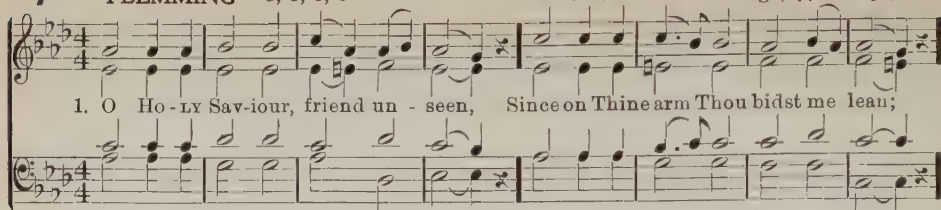
J. Newton, 1779

276

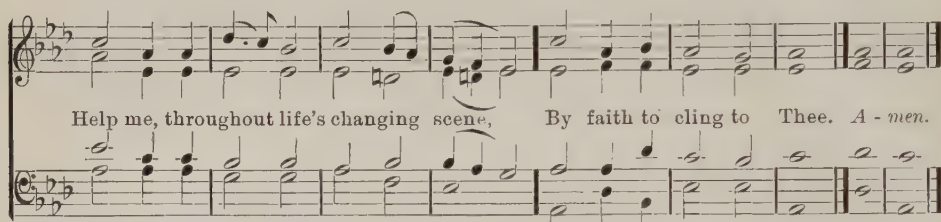
Love and Gratitude

FLEMMING 8, 8, 8, 6

Arr. fr. F. F. Flemming (1778—1832)



1. O Ho-ly Sav-iour, friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean;



Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to Thee. A - men.

2 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to Thee!

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

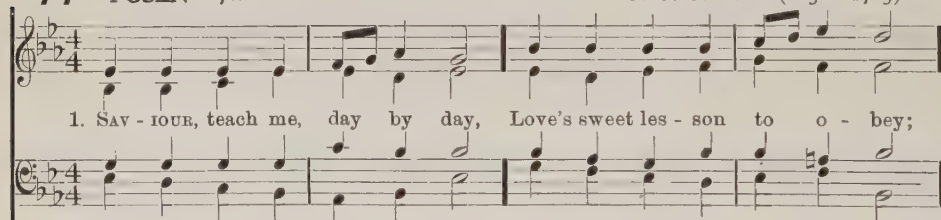
5 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

C. Elliott, 1836

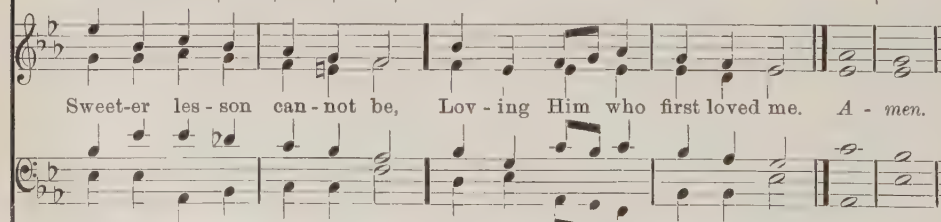
277

POSEN 7s.

G. G. Strattner (1650—1705)



1. SAV - IOUR, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;



Sweet-er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me. A - men.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee;
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

Love and Gratitude

278 ST. BERNARD C. M.

W. H. Walter (1825 - 1893)

1. JE - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. *A - men.*

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize shall be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux (c. 1130 or 1140) Tr. E. Caswall

279 BOARDMAN C. M.

L. Devereux. Arr. G. Kingsley, 1839

1. JE - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of Thine;

The veil of sense hangs dark be-tween Thy bless-ed face and mine! *A - men.*

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes un-
When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art!

R. Palmer, 1858

Love and Gratitude

280 HOLY CHURCH 7s, 6s. 81.

A. H. Brown (1830—)

1. IN heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;

And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? A - men.

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Love and Gratitude

281 ARIEL 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

Mozart. Arr. L. Mason, 1836

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth,

Which in my Sav - iour shine, { I'd soar, and touch the heav'n-ly strings, }
 { And vie with Ga - briel while he sings }

In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine. A - men.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin, and wrath divine;
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His face;
 Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

S. Medley, 1789

Love and Gratitude

282 UNION SQUARE 7s, 6s. 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1872

1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,
Whose won - drous love re - deemed me, At such tre - men - dous cost;
Thy right - eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea. A - men.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadeest,
And wilt not let me stray.

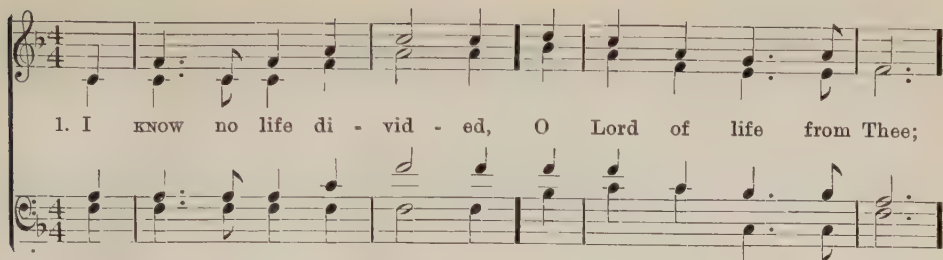
4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

5 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

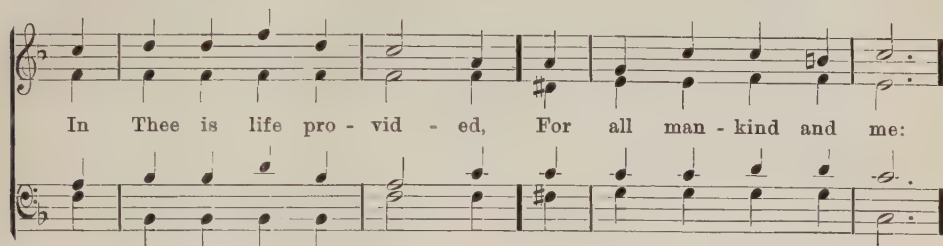
Love and Gratitude

283 SPITTA 7s, 6s. 8l.

H. P. Danks



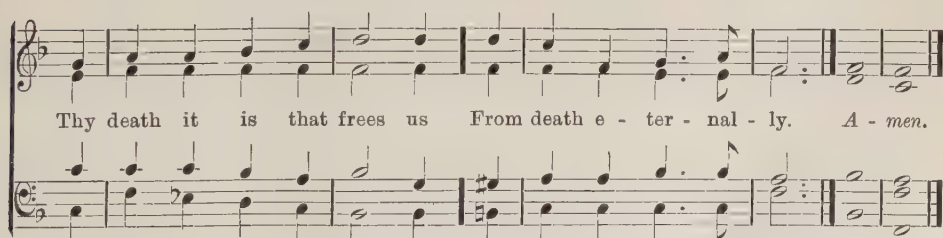
1. I KNOW no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life from Thee;



In Thee is life pro - vid - ed, For all man - kind and me:



I know no death, O Je - sus, Be - cause I live in Thee;



Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me;
If Thou, my God and teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 Lord! with this truth impress me,
And write it on my heart,
To comfort, cheer, and bless me,
That Thou my Saviour art;
Without Thy love to guide me,
I should be wholly lost;
The floods would quickly hide me,
On life's wide ocean tost.

(German) C. J. P. Spitta, 1836 7s. R. Massie, 1869

Love and Gratitude

284 BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly shed for me. A-men.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

C. Wesley, 1742

285 NAOMI C. M.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1836

1. FA-THER, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'-rein will de-nies,
Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:- A-men.

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Love and Gratitude

286 ESSEX 7s.

Thomas Clark (1775—1859)

1. Ask ye what great thing I know That delights and stirs me so? What the high re-
ward I win! Whose the name I glo-ry in? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied. A-men.

2 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

German. Tr. Benjamin H. Kenedy, 1863

287 CRUSADERS' HYMN 5, 6, 8, 5, 5, 8

German. Arr. by R. S. Willis, 1850

1. FAIR-EST Lord Je-sus, Rul-er of all na-ture, O Thou of God and man the Son,
Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown. A-men.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

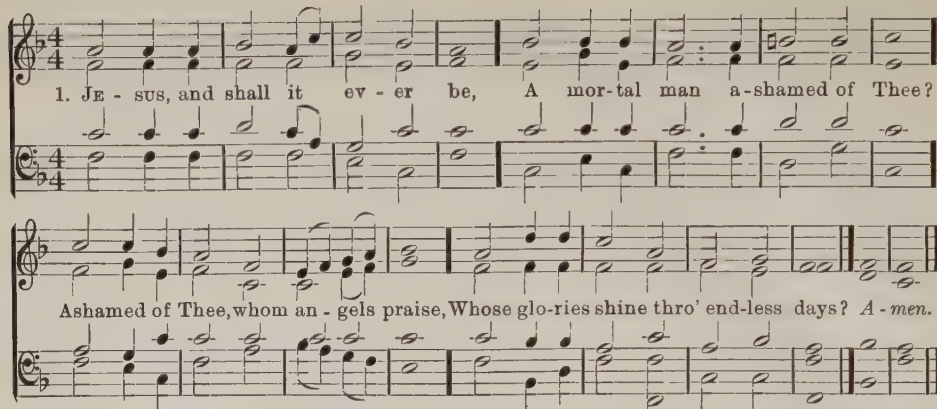
3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Anon. (German), 1677

Love and Gratitude

288 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. Oliver, 1832



1. JE - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee?

Ashamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days? A - men.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

J. Grigg, 1765

289 BOOTERSTOWN C. M.

H. Russell



1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! A - men.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

Love and Gratitude

290 ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thos. Hastings, 1837

1. MA - JES-TIC sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow. A - men.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine!

S. Stennett, 1787

291 HOLY CROSS C. M.

Anon.

1. JE - sus! I love Thy charm-ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n shall hear. A - men.

2 Yes!—Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;

Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

P. Doddridge, 1717

Love and Gratitude

292 LOVE DIVINE 8s, 7s. 8l.

C. F. Le Jeune, 1872

1. LOVE di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart. A - men.

2 Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find Thy promised rest;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver!
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.

There we would be always blessing;
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

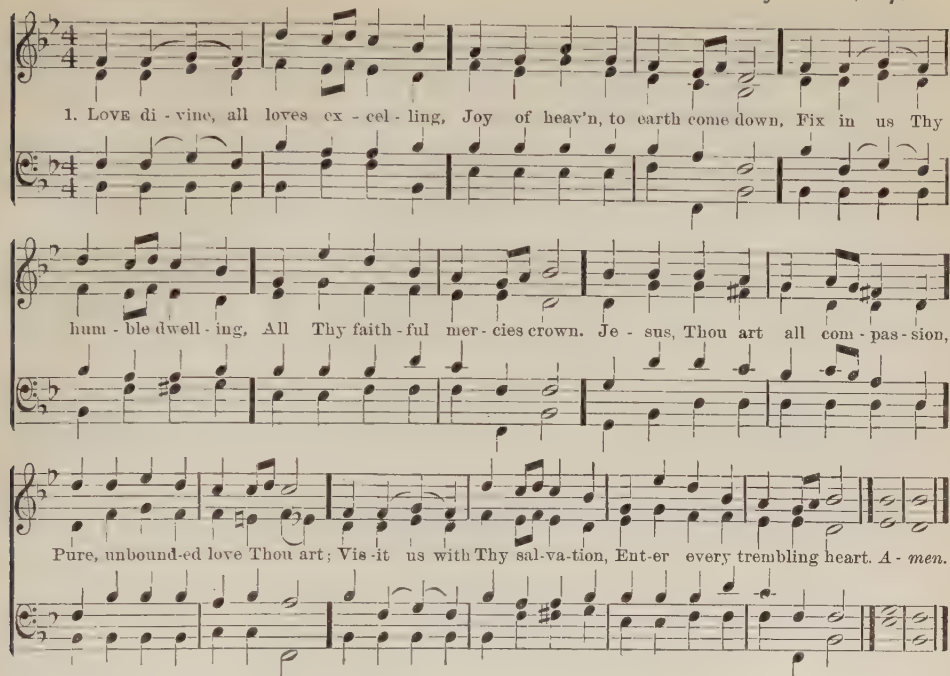
4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted let us be;
 Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secured by Thee,
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Love and Gratitude

BEECHER 8s, 7s. 81.

(Second Tune)

J. Zundel, 1870



1. LOVE di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy
hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion,
Pure, unbound-ed love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, Ent-er every trembling heart. A-men.

293 NEW CALABAR 7s.

J. D. Farrer



1. EARTH has noth-ing sweet or fair, Love-ly forms or beau-ties rare,
But be-fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau-ty source and spring. A-men.

- 2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.
- 3 When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,

- Then I think: Who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.
- 4 Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal Thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
See Thine unveiled glories bright.

Love and Gratitude

294 QUEBEC (Hesperus) L. M.

H. Baker, 1866

1. O Love di - vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit - t'rest tear,

On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near. A - men.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

O. W. Holmes, 1859

295 GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. Sweetser, 1849

1. SINCE Je - sus is my Friend, And I to Him be - long,

It mat-ters not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong. A - men.

Love and Gratitude

296 LYTE 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

J. P. Holbrook, 1865

1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove,
 Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art all to me; Noth - ing to
 please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord! A - men.

- 2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
 Hast bought me with Thy blood,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 Oh, how great is Thy love,
 All other loves above,
 Love that I daily prove,
 Jesus, my Lord!
- 3 When unto Thee I flee,
 Thou wilt my refuge be,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 What need I now to fear,

- What earthly grief or care,
 Since Thou art ever near?
 Jesus, my Lord!
- 4 Soon Thou wilt come again!
 I shall be happy then,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 Then Thine own face I'll see,
 Then I shall like Thee be,
 Then evermore with Thee,
 Jesus, my Lord!

J. G. Deck, 1642

(GREENWOOD) S. M.

- 2 He whispers in my breast
 Sweet words of holy cheer,
 How they who seek in God their rest
 Shall ever find Him near;—
- 3 How God hath built above
 A city fair and new,
 Where eye and heart shall see and prove
 What faith has counted true.

- 4 My heart for gladness springs;
 It cannot more be sad;
 For very joy it smiles and sings,—
 Sees naught but sunshine glad.
- 5 The sun that lights mine eyes
 Is Christ, the Lord I love;
 I sing for joy of that which lies
 Stored up for me above.

Love and Gratitude

297

WENTWORTH

P. M. 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 4

F. C. Maker, 1876

1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright;

So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;

So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right. A - men.

2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

A. A. Procter, 1858

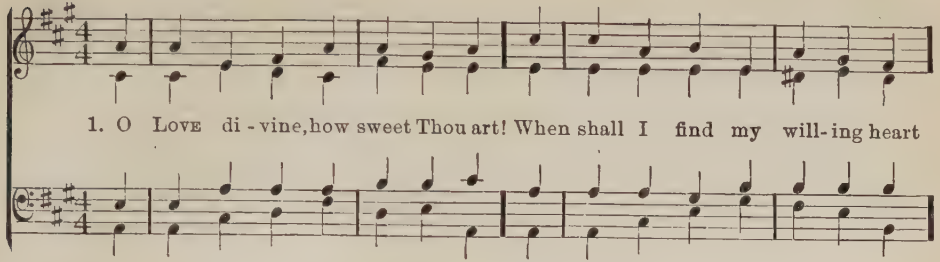
Love and Gratitude

298

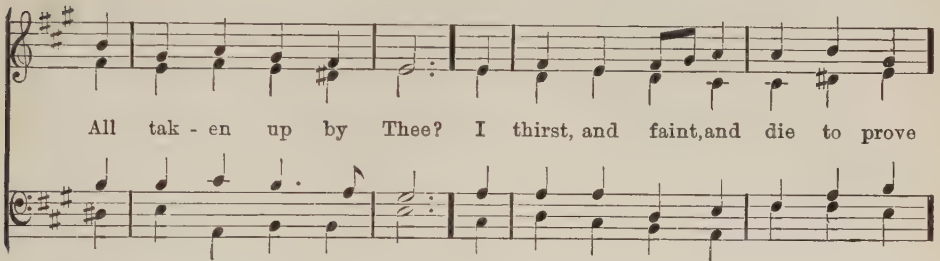
PURLEIGH

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

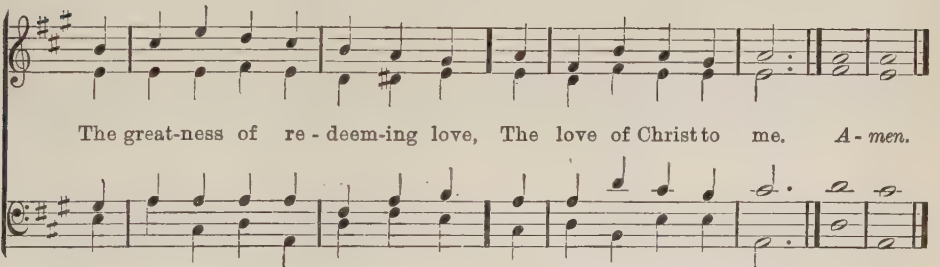
A. H. Brown (1830—)



1. O LOVE di-vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart



All tak-en up by Thee? I thirst, and faint, and die to prove



The great-ness of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me. A-men.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

4 Oh, that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

3 God only knows the love of God:
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

5 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth and heaven and all things go;
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love.

C. Wesley, 1749

Love and Gratitude

299 SPANISH HYMN 7s. 6l.

Spanish Melody

1. BLESS - ED Sav - iour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;
 All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side;
 Ev - er let my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee. A - men.

2 Once again beside the cross,
 All my gain I count but loss;
 Earthly pleasures fade away,—
 Clouds they are that hide my day:
 Hence, vain shadows! let me see
 Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Blessèd Saviour, Thine am I,
 Thine to live, and Thine to die;
 Height, or depth, or earthly power,
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
 Ever shall my glory be
 Only, only, only Thee!

G. Duffield (1818—1888)

300 (SPANISH HYMN) 7s. 6l.

1 JESUS, Master, whose I am,
 Purchased Thine alone to be,
 By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
 Shed so willingly for me;
 Let my heart be all Thine own,
 Let me live to Thee alone.
 2 Other lords have long held sway;
 Now Thy name alone to bear,
 Thy dear voice alone obey,

Is my daily, hourly prayer.
 Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
 Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
 Keep me faithful, keep me near;
 Let Thy presence in me shine
 All my homeward way to cheer.
 Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
 Oh, be Thou my All in all.

F. R. Havergal (1836—1879)

Love and Gratitude

301 ST. CHRISTOPHER 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

F. C. Maker, 1881

1. BE - NEATH the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The

shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A

home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way, From the

burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day. A - men.

2 Upon the cross of Jesus,
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of one
 Who suffered there for me.
 And from my smitten heart with tears,
 These wonders I confess,—
 The wonder of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
 For my abiding-place;
 I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of His face;
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,
 My sinful self my only shame,
 My glory all the cross.

Prayer

302 AYNHOE S. M.

J. Nares (1715—1783)

1. BE - HOLD the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near; There
Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer pray'r. A - men.

- 2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?
3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;

- I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
4 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

J. Newton, 1779

303. THEODORA 7s.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1749

1. COME, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
He Him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay. A - men.

- 2 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Prayer

304 BYEFIELD C. M.

T. Hastings (1784—1872)

1. PRAY'r is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex - pressed;
The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trembles in the breast. A - men.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God in near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on High.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. Montgomery, 1818

305 MAKER C. M.

F. C. Maker (1844—)

1. WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee Our wan - d'ring spir - its stray,
And tho'ts and lips move heav - i - ly, Lord, teach us how to pray. A - men.

2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,
Too poor to turn away,
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek Thy face
Unless Thou lead the way;

We have no words, unless Thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

4 Here ev'ry thought and fond desire
We on Thy altar lay,
And when our souls have caught Thy fire,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1837

Prayer

306 SOUTHPORT C. M.

Geo. Kingsley (1811—1844)

1. I LOVE to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum - b'ring care,
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r. A - men.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brightest scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. P. H. Brown, 1824

307 HORTON 7s.

Xavier Schnyder

1. THEY who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev - ery place;
If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres - ent ev - ery - where. A - men.

- 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,

- 'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

Prayer

308

ALMSGIVING 8, 8, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning
star, As that which calls me to... Thy feet, The hour of pray'r? A - men.

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

C. Elliott, 1834

309

DENNIS S. M.

Arr. fr. H. G. Nägeli, by L. Mason, 1845

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands, How kind His pre - cepts are! Come,
cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care. A - men.

2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?

Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

P. Doddridge, 1755

Prayer

310 GERMANY L. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1815

1. PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Pray'r shall be-siege Thy tem - ple gates;

All flesh shall to Thy throne re-pair, And find, thro' Christ, sal - va - tion there. A - men.

2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

H. F. Lyte, 1834

311 DALEHURST C. M.

A. Cottman, 1872

1. THERE is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;

There is an ear that nev - er shuts When sink the beams of night. A - men.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And move the hand which moves the
To bring salvation down! [world,

Aspiration

312 AMSTERDAM 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6

Anon., 1742

1. RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things T'ward heav'n, thy na - tive place:

Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. A - men.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

R. Seagrave, 1742

Aspiration

313 ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)

1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand;
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more. A - men.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

W. Williams, 1745

SEGUR 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7 (Second Tune.)

J. P. Holbrook (1822—1888)

1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand;

Aspiration

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more. A - men.

314 MARY MAGDALENE 6s, 5s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. PUR-ER yet and pur-er I would be in mind, Dear-er yet and dear-er

Ev-ery du-ty find; Hop-ing still, and trust-ing God with-out a fear,

Pa-tient-ly be-liev-ing He will make all clear. A - men.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
In the hour of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light,—

Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

4 Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on.
Of these earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. von Goethe (1749—1832)

Aspiration

315 SPOHR C. M.

Arr. fr. L. Spohr (1784—1859)

1. As PANTS the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase,

So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace. A - men.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady, 1696

316 VESALIUS IIS, IOS.

E. C. Perry (1856—)

1. FA - THER, in Thy mys - terious presence kneeling, Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love;

For we are weak, and need some deep re - veal - ing Of trust, and strength, and calmness from a - bove. A - men.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through
doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an on -
ward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown mor -
row;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence
kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;
Now make us strong; we need Thy deep
revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness
from above.

S. Johnson, 1846

Aspiration

317 ARLINGTON C. M.

T. A. Arne, 1762

1. WHEN I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. A - men.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all :

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

I. Watts, 1707

318 O GIVE ME REST C. M.

H. C. G. Moule

1. My Sav - iour, Thou hast of - fer'd rest; Oh, give it, then, to me;

The rest of ceas - ing from my - self, To find my all in Thee. A - men.

2 This cruel self, oh, how it strives
And works within my breast,
To come between Thee and my soul,
And keep me back from rest.

3 How many subtle forms it takes
Of seeming verity,
As if it were not safe to rest
And venture all on Thee.

4 O Lord, I seek a holy rest,
A vict'ry over sin !
I seek that Thou alone shouldst reign
O'er all without, within.

5 Work on then, Lord, till on my soul
Eternal light shall break,
And, in Thy likeness perfected,
I, satisfied, shall wake.

Anon.

Hymns of Peace

319 FRANCONIA S. M.

J. G. Ebeling (c. 1620—1676)

1. My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care. A - men.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand:
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide;

5 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

W. F. Lloyd, 1838

320 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1826

1. I WOR-SHIP Thee, sweet Will of God, And all Thy ways a - dore; And
ev - 'ry day I live, I seem To love Thee more and more. A - men.

2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

5 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

Hymns of Peace

321 EVERLASTING LOVE 7s. 8l.

J. Mountain

From Hymns of Consolation and Faith.

1. LOVED with ev - er - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to know;

Spir - it, breath - ing from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so!

Oh, this full and per - fect peace! Oh, this trans - port all di - vine!

In a love which can-not cease, I am His and He is mine. A - men.

2 Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green,
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen.
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His and He is mine.

3 Things which once were wild alarms,
Cannot now disturb my rest;
Closed in everlasting arms,
Pillowed on the loving breast.

Oh, to lie forever here,
Doubt and care and self resign,
While He whispers in my ear—
I am His and He is mine!

4 His forever, only His,
Who the Lord and me shall part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss
Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
First-born light in gloom decline,
But while God and I shall be,
I am His and He is mine.

Anon.

322 JEWETT 6s. 8l.

From C. M. von Weber, 1821

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine!

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.

Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A - men.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear;
 Since Thou on earth hast wept,
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee;
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

B. Schmolck, 1716 Tr. J. Borthwick, 1854

Hymns of Peace

323 GUIDE 7s. 61.

M. M. Wells

1. QUI - ET, Lord, my fro - ward heart, Make me teach - a - ble and mild. A - men.
D. C. — From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee.

FINE.

Up - right, sim - ple, free from art, Make me as a wean - ed child;

D. C.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

J. Newton, 1779

324 ETERNITY S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. HERE I can firm - ly rest, I dare to boast of this, That
God, the high - est and the best, My Friend and Fa - ther is. A - men.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and His blood;

It is through Him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind He reigns,
My care and sadness He dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

Hymns of Peace

325 BOYLSTON S. M.

L. Mason, 1832

1. STILL with Thee, O my God, I would de - sire to be,
By day, by night; at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee. A - men.

2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

J. D. Burns, 1857

326 PAX TECUM 10s. 2 l.

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877

1. PEACE, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin:...
The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in. A - men.

- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed:
To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round:
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away:
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

327 FATHER, TO THEE WE LOOK 11s, 10s.

P. C. Lutkin, 1897

Copyright, 1904, by T. S. Moser

1. FA - THER, to Thee we look in all our sor - row,

Thou art the foun - tain whence our heal - ing flows;

Dark though the night, joy com - eth with the mor - row;

Safe - ly they rest, who on Thy love re - pose. A - men.

2 When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,
Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.

3 Naught shall affright us, on Thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pains, we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness, Thou dost make us strong.

4 Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows,
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain!
Yet shalt Thou praise Him, when these darkened furrows,
Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

F. L. Hosmer

Hymns of Peace

328 LIKE A RIVER, GLORIOUS 6s, 5s. 8l.

J. Mountain

From Hymns of Consecration and Faith

1. LIKE a riv - er, glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace,

O - ver all vic - to - rious, In its bright in - crease;

Per - fect, yet it flow - eth Full - er ev - 'ry day,—
CHO.—Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are ful - ly blest;

Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way. A - men.
Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

D. S. for CHO.

2 Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand;
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.—*Cho.*

3 Every joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him fully,
All for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true.—*Cho.*

Anon.

329 SUBMISSION, No. 2 10s, 4s.

A. L. Peace, 1889

1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be

A pleas - ant road; I do not ask that Thou wouldst

take from me Aught of its load. A - men.

- 2 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
 Lead me aright,
 Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
 Through peace to light.
- 3 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
 Full radiance here ;
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.
- 4 I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see ;
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
 And follow Thee.
- 5 Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
 Like quiet night.
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
 Through peace to light.

A. A. Procter, 1862

Hymns of Peace

330 BROWNELL L. M. 61.

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. THE Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me
with a shep - herd's care; His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply,
And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noon - day walks He
shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend. A - men.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

331 GORTON S. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven (1770—1827)

1. THE Lord my Shep-herd is; I shall be well sup-plied: Since

He is mine and I am His, What can I want be-side? A-men.

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

I. Watts, 1719

332 DOMINUS REGIT ME 8s, 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

THE King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;

I noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for-ev-er. A-men.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

H. W. Baker, 1868

H. J. Gauntlett, c. 1848

1. DEAR Lord and Mas - ter mine, Thy hap - py ser - vant see; My

Con-queror, with what joy di - vine Thy cap - tive clings to Thee. A - men.

- 2 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.
- 3 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

- 4 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true;
My guardian and my Guide divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.
- 5 My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train;
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring,
When Thou return'st to reign.

T. H. Gill, 1859

G. P. Merrick, 1887

1. JE - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care, With

hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my pray'r. A - men.

- 2 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
- 3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,

- For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

335 ST. HUGH C. M.

E. J. Hopkins, 1862

1. Thy home is with the hum - ble, Lord! The sim - ple are the best;
Thy lodg - ing is in child - like hearts; Thou mak - est there Thy rest. A - men.

2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for Thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
And let it be Thy rest!

Frederic W. Faber (1824-1863)

336 XAVIER C. M.

J. Stainer, 1875

1. THERE is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,
Re - served for all the heirs of grace; Oh, be that ref - uge mine. A - men.

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

337 BENTLEY 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Hullah, 1867

1. SOME - TIMES a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings;

It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings;

When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain

A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain. A - men.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th'unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too;

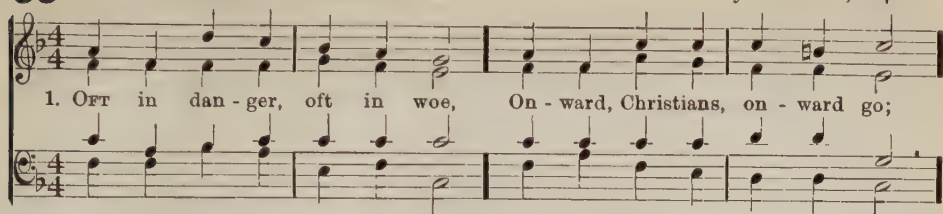
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

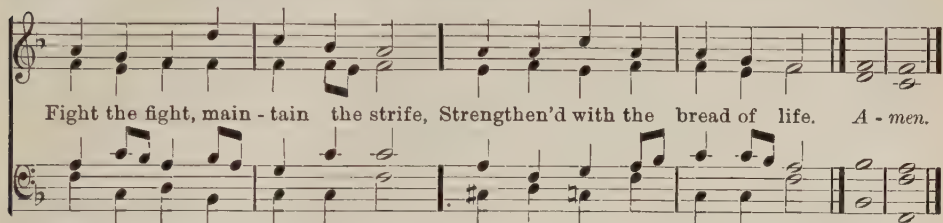
Trial and Conflict

338 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7s.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1848



1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Christians, on-ward go;



Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A-men.

- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;

- Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

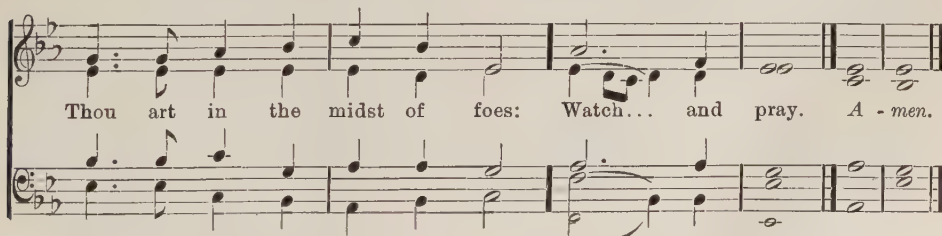
H. K. White, 1806

339 VIGILATE 7, 7, 7, 3

W. H. Monk, 1868



1. CHRIS-TIAN, seek not yet re- pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a- way;



Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch... and pray. A-men.

- 2 Gird Thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one;
Watch and pray.
- 3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they watch each warrior's way;
All with one deep voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

- 4 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.
- 5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

Trial and Conflict

340 ONWARD 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5

W. C. Filby (1836—)

1. BREAST the wave, Chris - tian, When it is strong - est;

Watch for day, Chris - tian, When the night's long - est;

On - ward and on - ward still, Be thine en - deav - or;

The rest that re - main-eth, Will be for ev - er. A - men.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

J. Stammers, 1830

Trial and Conflict

341 ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6s, 5s. 81.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. CHRIS - TIAN, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?
Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of the cross. A - men.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,

How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?

Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Thou shalt win at last.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,

How they speak thee fair?

"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"

Christian, answer boldly:

"While I breathe I pray:"

Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,

O My servant true;

Thou art very weary,

I was weary too;

But that toil shall make thee

Some day all Mine own,

And the end of sorrow

Shall be near My throne."

Trial and Conflict

342 PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd, (1846—)

1. FIGHT the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.</p> <p>3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;</p> | <p>Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.</p> <p>4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.</p> |
|--|--|

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863

343 WINTERBOURNE 8, 8, 8, 4

W. E. Evill, 1890

1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, in life's rough way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." A - men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"</p> <p>3 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
"Thy will be done!"</p> | <p>4 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"</p> <p>5 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"</p> |
|---|--|

Trial and Conflict

344 SILVER STREET S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770

1. SOL - DIERS of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on; Strong

in the strength which God sup - plies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son. A - men

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

C. Wesley, 1749 Ab.

345 LABAN S. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A - men.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:

Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

G. Heath, 1781

Trial and Conflict

346 PILOT 75. 61.

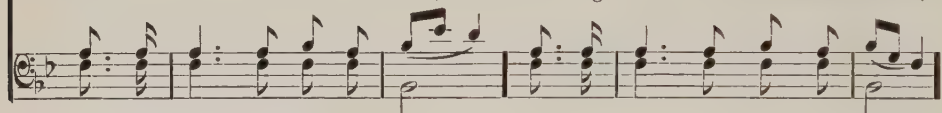
J. E. Gould, 1871



1. JE - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uons sea;
D.C.—Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav- iour, pi - lot me. A - men.



Un-known waves be-fore me roll,.... Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;



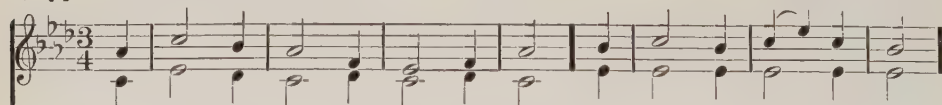
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

E. Hopper, 1871

347 BALERMA C. M.

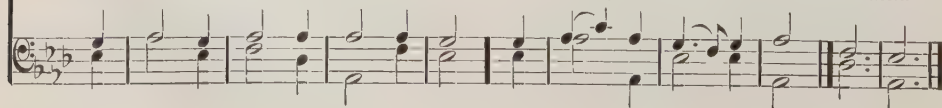
R. Simpson, 1833



1. O Thou, from whom all good - ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;



In all my sor - rows, conflicts, woes, Good Lord, re - mem-ber me. A - men.



Trial and Conflict

348 SELVIN S. M.

Arr. by L. Mason

1. If through un - ruf - fled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calm - ly sail,

With grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fa - v'ring gale;

With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fa - v'ring gale. A - men.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;

Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

A. M. Toplady, 1772

(BALERMA) C. M.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon speak, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

T. Haweis and T. Cotterill, 1792 Ab.

Trial and Conflict

349 ST. PETERSBURG L. M. 61.

D. S. Bortniansky

1. WHEN gath'ring clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,

On Him I lean, who not in vain Ex - perience'd ev - 'ry hu - man pain;

He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.</p> | <p>4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.</p> |
| <p>3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.</p> | <p>5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.</p> |
| <p>6 And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.</p> | |

Trial and Conflict

350 WAVERTREE L. M. 61.

W. Shore, 1840

1. SUR-ROUND-ED by un-numbered foes, A-against my soul the bat-tle goes!
 Yet though I wea-ry, sore dis-trest, I know that I shall reach my rest;
 I lift my tear-ful eyes a-bove,—His ban-ner o-ver me is love! A-men.

2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,
 Though flesh may faint upon the field;
 He waves before my fading sight
 The branch of palm, the crown of light;
 I lift my brightening eyes above,—
 His banner over me is love!

3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
 His veil of splendor curtain Him,
 And in the midnight of my fear
 I may not feel Him standing near;
 But, as I lift mine eyes above,
 His banner over me is love!

G. Massey, 1869

351 LEAD ME ON 7, 7, 7, 6

C. C. Converse

1. TRAV'LING to the bet-ter land, O'er the des-ert's scorching sand,
 Fa-ther! let me grasp Thy hand; Lead me on, lead me on! A-men.

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
 I the sparkling fountain greet,
 Make the bitter water sweet;
 Lead me on, lead me on!

3 Through the water, through the fire,
 Never let me fall or tire,
 Every step brings Canaan nigher:
 Lead me on, lead me on!

4 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
 Never let me fear or shrink;
 Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
 Lead me on, lead me on!

5 When the victory is won,
 And eternal life begun,
 Up to glory lead me on!
 Lead me on, lead me on!

Anon., 1876

Trial and Conflict

352 PENTENCE 6s, 5s. 8l.

S. Lane, 1878

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de -

ni - al I de - part from Thee; When Thou sees't me wav - er, With a

look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;

Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

J. Montgomery, 1834 All. Mrs. Hutton and G. Thring

Trial and Conflict

353

EIRENE

IIS, IOS.

F. R. Havergal, 1871

1. COME un - to Me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad

heart is wea - ry and dis - tressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly

Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest. A - men.

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned,

3 Large are the mansions in Thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto Me all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

C. H. Esling, 1839

Hymns of Service

354 ARMAGEDDON 6s, 5s. 12l.

Arr. J. Goss, 1871

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,

By Thy grace Di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine, A - men.

2 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow:
Round His truth unchanging,
Victory is secure;
For His standard ranging,
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

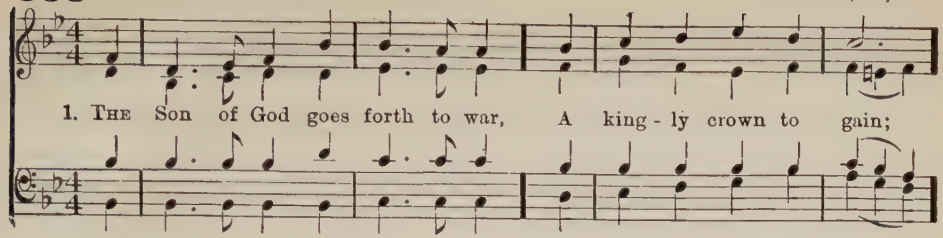
3 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace Divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

F. R. Havergal, 1877

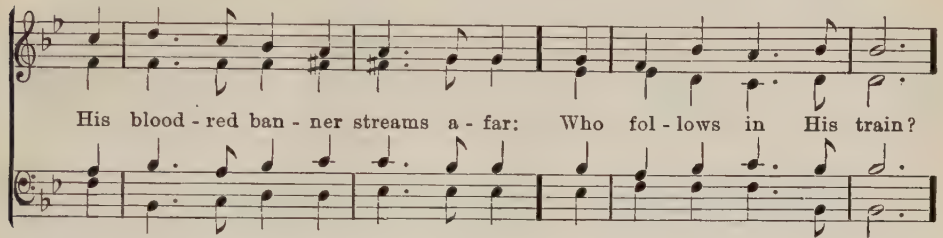
Hymns of Service

355 ALL SAINTS, No. 2 C. M. 81.

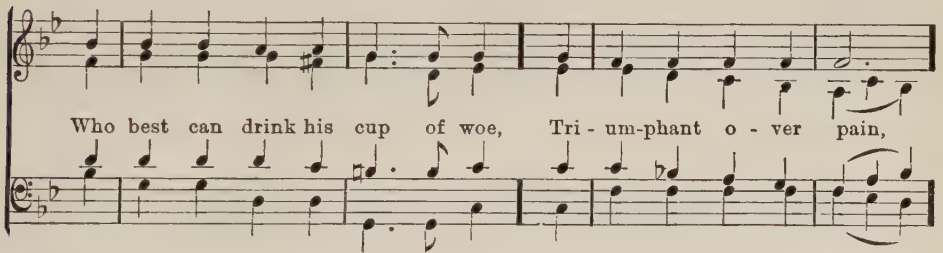
H. S. Cutler, 1872



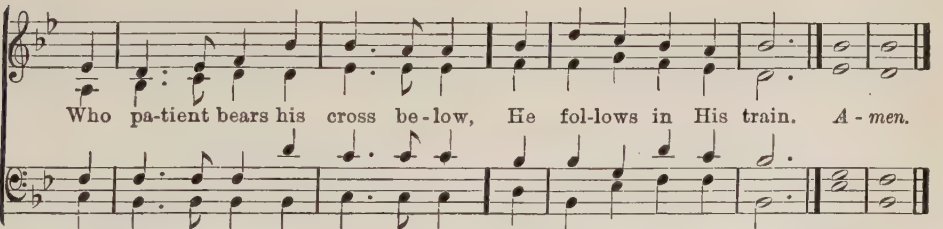
1. THE Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - men.

2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
knew
And mocked the torch of flame;

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the stroke to
feel:

Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

R. Heber, 1827

356

WEBB 7s, 6s. 81.

G. J. Webb, 1830

1. STAND up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day.
 Ye that are men, now serve Him
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Let courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

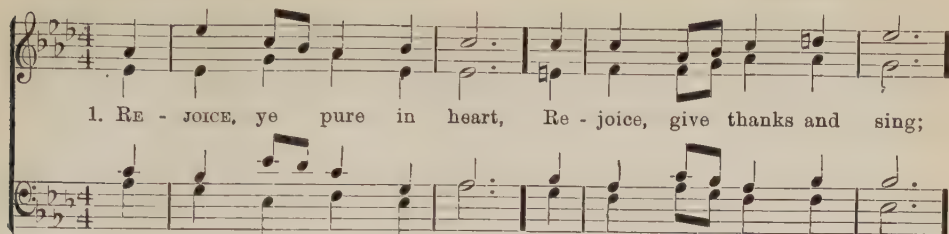
3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer;
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

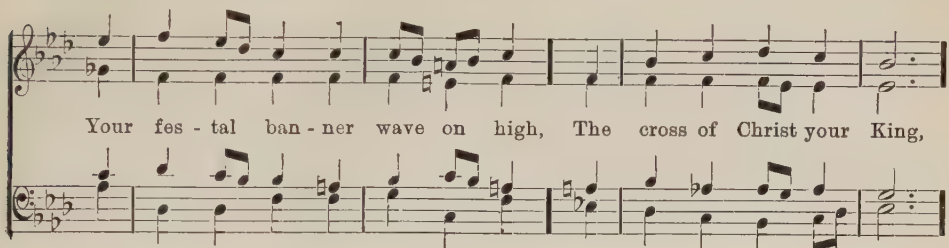
4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next, the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally!

357 MARION S. M. With Refrain

A. H. Messiter, 1883

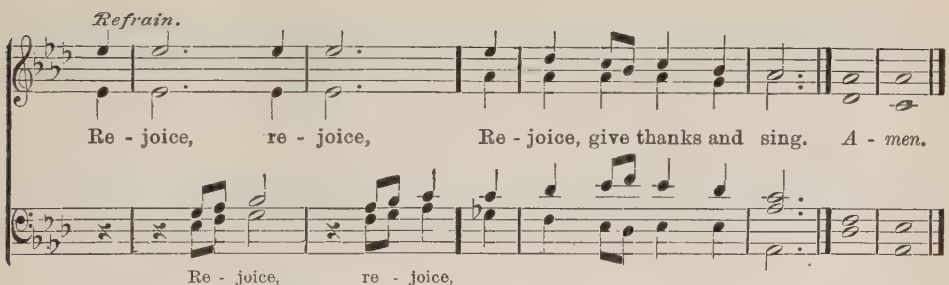


1. RE - JOICE, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing;



Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King,

Refrain.



Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing. A - men.
Re - joice, re - joice,

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

4 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

6 Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as we go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

7 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

8 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

E. H. Plumptre, 1865 *Ab.*

Hymns of Service

358 ST. GERTRUDE 6s, 5s. 81. With Refrain

Arthur Sullivan, 1871

1. ON-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;

Refrain.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. On - ward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! A - men.
war, With the cross of

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

359 ROCKINGHAM (OLD) L. M.

E. Miller, 1790

1. LORD, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy err - ing chil-dren lost and won. A - men.

2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

6 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. Havergal, 1872

Hymns of Service

360 ST. THOMAS S. M.

Händel, 1762

1. A CHARGE to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A
nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky. A - men.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,

- And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

C. Wesley, 1762

361 NEWLAND S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1858

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand; To
doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land. A - men.

- 2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,

- Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
- 4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

362 MAITLAND C. M.

G. N. Allen, 1849

1. MUST Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me. A - men.

- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

- 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.
- 5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

T. Shepherd, 1692 *All.*

363 PENKIVELL 6s, 5s.

H. G. Trembath (1845—)

1. CHRIS - TIAN, work for Je - sus, Who on earth for thee.....

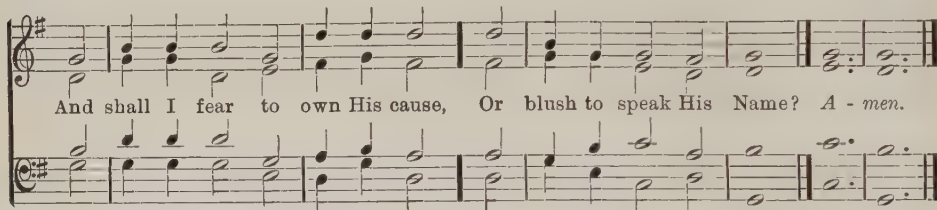
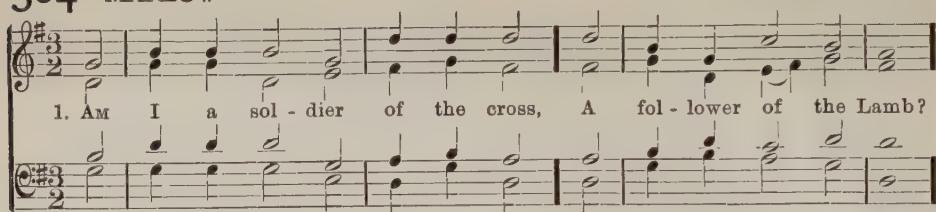
La - bored, wea - ried, suf - fered, Died up - on the tree. A - men.

- 2 Work with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the God of love.
- 3 Work with heart that burneth,
Humbly at His feet,
Priceless gems to offer,
For His crown made meet.

- 4 Work with prayer unceasing,
Borne on faith's strong wing,
Earnestly beseeching
Trophies for the King.
- 5 Work while strength endureth,
Until death draw near;
Then thy Lord's sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear.

364 MARLOW C. M.

J. Chetham, 1718



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;

I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

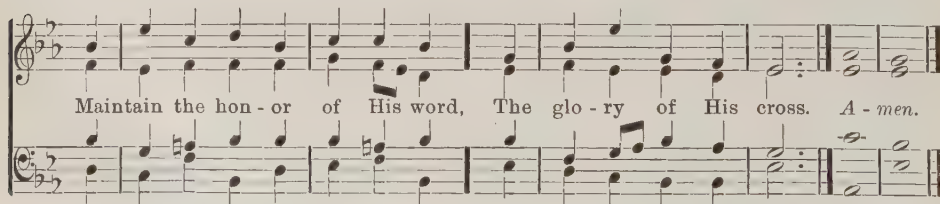
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

I. Watts, 1724

365 LONDON (NEW) C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1635



2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure,

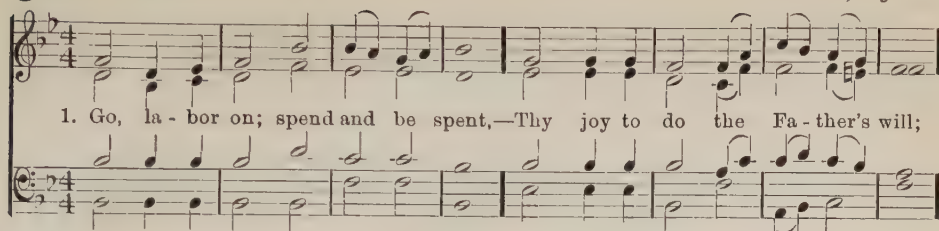
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

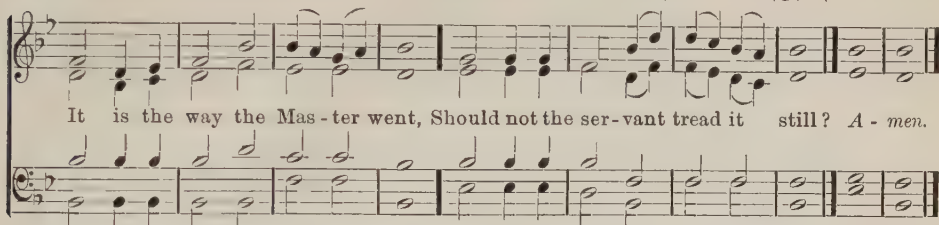
366

ERNAN L. M.

L. Mason, 1850



1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent,—Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;



It is the way the Mas - ter went, Should not the ser - vant tread it still? A - men.

2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?

4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in,

3 Go, labor on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on.
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

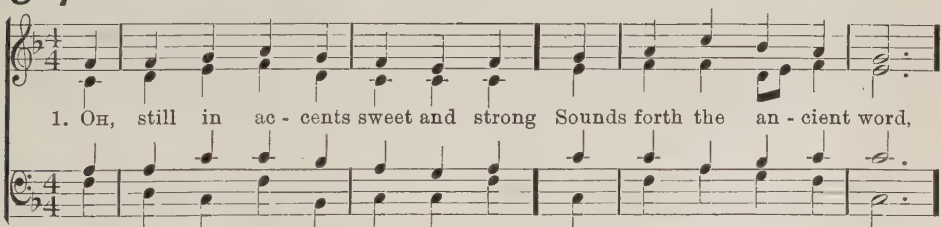
5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

H. Bonar, 1843

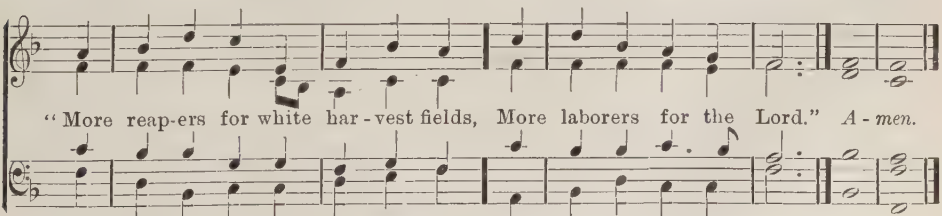
367

ST. ETHELDREDA C. M.

T. Turton (1780—1864)



1. Oh, still in ac - cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an - cient word,



"More reap - ers for white har - vest fields, More laborers for the Lord." A - men.

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.
4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do Thy will we come;

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,

Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Hymns of Service

368

MARCH TO VICTORY P. M. Irregular

J. Barnby, 1869

8:

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His
lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His

FINE. Last verse only.

holy arms spread o'er us. o'er us. *Amen.*

1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high,
3. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits
4. Then on - ward we march, our arms to prove,

His arm

With ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night,
Our hel - met is His sal - va - tion, Our ban - ner, the cross of Cal - va - ry,
Our march to the gold - en Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has brok - en the bra - zen gates,
With the banner of Christ before us, With His eye of love look - ing down from a - bove,

D.S.

That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him.
Our watch - word, the In - car - na - tion, Our watch - word, the In - car - na - tion. } We
And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.
And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

369

WATCHWORD (Forward) 6s, 5s. 121.

H. Smart, 1872

Part I. 1. FORWARD! be our watchword, Steps and voice joined; Seek the things before us,

Not a look behind. Burns the fiery pillar At our army's head;

Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Captain led? Forward thro' the desert,

Thro' the toil and fight! Jor-dan flows before us; Zi-on beams with light. A-men.

- 2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.
- 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth.
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;

- Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness
Forward, into light!
- 4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these have uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

Hymns of Service

370 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann, 1839

1. FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue,
Thee, on - ly Thee, re - solved to know In all I think, or speak, or do. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.</p> <p>3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.</p> | <p>4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day:</p> <p>5 For Thee delightfully employ [given,
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.</p> |
|--|---|

C. Wesley, 1749 Alt. V. 2, 1. 4

371 ST. HUGH C. M.

E. J. Hopkins, 1862

1. THRO' Him, Who all our sick - ness felt, Who all our sor - rows bare,
Thro' Him, in Whom Thy full-ness dwelt, We lift to Thee our pray'r. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burdens bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe another's care.</p> <p>3 Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;</p> | <p>Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.</p> <p>4 Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest,
Among the saints who see Thy face
To be forever blest.</p> |
|--|---|

372 HUMMEL C. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832

1. Oh, for a thou-sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deemer's praise,

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace. A-men.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

C. Wesley, 1739

373 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1728

1. A - WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heav'nly

race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. A-men.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;

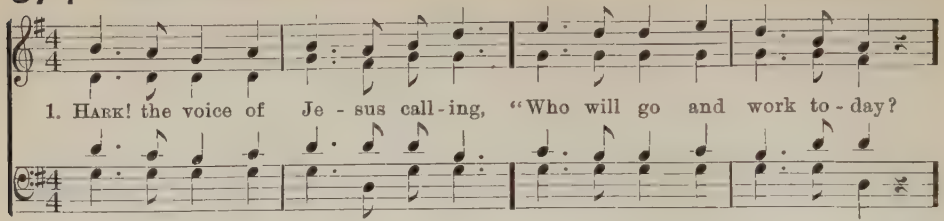
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

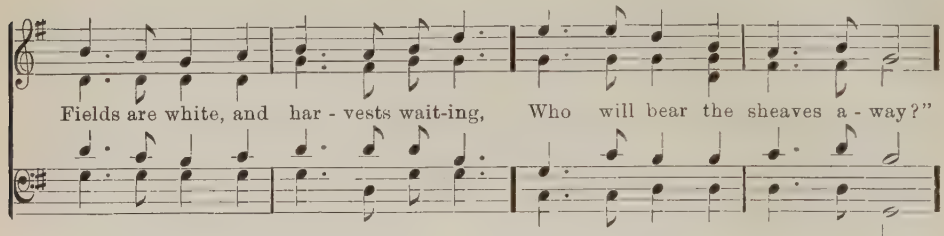
P. Doddridge, 1755

374 MISSION SONG 8s, 7s. 81.

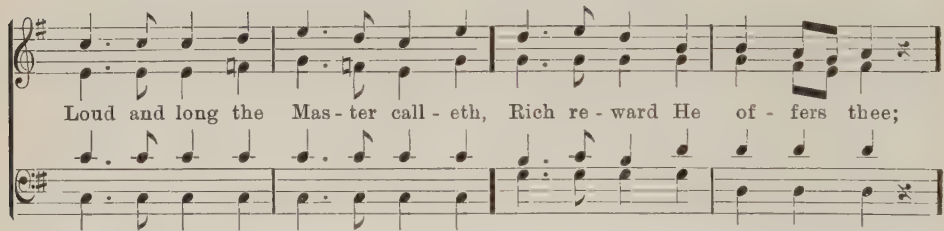
P. P. Van Arsdale



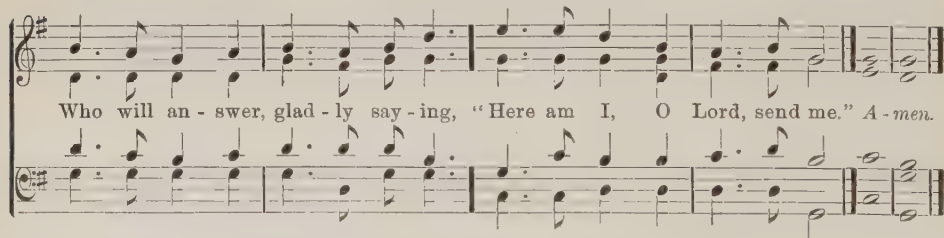
1. HARK! the voice of Je - sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to-day?"



Fields are white, and har - vests wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"



Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me." A - men.

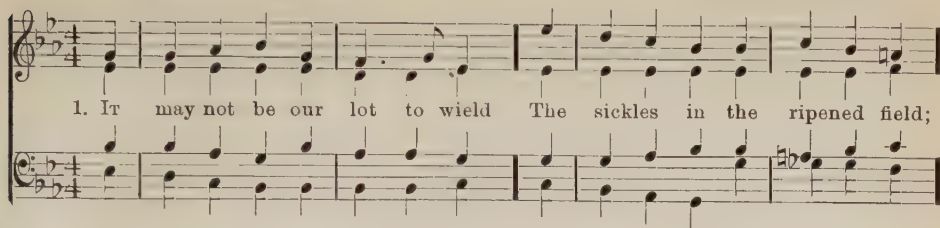
2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels.
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

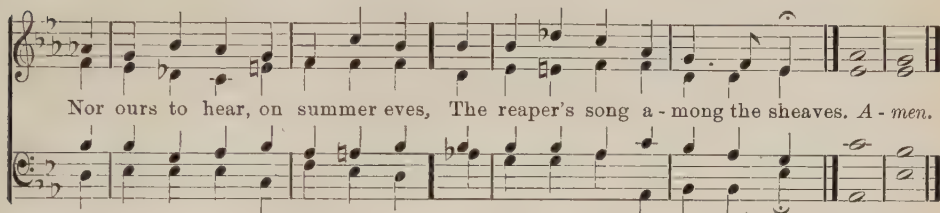
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth—
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

J. Barnby (1838—1896)



1. It may not be our lot to wield The sickles in the ripened field;



Nor ours to hear, on summer eves, The reaper's song a-mong the sheaves. A-men.

2 Yet ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

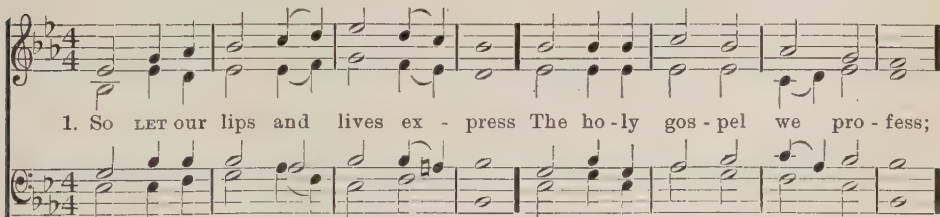
3 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,

Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

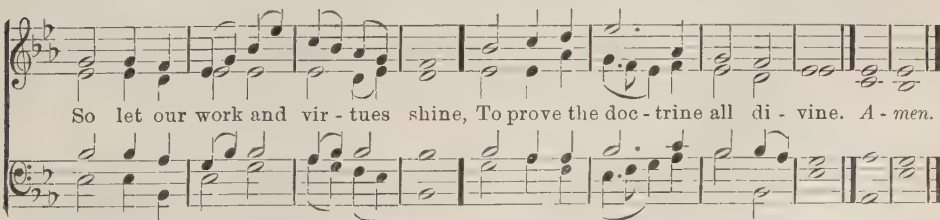
4 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait, in heaven, their harvest day!

J. G. Whittier

J. Hatton (—1793), c. 1790



1. So LET our lips and lives ex-press The ho-ly gos-pel we pro-fess;



So let our work and vir-tues shine, To prove the doc-trine all di-vine. A-men.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

I. Watts, 1799

Hymns of Service

377 ST. GILES, FARNBORO C. M.

E. W. Naylor, 1894

1. SCORN not the slight-est word or deed, Nor deem it void of pow'r;

There's fruit in each wind-waft-ed seed, That waits its na - tal hour. A - men.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,

Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;

God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Anon., 1845

378 CAMBRIDGE S. M.

R. Harrison, 1784

1. WE give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be; All

that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A - men.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,

To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

Hymns of Service

379 MOUNT CALVARY C. M.

R. P. Stewart (1825—1894)

1. LORD, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,

And let love's treasures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor. A - men.

2 Like Him through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,

4 Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Wm. Crosswell, 1831

380 STOCKWELL 8s, 7s.

D. E. Jones, 1847

1. HE that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,

Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Findeth mer - cy from a - bove. A - men.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

T. Hastings (1784—1872)

381 HUMILITY L. M.

S. P. Tuckerman, 1848

1. Lord! from far-sev-ered climes we come To meet at last in Thee, our Home.

Thou who hast been our guide and guard Be still our hope, our rich re-ward. A-men.

- 2 Defend us, Lord, from every ill.
Strengthen our hearts to do Thy will.
In all we plan and all we do
Still keep us to Thy service true.
- 3 O let us hear the inspiring word
Which they of old at Horeb heard;
Breathe to our hearts the high command,
"Go onward and possess the land!"
- 4 Thou who art Light, shine on each soul!
Thou who art Truth, each mind control!
Open our eyes and make us see
The path which leads to heaven and Thee!

John Hay

382 ST. PIRAN 7s, 5s.

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)

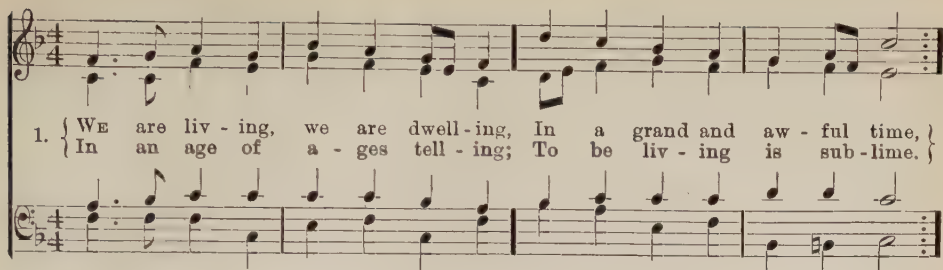
1. THINE are all the gifts, O God, Thine the bro-ken bread;

Let the nak-ed feet be shod, And the starv-ing fed. A-men.

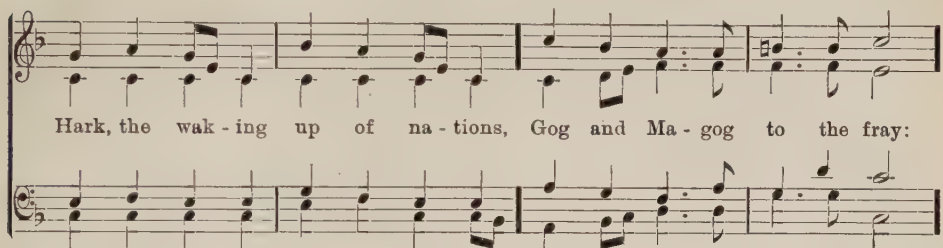
Hymns of Service

383 AUSTRIA 8s, 7s. 8l.

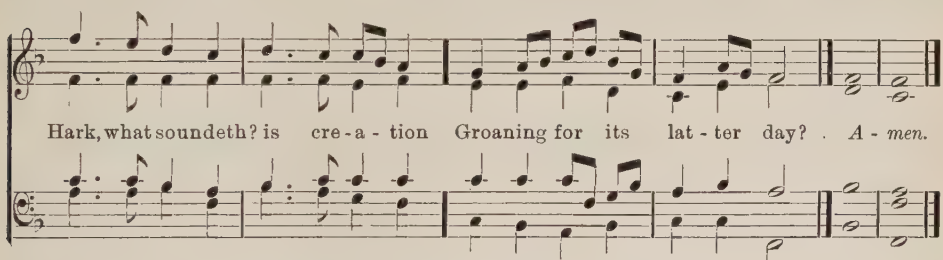
F. J. Haydn, 1797



1. { WE are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing, In a grand and aw - ful time, }
 { In an age of a - ges tell - ing; To be liv - ing is sub - lime. }



Hark, the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray:



Hark, what soundeth is cre - a - tion Groaning for its lat - ter day? . A - men.

2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On, right onward, for the right!

3 On! let all the soul within you
 For the truth's sake go abroad.
 Strike, let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages, tell for God.

A. C. Coxe, 1840

(ST. PIRAN) 7s, 5s.

2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
 Give as they abound,
 Till the poor have breathing-space,
 And the lost are found.

3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
 Is the giver's choice;

Sweeter than the song of birds
 Is the thankful voice.

4 Welcome smiles on faces sad,
 As the flowers of spring;
 Let the tender hearts be glad
 With the joy they bring.

J. G. Whittier, 1878

384 RUTH 6s, 5s. 81.

S. Smith (1804—1873)

1. On our way re-joic-ing, As we home-ward move,

Heark-en to our prais-es, O Thou God of love!

Is there grief or sad-ness? Thine it can-not be!

Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not for Thee! A-men.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can;
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe!

Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863

Hymns of Service

385 ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901)



1. IN the vine-yard of the Fa - ther Dai - ly work we find to do;



Scattered fruit our hands may gath - er, Though we are but weak and few;



Lit - tle clus - ters Help to fill the bas - ket too. A - men.



2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorned,
So we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way:

4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

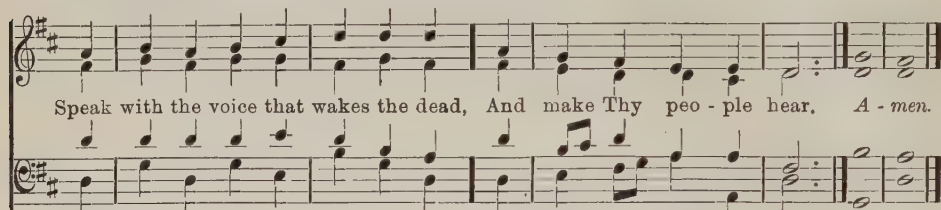
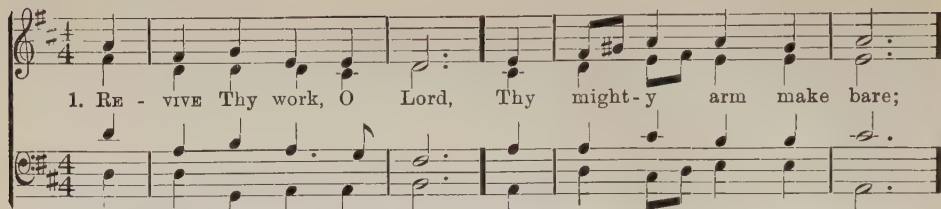
3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

5 Steadfast, then, in each endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Alleluia!
Singing, all eternity.

Thomas McKellar, 1845

386 SWABIA S. M.

German Arr. W. H. Havergal, 1849



2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smoldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

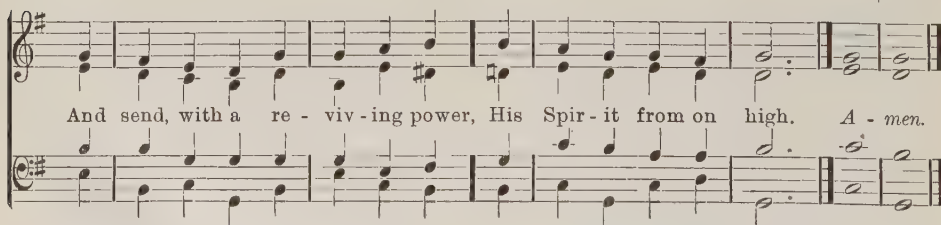
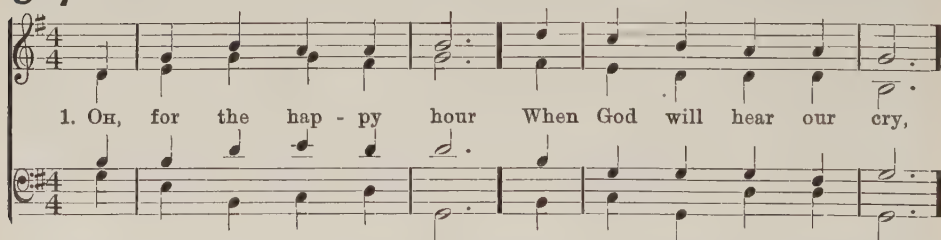
4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

A. Midlane, 1858

387 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)



2 While many crowd Thy house,
How few, around Thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless Thee as their Lord!

3 Thou, Thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;

Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

4 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall this people all be Thine,
This church like that above.

G. W. Bethune (1805-1852)

388 WORK SONG 7, 6, 7, 5 81.

L. Mason, 1864

1. WORK for the night is com - ing: Work thro' the morn - ing hours;

Work while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid spring - ing flowers;

Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A - men.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

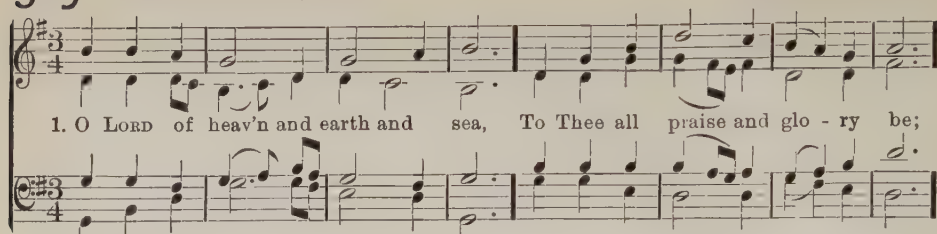
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

A. L. Coghill, c. 1860 *All.*

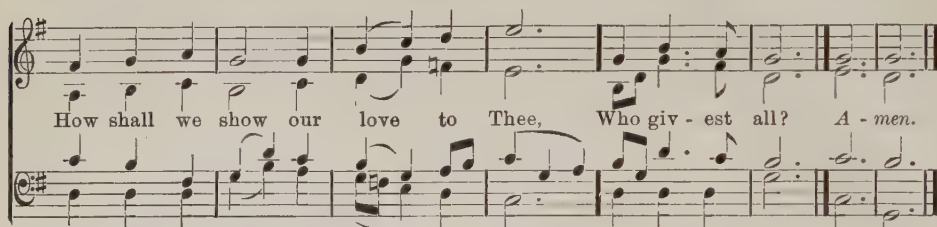
Hymns of Service

389 ALMSGIVING 8, 8, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1875



1. O LORD of heav'n and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;



How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all? A - men.

2 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

3 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

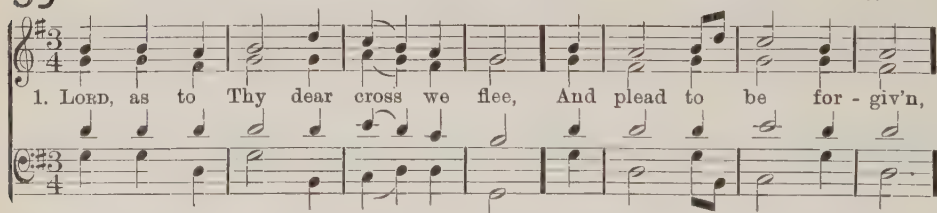
4 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee
Who givest all.

5 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

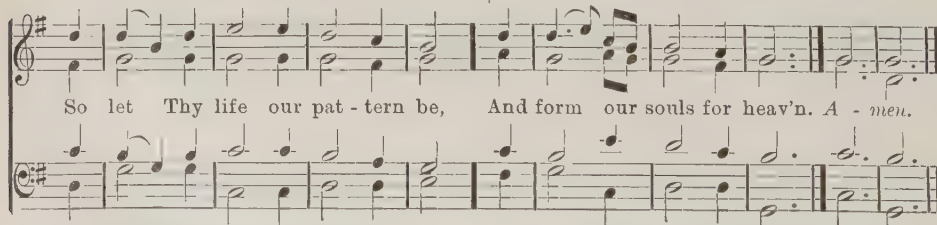
C. Wordsworth, 1872

390 ALEXANDRIA C. M.

W. Arnold, 1791



1. LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for - giv'n,



So let Thy life our pat - tern be, And form our souls for heav'n. A - men.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

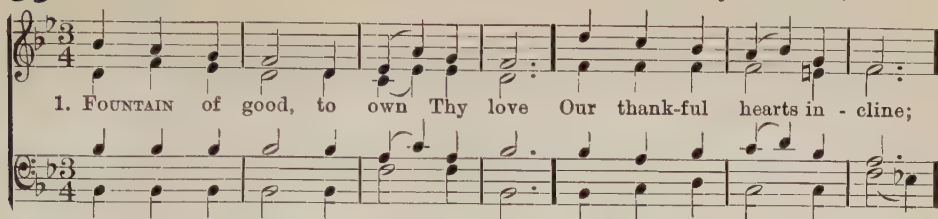
3 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,

We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done!

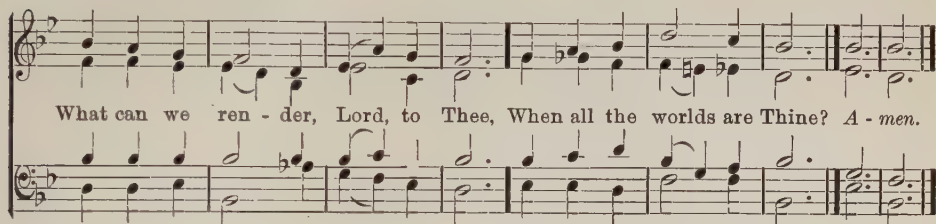
4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

391 SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860



1. FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in - cline;



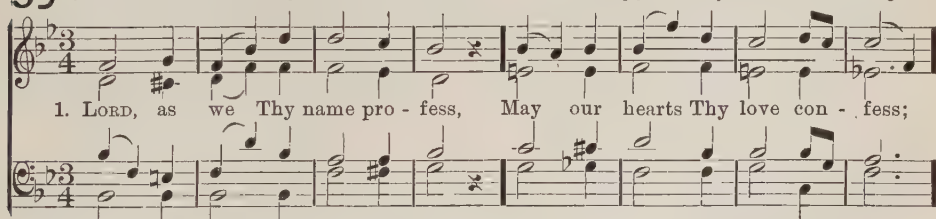
What can we ren - der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.</p> <p>3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.</p> | <p>4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.</p> <p>5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

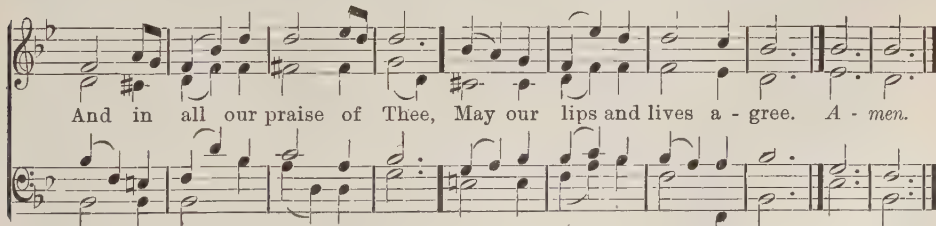
P. Doddridge, 1755 E. Osler, 1836

392 LAST HOPE 7s.

L. M. Gottschalk, 1854 Ad. by H. P. Main, 1865



1. LORD, as we Thy name pro - fess, May our hearts Thy love con - fess;



And in all our praise of Thee, May our lips and lives a - gree. A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Make us resolute to do
What Thou showest to be true;
Make us hate and shun the ill,
Loyal to Thy holy will.</p> <p>3 May Thy yoke be weekly worn,
May Thy cross be bravely borne;</p> | <p>Make us patient, gentle, kind,
Pure in life and heart and mind.</p> <p>4 Gracious Saviour, heavenly Friend,
On Thy grace our souls depend;
Let that grace our needs supply
While we live and when we die.</p> |
|--|--|

E. P. Parker, 1890

393 REGENT SQUARE 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

H. Smart, 1867

1. SAINTS of God! the dawn is bright'ning, Tok-en of our coming Lord; O'er the earth the

field is whit'ning; Loud-er rings the Master's word: Pray for reapers, pray for reapers

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come;
By Thy Spirit
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

In the har-vest of the Lord! A-men.

2 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land;
Faithful reapers
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come;
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest-Home.
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great Harvest-Home.

M. Maxwell, 1849

394 ELMHURST 8, 8, 8, 6

E. D. Drewett, 1887

1. SEND Thou, O Lord, to ev-ery place Swift mes-sen-gers be-fore Thy face,

The her-alds of Thy wondrous grace, Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come. A-men.

Missions—Home

395

ROBERTS (Farmer) 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Farmer (1836—)

1. Our country's voice is plead-ing, Ye men of God, a - rise! His pro - vi-dence is

lead - ing, The land be-fore you lies; Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning, And promise

clothes the soil; White fields, for harvest whit'ning, In - vite the reaper's toil. A - men.

2 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.

Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

Mrs. Maria F. Anderson, 1848

(ELMHURST) 8, 8, 8, 6

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King,
Men in whose ears His sweet words ring;
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring;
Send them where Thou wilt come. | 4 Thou who hast died, Thy victory claim;
Assert, O Christ, Thy glory's name,
And far to lands of pagan shame,
Send men where Thou wilt come. |
| 3 To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to win;
In every place to bring them in;
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come. | 5 Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of Thine own deathless word;
And make them conquerors, conquering
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come. [Lord, |
| 6 Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their war-cry, "We will seek the lost,
Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come!" | |

Missions—Thome

396 CONQUEROR 8s, 7s. 81.

H. F. Hemy (1818—)

1. Good-LY were thy tents, O Is - rael, Spread a - long the riv - er's side,

Bright thy star which rose pro-phet - ic, Her - ald of do - min - ion wide;

Fair - er are the homes of free-men, Scattered o'er our broad do - main;

Bright-er is our ris - ing day-star, Ushering in a pur-er reign. A - men.

2 Welcome to the glorious freedom,
Which our fathers hither brought;
Welcome to the priceless treasure,
Which with constant faith they sought,—
See, from every nation gathering,
Swarming myriads throng our coasts,
Hear, with steady steps advancing,
Ceaseless tread of countless hosts.

3 God of nations! our Preserver,
Hear our prayers, our counsels bless;
Lift o'er all Thy radiant banner,
On these souls Thy love impress;
From Thy throne of boundless blessing,
O'er our land Thy Spirit pour;
In the grandeur of Thine empire,
Reign supreme from shore to shore!

Samuel Wolcott (1813—1886)

Missions—Home

397 HOLBORN HILL L. M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book

1. Look from Thy sphere of end - less day, O God of mer - cy and of might;

In pit - y look on those who stray Be-night-ed, in this land of light. A - men.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the harden'd old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant, 1859

398 DEDHAM C. M.

W. Gardiner, 1830

1. LORD! while for all man - kind we pray, Of ev - ry clime and coast,

Oh, hear us for our na - tive land, The land we love the most. A - men.

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

John R. Wreford (1800—1881)

Missions—Foreign

399 WESLEY 11s, 10s.

L. Mason, 1830

1. HAIL to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing, Joy to the
lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac - cents of sor - row and
mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign. A - men.

- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

T. Hastings, 1832

400 (MISSIONARY HYMN) 7s, 6s. 81.

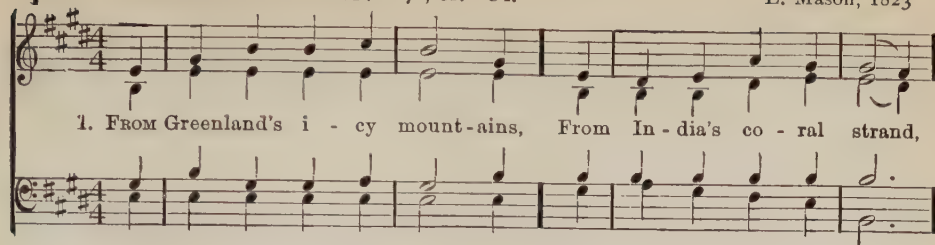
- 1 Now be the Gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

- 2 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

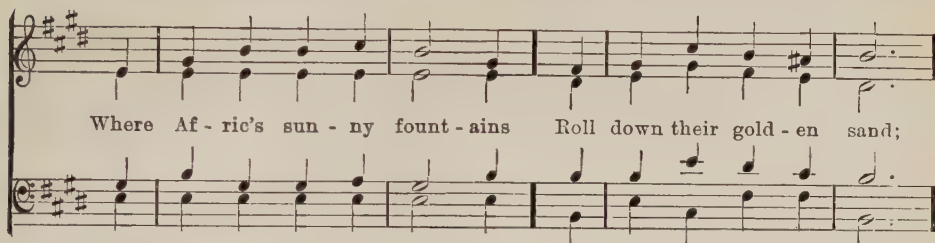
Missions—Foreign

401 MISSIONARY HYMN 7s, 6s. 81.

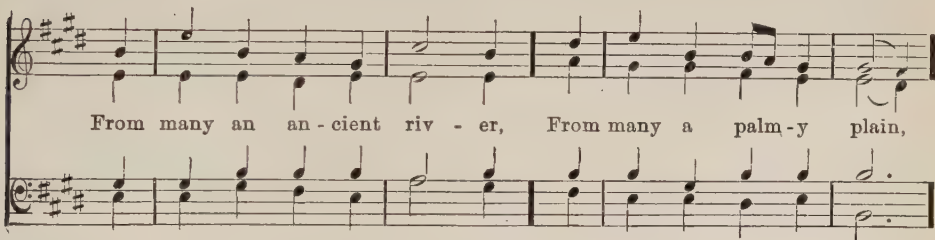
L. Mason, 1823



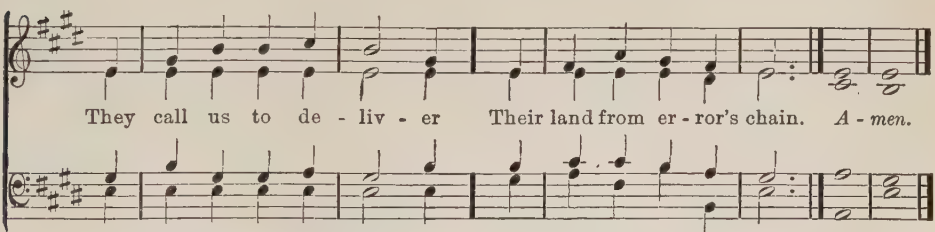
1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - men.

2 What though the spiey breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

Missions—Foreign

402 MOSCOW 108.

A. F. Lwoff, 1833

1. RISE, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy

tow'ring head and lift thine eyes; See heav'n its spark - ling por - tals wide dis -

play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A-men.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

A. Pope, 1720

Missions—Foreign

403 WATCHMAN 7s. 8l.

L. Mason, 1830

1. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are,

Trav - 'ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?

Trav-ler, yes, it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el. A - men.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

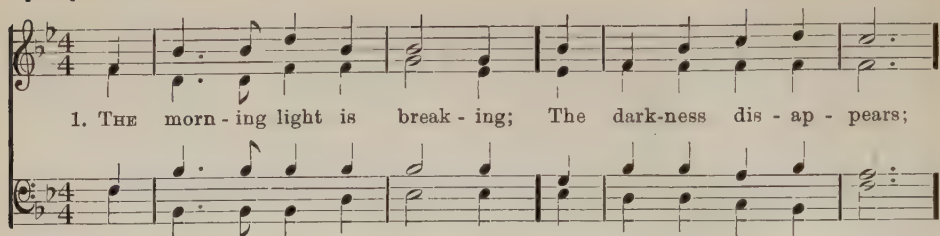
3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes it flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

J. Bowring, 1825

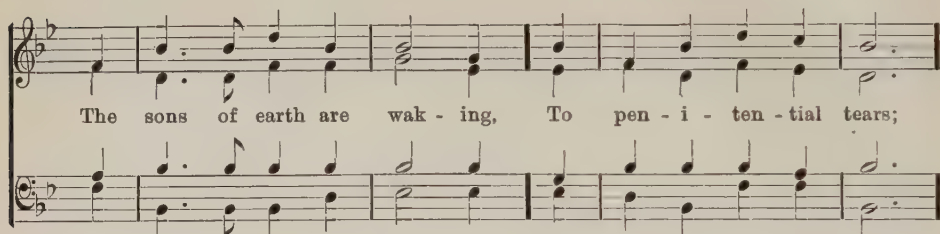
Missions—Foreign

404 WEBB 7s, 6s. 81.

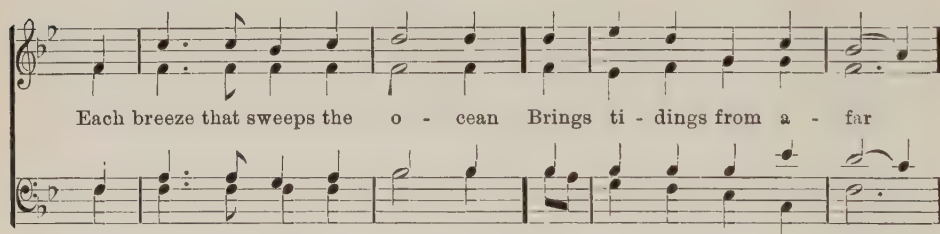
G. J. Webb, 1830



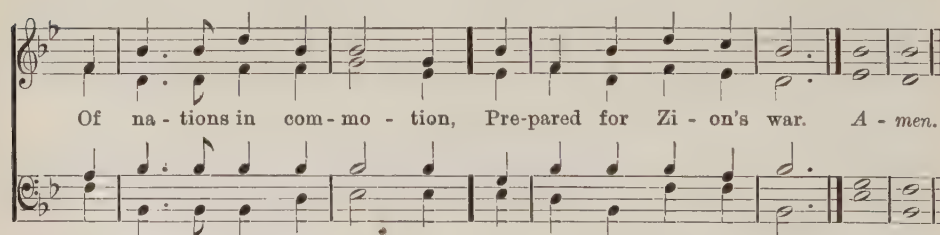
1. THE morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark-ness dis - ap - pears;



The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten - tial tears;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far



Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A - men.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

Missions—Foreign

405 WALTHAM L. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. FLING out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;

The sun, that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died. A - men.

2 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

3 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

4 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

5 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

G. W. Doane, 1848

406 (WEBB) 7s, 6s. 8l.

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:

Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of Love!

J. Montgomery, 1821

Missions—Foreign

407 LUDWIGSBURG 8s, 7s. 81.

L. Bourgeois, 1556

1. SAV - IOUR, sprin - kle ma - ny na - tions; Fruit - ful let Thy sor - row be;

By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions, Draw the Gen - tles un - to Thee.

Of Thy cross the won - drous sto - ry, Be it to the na - tions told;

Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry, And Thy mer - cy man - i - fold. A - men.

2 Far and wide, though all unknow-
ing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

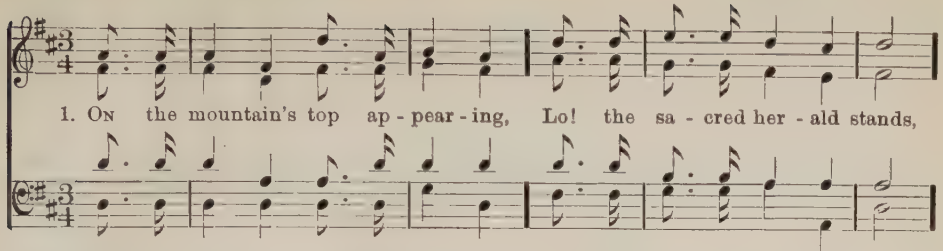
3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the
sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
Give the word! and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Missions—Foreign

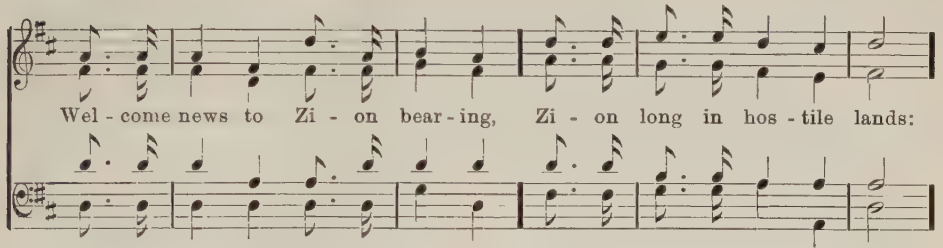
408

ZION 8 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

T. Hastings, 1830



1. On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,



Wel - come news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands:



Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him - self will loose thy bands,



Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him - self will loose thy bands. A - men.

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;

- Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest!

T. Kelly, 1806

Missions—Foreign

409 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)

1. How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill;
Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal! A-men.

2 How charming is their voice;
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;

Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

I. Watts, 1707

410 WALMSLEY C. M.

H. Walmsley Little

1. THE Lord will come and not be slow, His foot-steps can-not err;
Be-fore Him right-eous-ness shall go, His roy-al har-bin-ger. A-men.

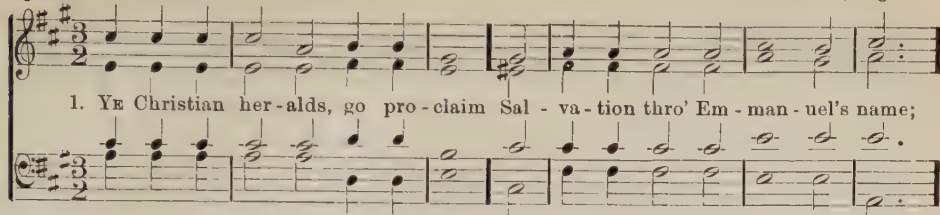
2 Mercy and truth that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met; [kissed,
Sweet peace and righteousness have
And hand in hand are set.

3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

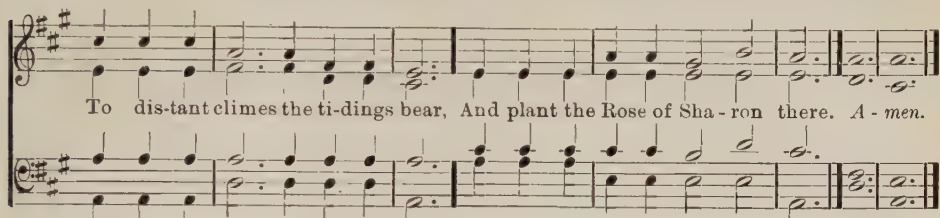
Missions—Foreign

411 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832



1. Ye Christian her-alds, go pro-claim Sal - va - tion thro' Em - man - uel's name;



To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there. A - men.

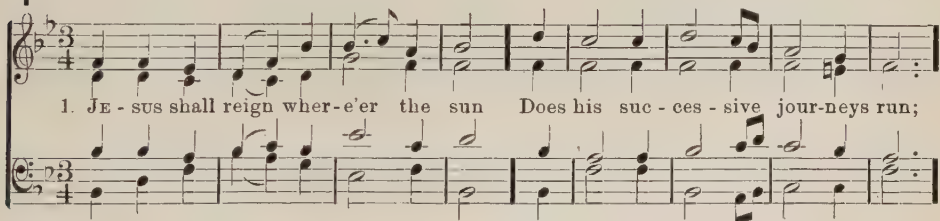
2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

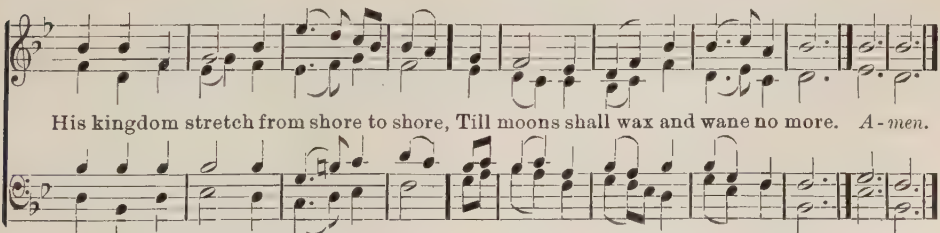
B. H. Draper, 1803

412 WARRINGTON L. M.

R. Harrison (1748—1810)



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - men.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

I. Watts, 1719

Missions—Foreign

413 HEREFORD C. M. 81.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron yield,

And let the King of Glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field;

That ban - ner, bright-er than the star That leads the train of night,

Shines on their march, and guides from far, His ser - vants to the fight. A-men.

2 A holy war those servants wage;
Mysteriously at strife,
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.
Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod
Take your appointed post:

3 Tho' few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.

Those spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
In His great judgment-day.

4 Then fear not, faint not, halt not now;
In Jesus' Name be strong;
To Him shall all the nations bow,
And sing with you this song:
"Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass;
The cross hath won the field."

Missions—Foreign

414 CUTTING 6s, 4s.

W. F. Sherwin (1826—1887)

1. CHRIST for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,

With lov - ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and

o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A - men.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

S. Wolcott (1813—1886)

415

PILGRIMS

IIS, IOS. With Refrain

H. Smart, 1868

1. HARK! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and

o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing

Refrain.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—*Ref.*
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—*Ref.*
- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Ref.*
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Ref.*

(Second Tune)

VOX ANGELICA 118, 108. With Refrain

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. HARK! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and

o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing

Refrain.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

cres. 3 *f* 3 Sing -
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!

cres. *rall.*
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

416 O QUANTA IOS.

Ancient

1. Oh, what the joy and the glo - ry must be, . . . Those end-less

Sab - baths the bless - ed ones see! Crown for the val - iant, to

wea - ry ones rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest. A-men.

- 2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!
- 3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.
- 4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise,
- 5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.
- 6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.
- 7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

417 ALFORD 7, 6, 8, 6 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. TEN thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,

The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steep - s of light:

'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:...

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A - men.

- 2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
Oh, joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!
- 3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!

- Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Hymns of Hope

418 HOMELAND 7s, 6s. 81.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. THE Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born!

No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn:

I'm sigh-ing for that Coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;

There is no pain in the Homeland, To which I'm drawing near. A-men.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home:
O dear, dear native Country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

H. R. Haweis, 1872

Thymns of HoƲe

419 PARADISE, No. 1 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6

J. Barnby, 1866

1. O PAR - A - DISE, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;

Where loy - al hearts and true,
Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A-men.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth

As on Thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above,
Where loyal hearts, etc.

F. W. Faber, 1862. H. A. & M., 1868

420 EWING 7s, 6s. 81.

A. Ewing, 1853

Part IV.1. JE - RU - SA - LEM the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there;

What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry! What bliss be-yond com-pare! A - men.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All-jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;

And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

(EWING)

Additional verses from HORA NOVISSIMA (Neale's translation), often sung, and generally to EWING.

Part I.

- 1 THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;—
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
- 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
- 3 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distress!
Strive, man, to win that glory,
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

Part II.

- 1 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
- 2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And He Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.
- 3 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
But there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

Part III.

- 1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.
- 3 The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
The ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

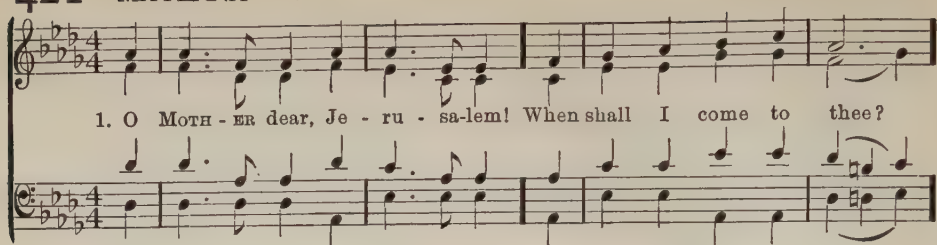
Part V.

- 1 JERUSALEM the glorious!
The glory of th' elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.
- 2 Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
- 3 I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be and thou art!

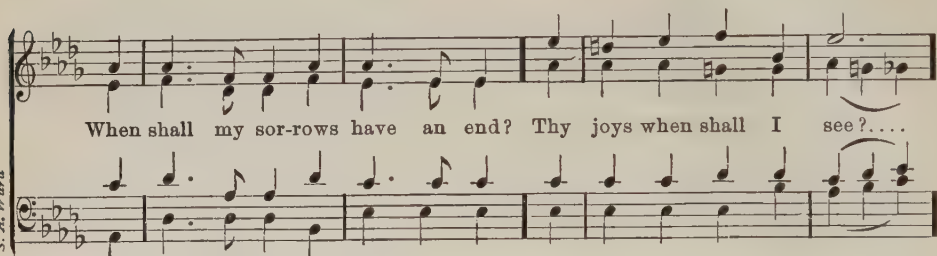
421 MATERNA C. M. 81.

S. A. Ward, 1882

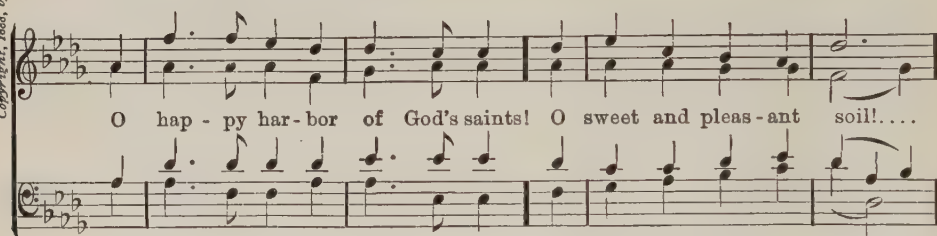
Copyright, 1882, by S. A. Ward



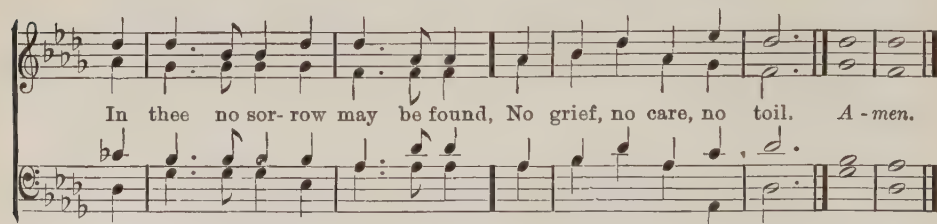
1. O MOTH - ER dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?



When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?....



O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!...



In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A - men.

2 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light,
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen. [flowers

Right through thy streets, with silver
The living waters flow, [sound,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

422 FELIX (Raynolds) IIS, IOS.

F. Mendelssohn (1809—1847)

1. WE would see Je - sus; for the shad - ows length-en A - cross this

lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to

strength-en, For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife. A - men.

- 2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace;
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.
- 5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.
- 6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

423 FREDERICK FIS.

G. Kingsley, 1833

1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where storm aft-er

storm ris-es dark o'er the way: The few lu-rid mornings that dawn on us

here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer. A-men.

- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Hymns of Hope

424 RUTHERFORD 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 4

Chrétien D'Urhan, 1834
 Har. E. F. Rimbault, 1867

1. THE sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of Heav - en breaks,

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.

Oh! dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land. A - men.

2 Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,
 The deep, sweet well of love!
 The streams of earth I've tasted;
 More deep I'll drink above.
 There to an ocean fullness
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
 My web of time He wove,
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lusted with His love:

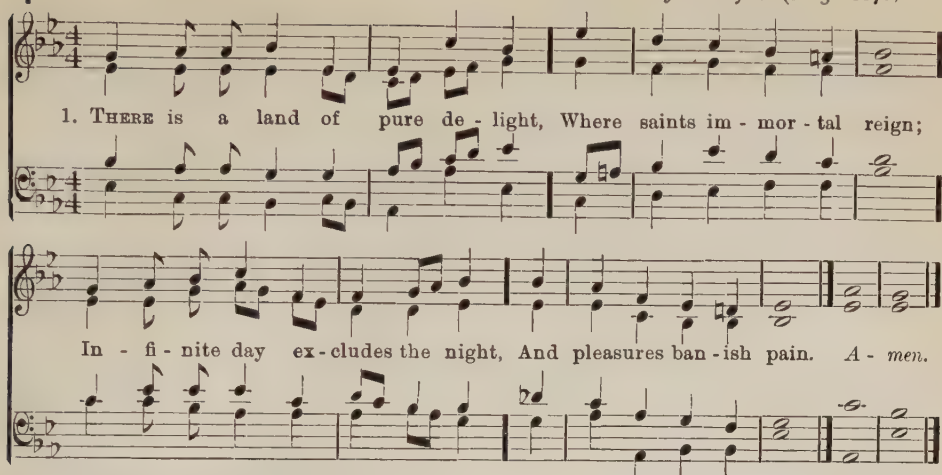
I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that planned
 When throned where glory dwelleth
 In Emmanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear bridegroom's face;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of grace;
 Not at the crown He giveth,
 But on His pierced hand:
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Emmanuel's land.

Hymns of Hope

426 ELVET C. M.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)



1. THERE is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. A-men.

2 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

3 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

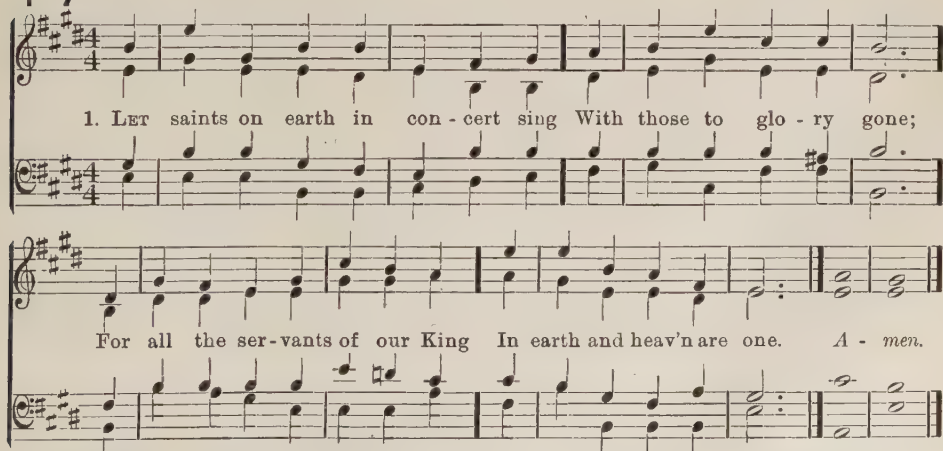
4 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes:

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

I. Watts, 1707

427 BRADFIELD C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872



1. LET saints on earth in con-cert sing With those to glo-ry gone;
For all the ser-vants of our King In earth and heav'n are one. A-men.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;

Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

428 DOLCE DOMUM S. M.

R. S. Ambrose, 1876

1. ONE sweet-ly sol-lemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
Near-er, my home, to-day, am I Than e'er I've been be-fore. A-men.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.
- 4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,

There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

- 5 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.
- 6 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

P. Cary, 1852

429 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason, 1824

1. "FOR - EV - ER with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be! Life
from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im-mor-tal - i - ty! A - men.

- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Hymns of Hope

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

5 Then, then I feel, that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

J. Montgomery, 1835

430 PAX DEI 108.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. Go down, great sun, in - to thy gold - en west. The day is
done, the hours of la - bor past; The night's dark shad - ows
deep-en all a-round; The day is o - ver; rest has come at last. A - men.

2 And so our life to even-tide draws nigh,
Our days of change their course have almost run;
And soon the storms of winter will be past,
And then comes summer, and the unsetting sun.

3 And in that holier world of joy and peace,
Our sun shall rise upon a land so blest,
That none in this poor world have words to tell
How great the joy of that pure heavenly rest.

E. Husband, 1871

433 CASTLE RISING C. M. 81.

F. A. J. Hervey, 1867

1. THE ro - seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The brightness of the day,

The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way:

Oh, for the pearl - y gates of heav'n! Oh, for the gold - en floor!

Oh, for the Sun of right-eous-ness That set - teth nev - er - more. A - men.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint:
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire:
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh, by Thy life laid down!
Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1852

434 ST. EDMUND 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

Arthur Sullivan (1842—1900)

1. We are but stran - gers here, Heaven is our home;

Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is our home.

Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round us on ev - ery hand,

Heaven is our fa - ther - land, Heaven is our home. A - men.

2 What though the tempests rage?

Heaven is our home;

Short is our pilgrimage,

Heaven is our home.

And Time's wild wintry blast

Soon shall be overpast;

We shall reach home at last:

Heaven is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side,

Heaven is our home,

May we be glorified:

Heaven is our home.

There are the good and blest,

Those we love most and best,

Grant us with them to rest:

Heaven is our home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,

Heaven is our home.

Whate'er our earthly lot,

Heaven is our home.

Grant us at last to stand

There at Thine own right hand,

Jesus, in fatherland:

Heaven is our home.

435

SHINING SHORE

8s, 7s. With Refrain

G. F. Root, 1855

1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,

Would not de - tain them, as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger;

Refrain.

For, oh, we stand on Jor - dan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er. A - men.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,

Our heavenly home discerning;

Our absent Lord has left us word,

"Let every lamp be burning:"—*Ref.*

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,

We need not cease our singing;

That perfect rest nought can molest,

Where golden harps are ringing:—*Ref.*

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,

Each cord on earth to sever;

Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home,

Forever, oh, forever:—*Ref.*

The Burial of the Dead

436 REQUIEM 4s, 6s. 81.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. SLEEP thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep,

Till th'e - ter - nal mor - row; Though dark waves roll O'er the si - lent

riv - er, Thy faint - ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er. A - men.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness:
Under the sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

E. A. Dayman, 1868

The Burial of the Dead

437 REST L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1843, arr.

1. A - SLEEP in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;

A calm and un - disturbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes. A - men.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. M. Mackay, 1832

438 ST. HUGH C. M.

E. J. Hopkins, 1862

1. THE grave it - self a gar - den is, Where lov - liest flow'rs a - bound;

Since Christ, our nev - er - fad - ing life, Sprang from that ho - ly ground. A - men.

2 Oh, give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest in Thee,
A Sabbath in the grave.

3 Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own
And buried in the grave, [blood,
Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.

4 Baptized into Thy death we died,
And buried were with Thee,
That we might live with Thee to God,
And ever blest might be.

5 Lord, thro' the grave and gate of death
May we, with Thee, arise
To an eternal Easter-day
Of glory in the skies!

C. Wordsworth, 1862

The Burial of the Dead (For a Child)

439 ST. MILLICENT 7, 7, 4

Arthur Sullivan (1842—1900)

1. LET no tears to-day be shed; Ho-ly is this nar-row bed.

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

2 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run:—
Alleluia!

3 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward;
Alleluia!

4 Grants the prize without the course;
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Alleluia!

5 God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence,
Alleluia!

6 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one.
Alleluia!

7 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.
Alleluia!

Anon. *Paris Mtsal*, 1754 Tr. R. F. Littledale, 1865

440 MEINHOLD 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

German

1. GEN-TLE Shep-herd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit-tle Lamb's brief weep-ing;

Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild, In its nar-row bed 'tis sleep-ing,

And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit-tle bo-som more. A-men.

The Burial of the Dead

44I MOCCAS S. M.

A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)

1. It is not death to die; To leave this weary road, And

'midst the brotherhood on high To be at home with God. A - men.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

3 It is not death to bear
The wretch that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

H. A. C. Malan, 1832 Tr. G. W. Bethune, 1847

For a Child

(MEINHOLD) 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

1 GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Dost Thou now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving:
Then the gain of death we prove
Though Thou take what most we love.

J. W. Meinhold, 1835 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858

The Changing Year

442 LEOMINSTER S. M. 81.

Anon. Har. Arthur Sullivan, 1872

Slowly.

1. A FEW more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
And we shall be with those who rest; A - sleep with - in the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day; Oh,
wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way. A - men.

- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

- 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

The Changing Year

443 ST. SYLVESTER P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7 (8, 8, 8, 9)

J. B. Dykes, 1862

Slowly.

1. Days and moments swiftly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead:

Oh, how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with - in his nar - row bed!

mf After 3rd and 6th verses. *dim.* *p*

Life pass - eth soon; Death draweth nigh: Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou ap - pear;

cres. *dim.*

With Thee to live, With Thee to die, With Thee to reign Thro' e - ter - - - ty. A - men.

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, oh, wake each idle dreamer
Now to make th' eternal choice!

3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending
Or eternity of woe.

4 As a shadow life is floating;
As a vapor so it flies;

For the bygone years retreating,
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin;
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Soon before the Judge all-glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

E. Caswall, 1858

The Changing Year

444 BENEVENTO 7s. 81.

S. Webbe, 1792

1. WHILE with cease-less course the sun Hast - ed through the for - mer year,

Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;

We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know. A - men.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise:
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

The Changing Year

445 DEVA 6s, 5s. 81. With Refrain.

E. J. Hopkins, 1888

1. STAND-ING at the por-tal Of the opening year, Words of com-fort meet us,

Hush-ing ev-'ry fear; Spok-en thro' the si-lence By our Fa-ther's voice,

Refrain.
Ten-der, strong, and faith-ful, Mak-ing us re-joice. On-ward then, and fear not,

Chil-dren of the day! For His word shall nev-er, Nev-er pass a-way. A-men.

2 "I the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will keep and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With my own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."—*Ref.*

3 For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;

For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.—*Ref.*

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.—*Ref.*

The Changing Year

446 BRISTOL C. M.

E. Hodges, 1819

1. BREAK new-born year, on glad eyes break! Me-lo-dious voic-es move!

On, roll-ing Time! Thou canst not make The Fa-ther cease to love! A-men.

2 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!

3 O golden then the hours must be!
The year must needs be sweet:
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

T. H. Gill, 1855

447 NEW YEAR 6s, 5s.

T. Armstrong

1. Now a new year o-pens, Now we new-ly turn

To the ho-ly Sav-iour, Les-sons fresh to learn. A-men.

2 This the holy lesson
On the year's first day;
Jesus by obedience
Teaches to obey.

3 Of Thy cross thus early,
Tokens Thou dost give;
By Thy wounds Thou healest;
By Thy death we live.

4 Not to suffer only,
Jesus, didst Thou come,
But to leave us way-marks
Pointing to our home.

5 In Thy blessèd footsteps,
Ever may we tread;
Safe when keeping near Thee,
By Thy Spirit led.

Samuel C. Clarke, 1881

The Changing Year

448 ST. COLOMB 13, 13, 13, 14, or 7s, 6s. 81. Irregular W. S. Hoyte, 1889

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song;

As on the King's own high - way, We brave - ly march a - long.

From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,

As dawns the sol - emn brightness of An - oth - er glad New Year. A - men.

- 2 The fullness of His blessing
 Encompasseth our way;
 The fullness of His promises
 Crowns every bright'ning day;
 The fullness of His glory,
 Is beaming from above,
 While more and more we learn to know
 The fullness of His love.
- 3 And closer yet and closer
 The golden bonds shall be,
 Uniting all who love our Lord
 In pure sincerity;
 And wider yet and wider
 Shall the circling glory glow,
 As more and more are taught of God
 That mighty love to know.

- 4 Oh, let our adoration
 For all that He hath done,
 Peal out beyond the stars of God,
 While voice and life are one;
 And let our consecration
 Be real, and deep, and true:
 Oh, even now our hearts shall bow,
 And joyful vows renew.
- 5 Now onward, ever onward,
 From strength to strength we go,
 While grace for grace abundantly
 Shall from His fullness flow,
 To glory's full fruition,
 From glory's foretaste here,
 Until His very presence crown
 Our happiest New Year.

Children's Services

449 SAMUEL 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. HUSHED was the eve-ning hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark; The

The first system of the musical score for 'Hushed was the evening hymn'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature, and two piano accompaniment lines in treble and bass clefs. The vocal line begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics '1. HUSHED was the eve-ning hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark; The' are written below the vocal staff.

lamp was burn-ing dim Be-fore the sa-cred ark; When sud-den-

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'lamp was burn-ing dim Be-fore the sa-cred ark; When sud-den-'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

ly a voice di-vine Rang thro' the si-lence of the shrine. A-men.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'ly a voice di-vine Rang thro' the si-lence of the shrine. A-men.'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

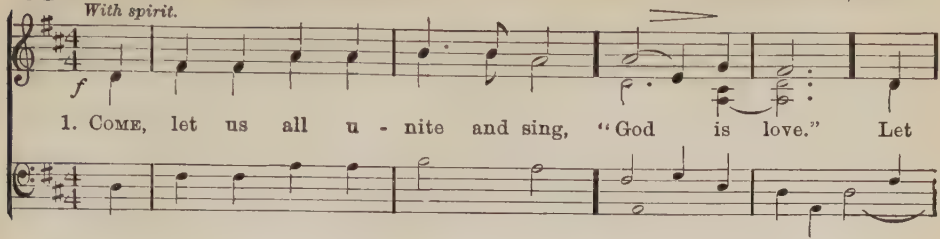
5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Children's Services

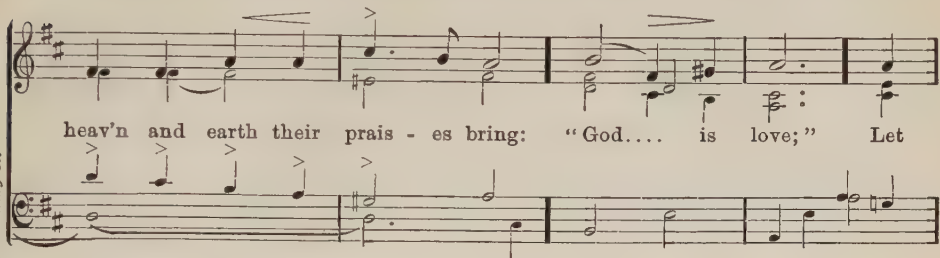
450 UNITY 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4

S. P. Warren, 1886

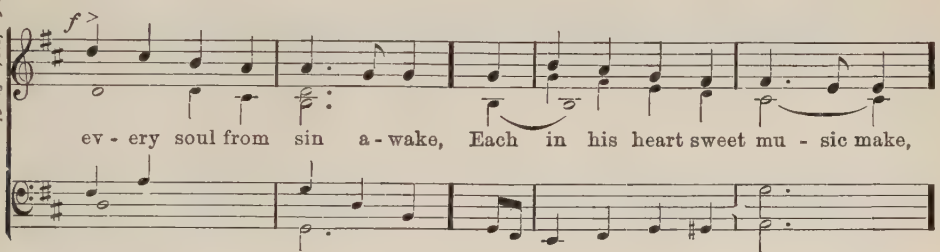
With spirit.



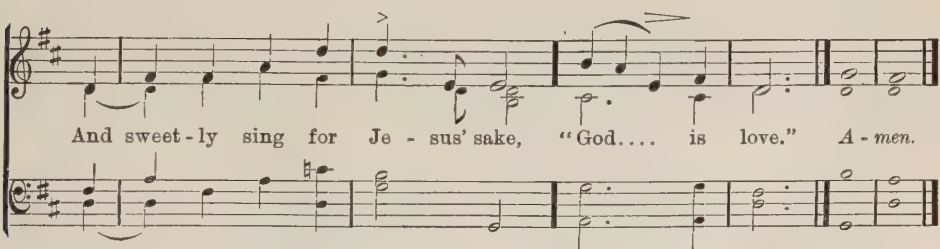
1. COME, let us all u - nite and sing, "God is love." Let



heav'n and earth their prais - es bring: "God.... is love;" Let



ev - ery soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make,



And sweet - ly sing for Je - sus' sake, "God.... is love." A - men.

- 2 O tell to earth's remotest bound
 "God is love!"
 In Christ is full redemption found:
 God is love,
 His blood can cleanse our sins away;
 His Spirit turns our night to day,
 And leads our soul with joy to say,
 "God is love."
- 3 What though our heart and flesh should
 God is love, [fail:
 Through Christ we shall o'er death pre-
 God is love. [vail:

In Jordan's swell we need not fear,
 For Jesus will be with us there
 Our souls above the waves to bear:
 God is love.

- 4 In heaven we shall sing again,
 "God is love,"
 Yes, this shall be our noblest strain,
 "God is love."
 While endless ages roll along,
 In concert with the heav'nly throng,
 This still shall be our sweetest song,
 "God is love."

Children's Services

45I

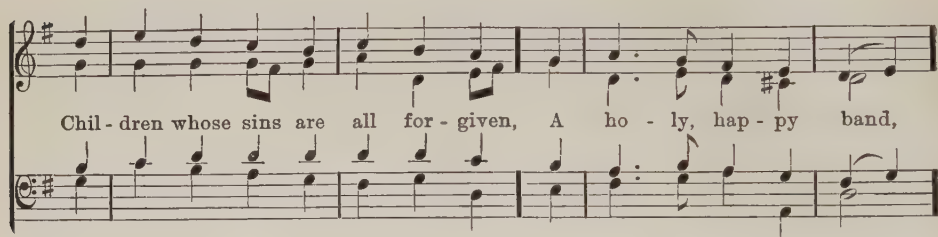
CHILDREN'S PRAISES

C. M. With Refrain

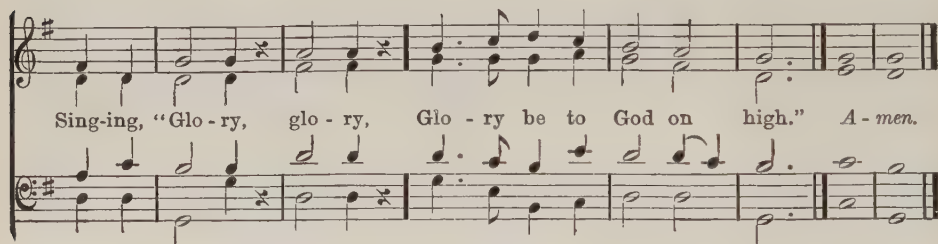
H. E. Matthews, 1854



1. A - ROUND the throne of God in heaven Thou - sands of chil - dren stand,



Chil - dren whose sins are all for - given, A ho - ly, hap - py band,



Sing - ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high." A - men.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high?"

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

Children's Services

452 JESU, BONE PASTOR 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

J. H. Wilcox (1827—1875)

From The Tucker Hymnal, by permission

1. SAV-IOUR, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;

In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre - pare:

Bless - ed Je - sus! Bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A - men.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus,
Hear the children, when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus,
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Anon. c. 1836

Children's Services

453 SWEET STORY 11, 8, 11, 9 Irregular

English

1. I... THINK when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A - men.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,


4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home,
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

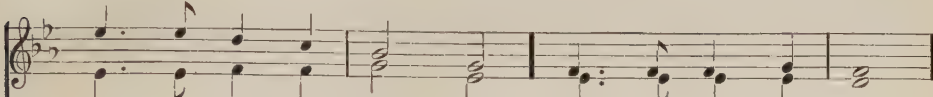
Children's Services

454 RUTH 6s, 5s, 8l.


S. Smith (1804—1873)



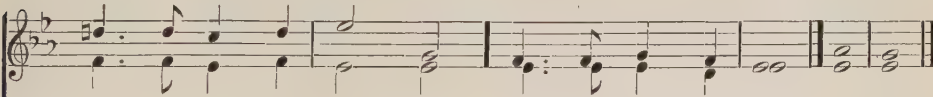
1. SUM - MER suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea;



Hap - py light is flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free;



Ev - ery thing re - joice - es In the mel - low rays;



All earth's thou - sand voice - es Swell the psalm of praise. A - men.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled;
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour,
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more:

And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright;
Light of light! Shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

Children's Services

455 HOLY NIGHT P. M.

Franz Gruber (1787—1863)



1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Through the dark - ness beams a light,



Yon - der, where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who, in si - lent sleep,



Rallentando.



Rests in heaven - ly peace, Rests in heaven - ly peace. A - men.



2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies, and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing:
"Allelulia! hail the King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!

3 Holiest night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven, oh, how bright
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born;
Blessèd was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy.

5 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, O lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

Children's Services

456

ST. THERESA 6s. 5s. 8l. With Refrain

Arthur Sullivan (1842—1900)

1. BRIGHTLY gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav - ing on Christ's

sol - diers To their home on high. Marching thro' the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,

Still with hearts u - nit - ed Sing-ing on our way. Brightly gleams our ban - ner,

Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A - men.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—*Ref.*

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:

Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.—*Ref.*

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.—*Ref.*

Children's Services

457 EDGBASTON C. M.

A. R. Gaul, 1870

1. DEAR Je - sus, ev - er' at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be,

To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me. A - men.

2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child:

3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too:
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

F. W. Faber, 1849

458 ELLINGHAM 7s.

S. N. Godfrey

1. GEN - TLE Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;

Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee. A - men.

2 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my Example be:
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

3 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thine obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

Children's Services

459 ANGEL VOICES 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 4, 3

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. AN - GEL voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,

An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;

Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might. A - men.

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And will hear us?
Yes, we can.

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

National

460 AMERICA 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

H. Carey, 1743

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;
Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grims' pride,
From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring. A - men.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,

Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith, 1834

461 (AMERICA) 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

1 GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

C. T. Brooks, 1834 J. S. Dwight, 1844

National

462 NATIONAL HYMN 105.

G. W. Warren, 1892

Voices alone.

ff Trumpets, before each verse. 1. GOD of our fa - thers, Whose al-migh - ty hand

With Organ.

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in

Slergando.

splendor thro' the skies, Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise. A - men.

- 2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
- 3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
- 4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

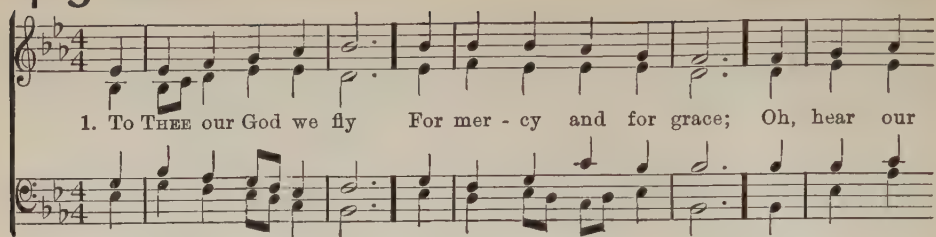
D. C. Roberts, 1876

National

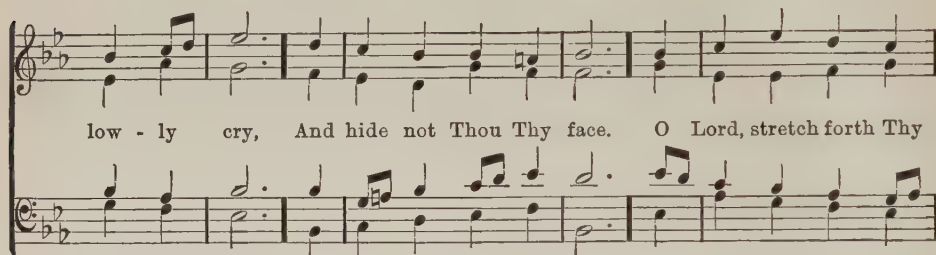
463

BEVAN 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

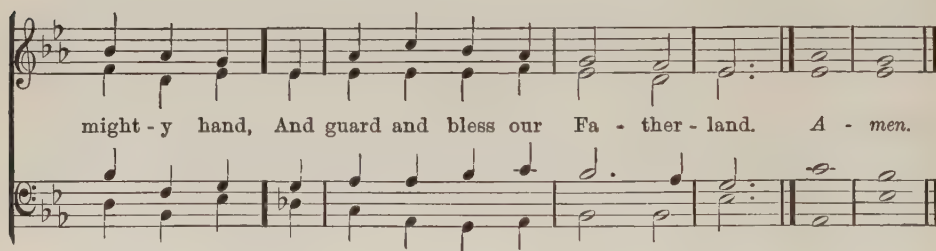
J. Goss (1800—1880)



1. To THEE our God we fly For mer - cy and for grace; Oh, hear our



low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face. O Lord, stretch forth Thy



might - y hand, And guard and bless our Fa - ther - land. A - men.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

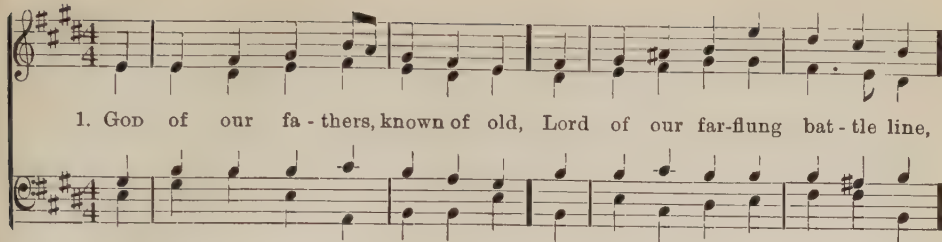
3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

6 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

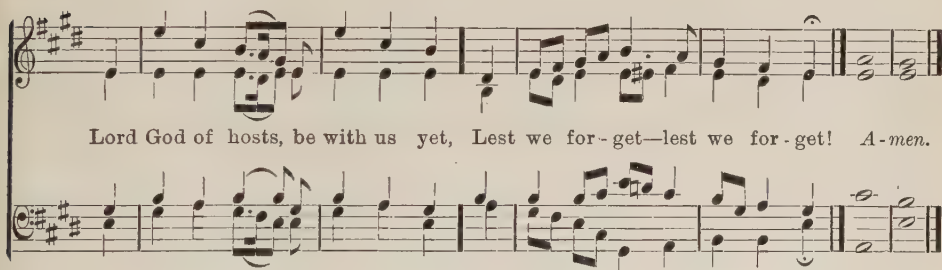
7 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.



1. God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat - tle line,



Be - neath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine,—



Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get—lest we for - get! A - men.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

4 If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

3 Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

National

465 GARFIRTH 7s, 6s. 8l.

R. P. Stewart, 1868

1. O BEAU-TI-FUL, my coun-try! Be thine a no-ble care,

Than all thy wealth of com-merce, Thy har-vest wav-ing fair,....

Be it thy pride to lift up The man-hood of the poor;

Be thou to the op-press-ed Fair free-dom's o-pen door. A-men.

2 For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright;
Grand memories on thee shine,
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingle, flows in thine.

3 O beautiful, our country!
Round thee in love we draw,
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem.

F. L. Hosmer

National—Memorial

466 OUR SOLDIER HEROES SLEEPING 7s, 6s. 8l. With Refrain

Maro L. Bartlett

1. THEY LL nev - er cross the val - leys, Or crys - tal wa - ters sweet, They'll nev - er face the

foe - man, When charg - ing ar - mies meet; O'er mountains, vast and hoar - y, O'er

hill and grass - y plain, Our sol - dier he - roes sleep - ing, Shall nev - er march a - gain.

Refrain.

They'll nev - er march a - gain, They'll never march a - gain, Our sol - dier he - roes sleep - ing,

Shall nev - er march a - gain. A - men.

2 We'll call our hosts together,
From over land and sea,
They'll never hear the trumpet,
Or sound of reveille;
Our country's flag shall lead them,
A host as strong and brave,
As they who sleep in silence,
Where flowers o'er them wave.—*Ref.*

3 They fought and won the battle,
Those hero boys of ours,
And we are left to weep them
And strew their graves with flow'rs;
They've won the Palms of Glory,
They wear the Rose of Grace,
Beneath His crown of sunlight
Their souls shall see His face.—*Ref.*

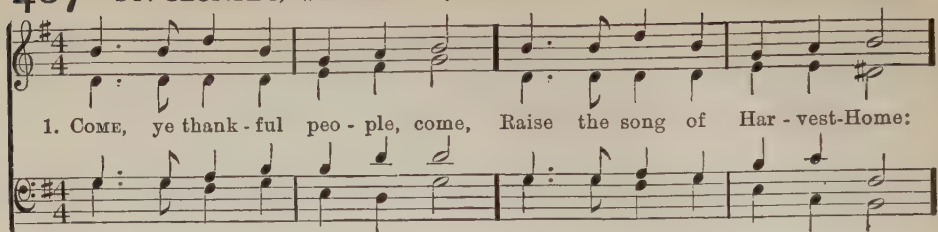
4 Their feet shall cross the valleys,
And Eden's rivers sweet,
They'll lie beside the fountains
Where angels joyful meet;
But 'mid their country's battles,
O'er any earthly plain,
Our soldier heroes sleeping,
Shall never march again.—*Ref.*

Thanksgiving

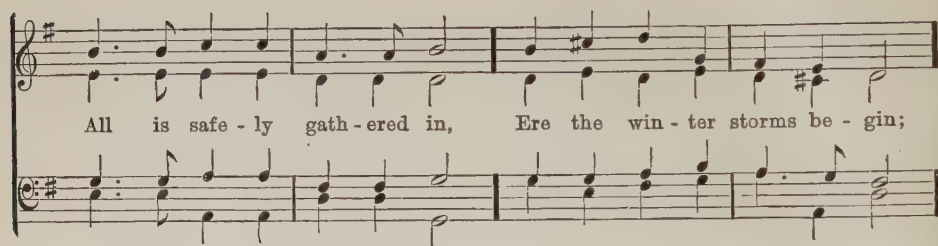
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ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7s. 81.

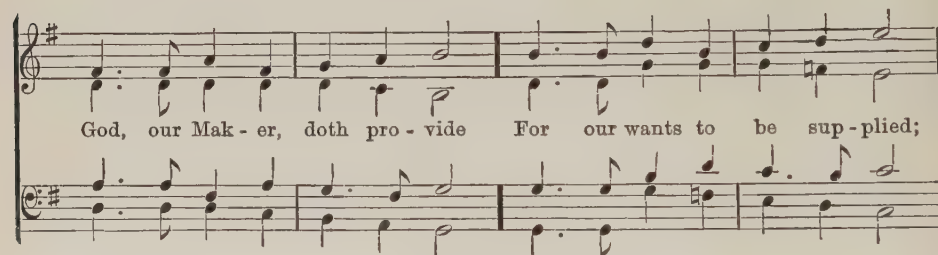
G. J. Elvey, 1858



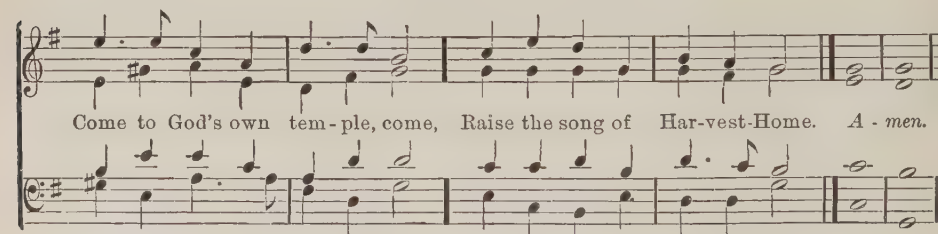
1. COME, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - Home:



All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;



God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;



Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - Home. A - men.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;

Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His Garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final Harvest - Home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy Presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest - Home!

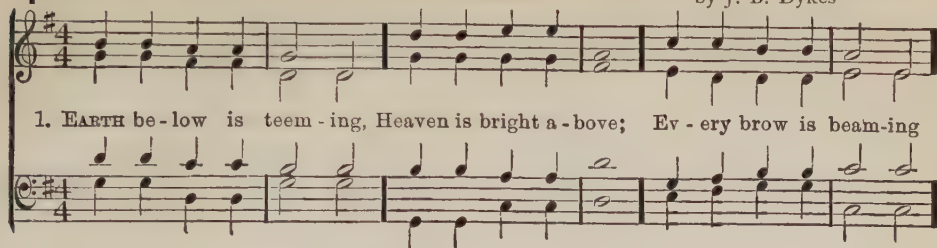
Thanksgiving

468

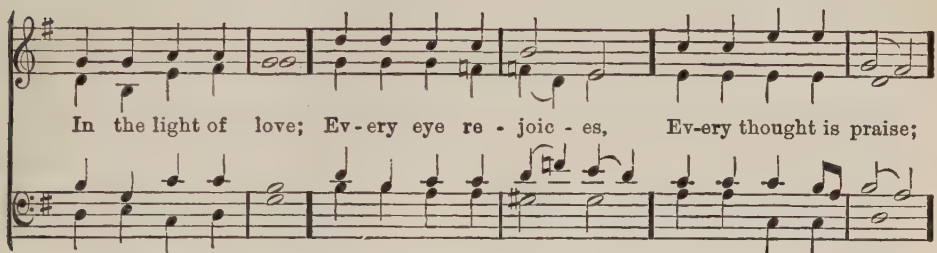
ST. ALBAN

6s, 5s. 81. With Refrain

Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)
by J. B. Dykes



1. EARTH be-low is teem-ing, Heaven is bright a-bove; Ev-ery brow is beam-ing



In the light of love; Ev-ery eye re-joic-es, Ev-ery thought is praise;

Refrain.



Hap-py hearts and voic-es Gladden nights and days. O Al-might-y giv-er!



Boun-ti-ful and free, As the joy in har-vest Joy we be-fore Thee. A-men.

2 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the nurturing hours
Spring and Summer knew;
For the golden Autumn,
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors.—*Ref.*

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter sun
Than the orb that lightens
All we tread upon;
Send out laborers, Father!
Where fields ripening wave,
All the nations gather,
Gather in and save.—*Ref.*

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863

Thanksgiving

469 DUKE STREET L. M.

J. Hatton (—1703), c. 1790

1. O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand, Our ex-iled fa - thers cross'd the sea;

And when they trod the win-t'ry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worship'd Thee. A-men.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:

Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;

And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

L. Bacon, 1833

470 SILVER STREET S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770

1. STAND up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice; Stand

up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice. A - men.

2 Oh, for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song
And His salvation ours;

Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

Thanksgiving

471 DIX 7s. 61.

Arr. fr. C. Köcher (1786—1872)

1. { PRAISE to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; }
 { Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy; }

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow. A - men.

- 2 All the plenty summer pours;
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss, and public wealth,
 Knowledge with its gladdening streams,

Pure religion's holier beams:
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
 May we give Thee of our best;
 And by deeds of kindly love
 For Thy mercies grateful prove;
 Singing thus through all our days,
 Praise to God, immortal praise.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld, 1772 *Alt. & Ab.*

472 MONKLAND 7s.

J. B. Wilkes, 1861

1. PRAISE, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad - o - ra - tion sing;

For His mer - cies still en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. A - men.

- 2 Praise Him that He made the sun
 Day by day his course to run;
 And the silver moon by night,
 Shining with her gentle light.
- 3 Praise Him that He gave the rain
 To mature the swelling grain;
 And hath bid the fruitful field
 Crops of precious increase yield.

- 4 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
 He hath filled the garner-floor;
 And for richer food than this,
 Pledge of everlasting bliss.
- 5 Glory to our bounteous King;
 Glory let creation sing;
 Glory to the Father, Son,
 And blest Spirit, Three in One.

H. W. Baker, 1861

Thanksgiving

473 NUN DANKET 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6

J. Crüger, 1640

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voice - es,

Who wondrous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joice - es;

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way

With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - men.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

M. Rinkart, 1644 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858

Thanksgiving

474 HEATHLANDS 7s. 6l.

H. Smart (1813—1879)

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,

Christ, our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A - men.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For Thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth and joy in heaven;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

F. S. Pierpoint, 1864

Matrimony

475 ST. GILES 7s, 6s.

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. THE voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear - liest wed - ding day,....

The pri - mal mar-riage bless - ing, It hath not pass'd a - way..... A - men.

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The three-fold grace is said.

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands.

3 Be present, loving Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

J. Keble, 1857 *Ab.*

476 O PERFECT LOVE 11s, 10s.

Arr. fr. J. Barnby, 1889

1. O PER-FECT Love, all human tho't transcending, Low-ly we kneel in pray'r be-fore Thy throne,

That theirs may be the love which knows no ending, Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one. A - men.

Matrimony

2 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Blomfield, 1883

477 UNION SQUARE 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1872

1. O LOVE di - vine and gold - en, Mys - te - rious depth and height,

To Thee the world be - hold - en, Looks up for life and light;

O love di - vine and gen - tle, The bless - er and the blest,

Be - neath Thy care pa - ren - tal The world lies down in rest. A - men.

2 God bless these hands united;
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on,—

Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above,
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where "God is Love."

J. S. B. Monsell, 1862

The Ministry

478

TOULON 105.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)

1. God of the proph-ets! bless the proph-ets' sons; E - li - jah's
man - tle o'er E - li - sha cast; Each age its sol - emn task may
claim but once; Make each a no - bler, stronger than the last! A - men.

2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attent
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and every evil break.

3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they
For pardon, and for charity and peace!
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

4 Anoint them kings! aye kingly kings, O Lord!
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son!
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood-stained sword;
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won!

5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy cross;
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time!
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn;
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!

The Ministry

479 SAINTS' DAYS 7s, 6s. 8l.

Samuel Francis Smith (1808—1895)

1. LORD of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain,

Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain;

Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,

And deign with them to hast - en Thy king - dom from a - bove. A - men.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may they be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
To ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill their souls with light;
Clothe them in spotless raiment,
In vesture clean and white;

Within Thy sacred temple
Be with them where they stand,
To guide and teach Thy people
Throughout our native land.

4 Be with them, God the Father!
Be with them, God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
Most blessed Three in One!
Make them a holy priesthood,
Thee humbly to adore,
And fill them with Thy fullness
Both now and evermore!

The Ministry

480 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)

1. Ye ser - vants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait,

Ob - serv - ant of His heavenly word And watchful at His gate. A - men.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command;
And, while we speak, He's near:

Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

- 4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

P. Doddridge, 1755 *Ab.*

481 HOLLEY L. M.

G. Hews, 1835

1. Pour out Thy Spir - it from on high; Lord, Thine or - dain - ed ser - vants bless;

Grac - es and gifts to each sup - ply, And clothe Thy priests with righteousness. A - men.

- 2 Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;
- 5 Then, while their work is finished here,
In humble hope their charge resign,
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

Church Building

482 ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Croft, 1708

1. O Thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,

Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor-ship Thee. A - men.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;

And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise, [storm
While, round these hallowed walls, the
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. Bryant, 1835

483 LEIPSI L. M.

J. H. Schein (1586—1630)

1. O LORD of hosts, whose glo - ry fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,

And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands, To dwell in tem - ples made with hands, A - men.

2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.

3 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,

That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

4 But now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity!

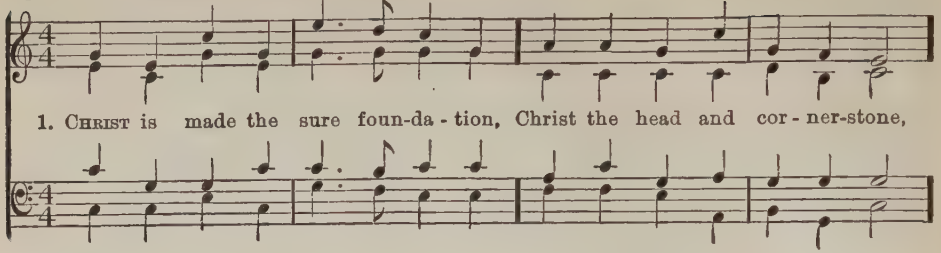
J. M. Neale, 1844

Church Building

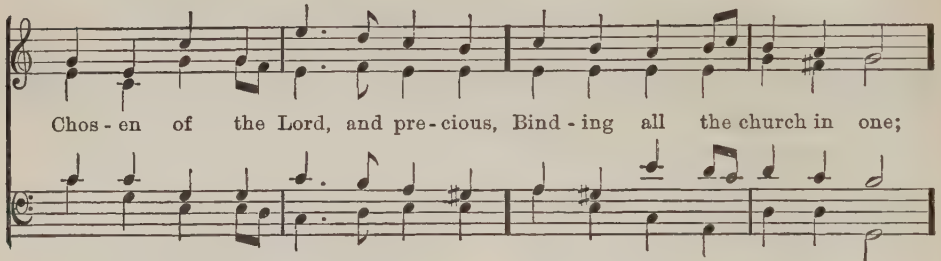
484

REGENT SQUARE 8s, 7s. 6l.

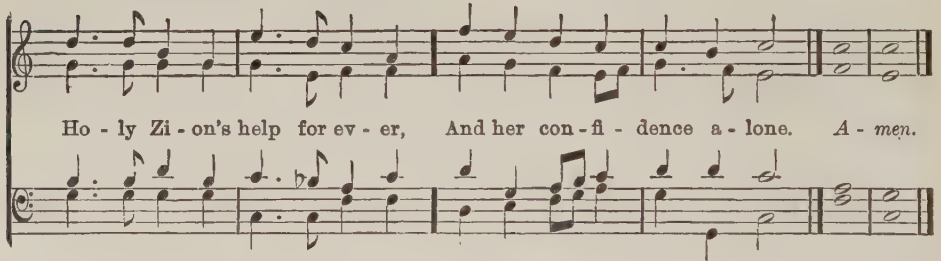
H. Smart, 1867



1. CHRIST is made the sure foun-da-tion, Christ the head and cor-ner-stone,



Chos-en of the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind-ing all the church in one;



Ho-ly Zi-on's help for ev-er, And her con-fi-dence a-lone. A-men.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

(This hymn is Part II. of "Blessed city, heavenly Salem," No. 779)

Church Building

485

HAREWOOD 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

S. S. Wesley, 1868

1. CHRIST is our cor - ner - stone, On Him a - lone we build;

With His true saints a - lone The courts of heav'n are filled; On His great

love our hopes we place, Of pres - ent grace and joys a - bove. A - men.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song
Both loud and long, that glorious name:

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day, Thy blessing pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Church Building

486 ST. FULBERT C. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1852

1. A - RISE, O King of grace, a - rise, And en - ter to Thy rest;

Lo, Thy church waits with longing eyes, Thus to be owned and blest. A - men.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And, as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

I. Watts, 1719

487 HEBRON L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. JE - SUS, where'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;

Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev - ery place is hallow'd ground. A - men.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own,
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come, with Thy glory fill the place,
And bless us with a large increase.

Temperance

488

DAY OF REST 7s, 6s. 81.

J. W. Elliott (1833—)

1. O THOU be - fore whose pres - ence Nought e - vil may come in,

Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin;

O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin - bound free,

Unison. Harmony.
And Christ-like ten - der pit - y To seek the lost for Thee. A - men.

- 2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand
With woes that none can number
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armor
Be stronger than the strong.
- 3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see:
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be.

- For bright hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.
- 4 Lead on, O love and mercy,
O purity and power,
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

For Those at Sea

489 MELITA L. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. E - TER - NAL Fa-ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave,
Who bid'st the might-y o - cean deep Its own ap-point-ed. lim-its keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per-il on the sea. A-men.

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word,
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

And gavest light, and life, and peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
Thus ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. Whiting, 1860

490 ALBANO C. M.

V. Novello, 1800

1. O LORD, be with us when we sail Up - on the lone - ly deep,

For Those at Sea

Our guard, when on the si - lent deck The night - ly watch we keep. A - men.

2 We need not fear, though all around,

'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesareth
Rose high the angry wave,

And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,

Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

E. A. Dayman, 1865

491

CARDIFF

12s.

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. WHEN thro' the torn sail the wild tem - pest is streaming, When o'er the dark

wave the red light - ning is gleam - ing, Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea - man to

cher - ish, We fly to our Mak - er:—"Help, Lord, or we per - ish!" A - men.

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Help Lord, or we perish!"

3 And, oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

R. Heber, 1820

For Those at Sea

492 SAFE HOME 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. SAFE home, safe home in port! Rent cord-age, shat-tered deck, Torn sails, pro-

vi-sions short, And on-ly not a wreck: But oh! the joy up-

on the shore To tell our voy-age per-ils o'er! A-men.

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell,
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well.
But He may smile at troubles gone,
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm;
No more the leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp.
And yet how nearly he had failed,—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penn'd;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with Wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at Home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts and fears.—
What matter now (when so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away?

6 O happy, happy Bride!
Thy widowed hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His Own at last!
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up.

493 SAVOY CHAPEL 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. B. Calkin (1827—)

1. FROM all Thy saints in war - fare, For all Thy saints at rest,

To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dress'd.

Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might con - q'rors be;

Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee. A - men.

2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us,
Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps,
Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

Earl Nelson, 1867

494 NEWLAND S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1858

1. DEAR Sav-iour, we are Thine, By ev-er-last-ing bands;

Our names, our hearts, we would resign; Our souls are in Thy hands. A-men.

- 2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our head;
Shall form in us Thine image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.

- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

P. Doddridge 1755

495 BOYLSTON S. M.

L. Mason, 1832

1. BLEST be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;

The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove. A-men.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
- But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Hymns for Reunions

498

ROSEFIELD 7s. 6l.

H. A. C. Malan (1787—1864)

1. { BLESS - ED are the sons of God, They are bought with Christ's own blood; }
 { They are ran - sored from the grave; Life e - ter - nal they shall have: }

With them numbered may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

2 They are justified by grace,
 They enjoy the Saviour's peace:
 All their sins are washed away;
 They shall stand in God's great day:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of a heavenly birth,—
 One with God, with Jesus one:
 Glory is in them begun:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

Joseph Humphreys (1720—1770)

499

WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody Arr. L. Mason, 1830

1. God is the ref - uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;

Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold Him pres - ent with His aid. A - men.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
 In sacred peace our souls abide;
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God,
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
 Our grief allays, our fear controls;
 Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hour;
 Nor can her firm foundation move,
 Built on His truth, and armed with power

I. Watts, 1719

500 DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1564

1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ with - in the doors,

While ev - er - last - ing love dis - plays The choic - est of her stores. A - men.

- 2 When all our hearts, and all our songs, 4 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
Join to admire the feast, That sweetly drew us in ;
Each of us cries with thankful tongue, — Else we had still refused to taste,
“Lord, why was I a guest?” And perished in our sin.
- 3 “Why was I made to hear Thy voice, 5 Pity the nations, O our God !
And enter while there’s room, Constrain the earth to come ;
When thousands make a wretched choice, Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And rather starve than come ?” And bring the strangers home.

I. Watts (1674—1748)

501 WAREHAM L. M.

W. Knapp, 1564

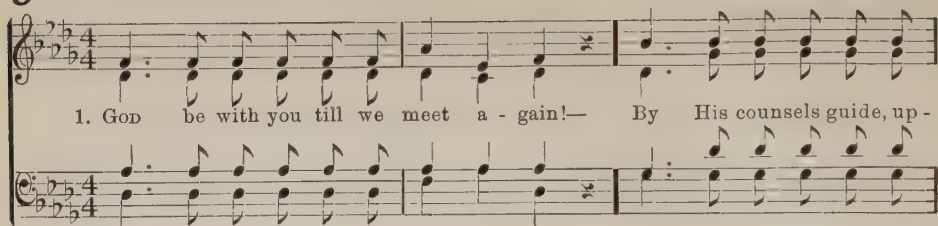
1. How pleas - ant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, Thy dwell - ings are!

With long de - sire my spir - it faints, To meet th'as - sem - blies of Thy saints. A - men.

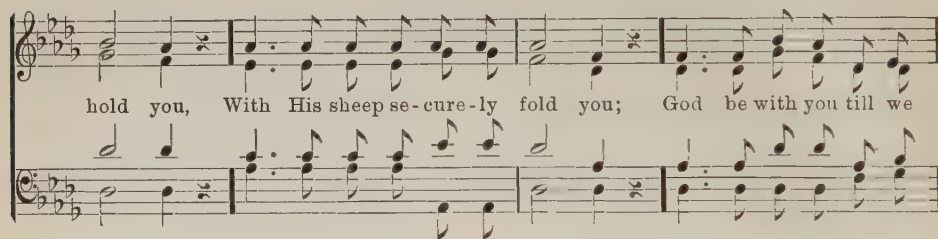
- 2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace ;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ; [road
God is their strength, and through the
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

502 GOD BE WITH YOU P. M.

William G. Tomer



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up -



hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we



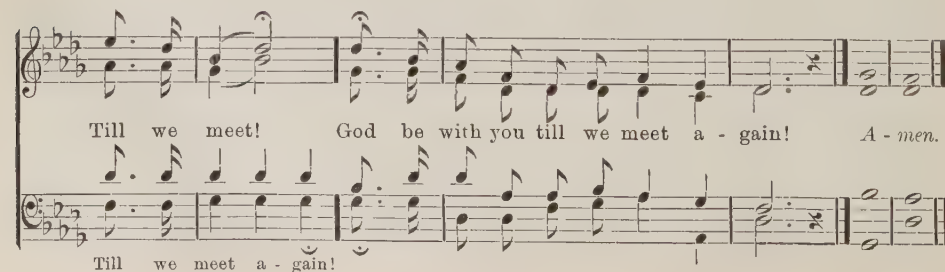
meet a - gain! Till we meet!..... Till we meet!

Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!



Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet!.....

Till we meet! Till we meet!



Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain! A - men.

Till we meet a - gain!

Hymns for Reunions

- 2 God be with you till we meet again!—
 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
 Daily manna still provide you;
 God be with you till we meet again!
- 3 God be with you till we meet again!—
 When life's perils thick confound you,
 Put His loving arms around you;
 God be with you till we meet again!
- 4 God be with you till we meet again!—
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
 God be with you till we meet again!—

J. E. Rankin

503 EARLHAM 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4

J. Booth (1852—)

1. LORD of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair The
 dwell - ings of Thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples are! To Thine a - bode
 My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires To see my God. A - men.

- 2 Oh, happy souls who pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 Oh, happy men who pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise Thee still;
 And happy they
 Who love the way
 To Zion's hill.

- 3 They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.
 Oh, glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet!

I. Smith, c. 1770

1. GRACE, 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to mine ear; Heav'n

with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear. A - men.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. Doddridge, 1740

Arr. fr. L. van Beethoven (1770—1827)

1. MAY the grace of Christ, our Sav - iour, And the Fa - ther's boundless love,

With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove. A - men

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

J. Newton, 1779

506

ST. GILES, FARNBORO C. M.

E. W. Naylor, 1894

1. O God, we praise Thee, and con-fess That Thou the on-ly Lord

And ev-er-last-ing Fa-ther art, By all the earth a-dored. A-men.

2 To Thee, all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway!

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,

With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

6 Thy honored, true and only Son
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never-ceasing joy; O Christ,
Of glory Thou art King.

— Anon. (Latin, 5th Cent.) Tr. Tate and Brady, 1703

507

GLORIA PATRI

H. W. Greatorex, 1851

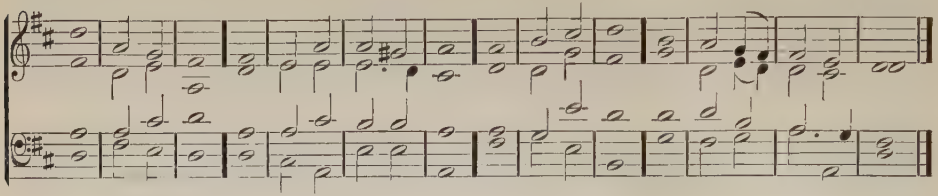
GLO-RY be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the ho-ly Ghost; As it

was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end; A-men, A-men.

Selections for Chanting

508 VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO (Ps. xcvi.)

W. Boyce (1710—1779)

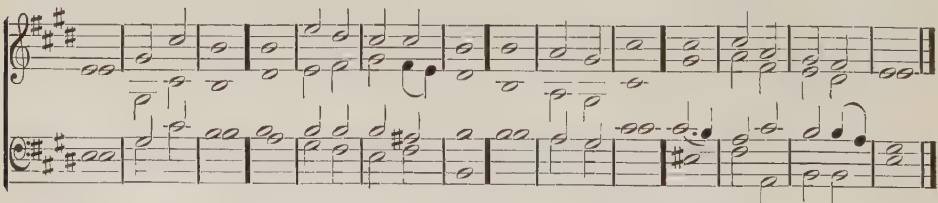


- 1 O COME let us *sing* | unto * the | Lord || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of |
our sal- | vation.
 - 2 Let us come before His presence | with thanks- | giving || and show ourselves | glad
in | Him with | psalms.
 - 3 For the Lord is a | great — | God || and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
 - 4 In His hand are all the corners | of the | earth || and the strength of the | hills is |
His — | also.
 - 5 The sea is His | and He | made it || and His hands pre- | pared * the | dry — | land.
 - 6 O come, let us worship and | fall — | down || and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
 - 7 For He is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people of His pasture and the |
sheep of | His — | hand.—Ps. xcvi. 1-7.
 - 8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty * of | holiness || let the whole earth | stand in |
awe of | Him.
 - 9 * For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth || and with righteousness to
judge the world and the | peo-ple | with His | truth.—Ps. xcvi. 9, 13.
- Glor-y be to the Father | and * to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be || world without | end. — |
A — | men.

* Last half of Double Chant.

509 BENEDICTUS (Luke i. 68-79)

J. Barnby (1838—1896)



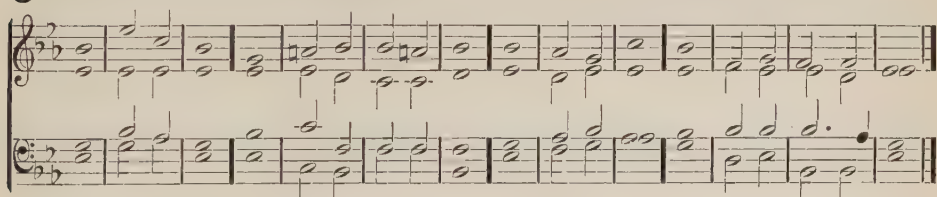
- 1 BLESSED be the Lord God of | Is-ra- | el || for He hath visited | and re- | deem-ed *
His | people :
- 2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | va-tion | for us || in the house | of His | ser-vant |
David ;
- 3 As He spake by the mouth of His | ho-ly | Prophets || which have been | since the |
world be- | gan ;
- 4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies || and from the hand of | all that |
hate — | us ;

Selections for Chanting

- 5 To perform the mercy *promised* to | our fore- | fathers || and to remember His | ho-ly |
Cov-e- | nant;
- 6 To perform the oath which He sware to our forefather | A-bra- | ham || *that* | He
would | give — | us ;
- 7 That we being delivered out of the *hand* of our | en-e- | mies || might *serve* | Him with- |
out — | fear;
- 8 In holiness and *righteous-* | ness be- | fore Him || *all* the | days of | our — | life.
- 9 And thou Child, shalt be called the *Prophet* | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go
before the face of the *Lord* | to pre- | pare His | ways ;
- 10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto ' His | people || *for* the re- | mis-sion | of
their | sins,
- 11 Through the tender *mercy* | of our | God || whereby the day-spring *from* on | high
hath | visit- ' ed | us ;
- 12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and *in* the | shadow ' of | death || and to
guide our *feet* | into ' the | way of | peace.
- Glory be to the *Fa-ther* | and ' to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

510 JUBILATE DEO (Ps. C)

J. Robinson (1682—1762)



- 1 O BE joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands || serve the Lord with gladness, and come
before His | pres-ence | with a | song.
- 2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God || it is He that hath made us, and not we
ourselves, we are His *people* and the | sheep of | His — | pasture.
- 3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and *into* His | courts with | praise ||
be thankful unto *Him* and | speak good | of His | Name.
- 4 For the Lord is gracious, His *mercy* is | ev-er- | lasting || and His truth endureth
from *gener-* | ation ' to | gen-er- | ation.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and ' to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

S. Elvey (1805—1860)

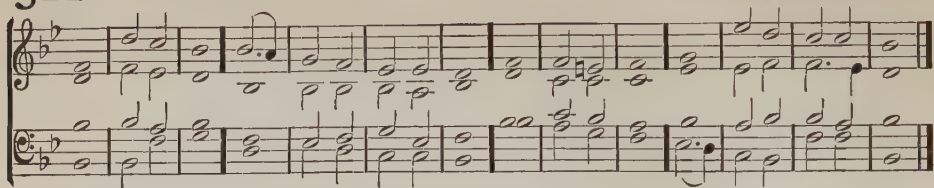
G. A. Macfarren (1813—1887)



Selections for Chanting

511 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

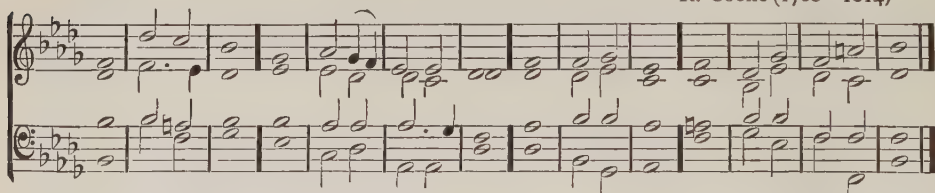
H. Lawes (1596—1662)



- 1 We praise | Thee O | God || we acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the earth doth | wor-ship | Thee || *the* | Fa-ther | ev-er- | lasting.
- 3 To Thee all Angels | cry a- | loud || the *Heavens* and | all the | Powers there- | in.
- 4 To Thee Cherubim and | Ser-a- | phim || *con-* | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,
- 5 Holy | Ho-ly | Ho-ly || *Lord* | God of | Sab-a- | oth;
- 6 Heaven and earth are full of the | Maj-es- | ty || *of* | Thy — | Glo- — | ry.
- 7 The glorious company | of * the A- | postles || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 8 The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 9 The noble | army * of | Martyrs || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 10 The holy Church throughout | all the | world || *doth* | — ac- | knowl-edge | Thee;
- 11 *The* | Fa- — | ther || *of* an | in- * finite | Maj-es- | ty;
- 12 *Thine* a- | dor- * able, | true || *and* | on- — | — ly | Son;
- 13 * Also the | Holy | Ghost || *the* | Com- — | fort- — | er.
- 14 Thou art the | King of | Glory || O | — — | — — | Christ.
- 15 Thou art the ever- | last-ing | Son || *of* | — the | Fa- — | ther.

* Last half of Chant.

R. Cooke (1768—1814)



- 16 When Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de- | liv-er | man || Thou didst humble Thyself to be | born — | of a | Virgin.
- 17 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness * of | death || Thou didst open the *King-* | dom of | Heaven * to | all be- | lievers.
- 18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God || *in* the | Glo-ry | of the | Father.
- 19 We believe that | Thou shalt | come || *to* | be — | our — | Judge.
- 20 We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy | servants || whom Thou hast redeemed | with Thy | pre-cious | blood.
- 21 Make them to be numbered | with Thy | Saints || *in* | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.
- 22 O *Lord* | save Thy | people || *and* | bless Thine | her-it- | age.
- 23 Gov- | — ern | them || *and* | lift them | up for- | ever.

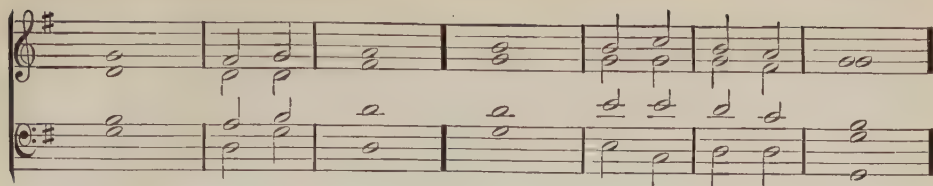
Return to chant in *B \flat* at the top of page.

- 24 Day | by — | day || *we* | mag-ni- | fy — | Thee;
- 25 And we | worship * Thy | Name || *ever* | world with- | out — | end.
- 26 *Vouch-* | safe O | Lord || to keep us this | day with- | out — | sin.
- 27 O *Lord* * have | mercy * up- | on us || *have* | mercy * up- | on — | us.
- 28 O Lord, let Thy mercy | be up- | on us || *as* our | trust — | is in | Thee.
- 29 O Lord, in *Thee* | have I | trusted || *let* me | nev-er | be con- | founded.

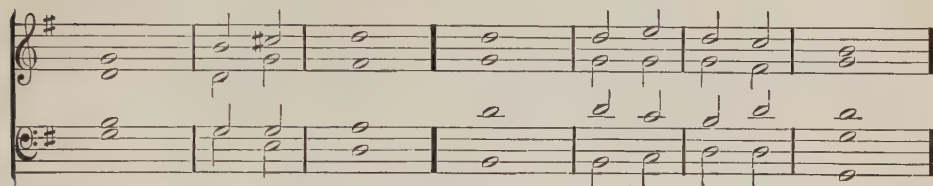
Selections for Chanting

512 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

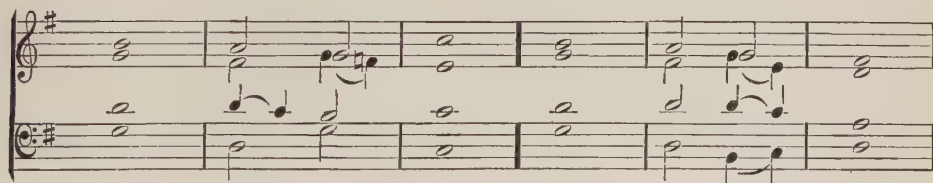
Old Chant



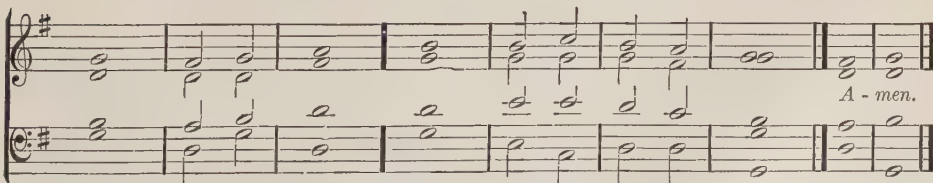
- 1 GLORY be to | God on | high || and on earth | peace good | will • towards | men.
2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee* we | wor-ship | Thee || we glorify Thee, we give
thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



- 3 O Lord *God* | Heaven- • ly | King || *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.
4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son* | Je-sus | Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of *God* |
Son — | of the | Father,



- 5 That takest away the | sins • of the | world || have mercy up- | on — | us.
6 Thou that takest away the | sins • of the | world || have mercy up- | on — | us.
7 Thou that takest away the | sins • of the | world || re- | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father || have mercy up- | on — |
us.



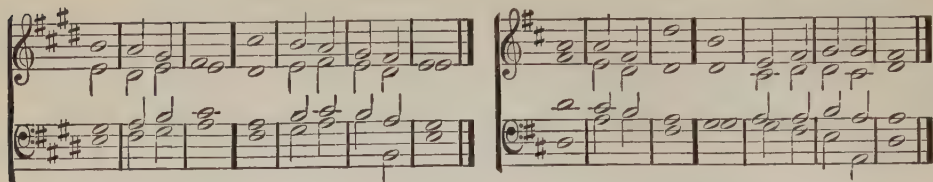
- 9 For Thou only | art — | holy || Thou | on-ly | art the | Lord.
10 Thou only, O *Christ* with the | Ho-ly | Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory • of |
God the | Father.

Selections for Chanting

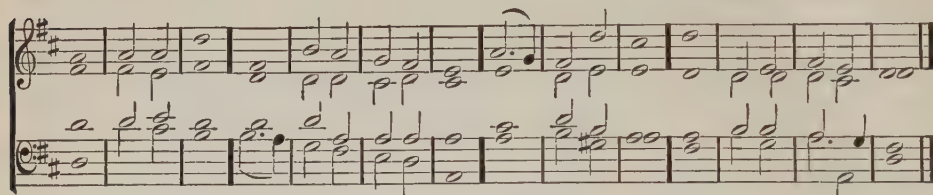
513 CANTATE DOMINO (Ps. xcvi.)

A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)

J. Battishill (1738—1801)



R. Woodward (c. 1744—1771)

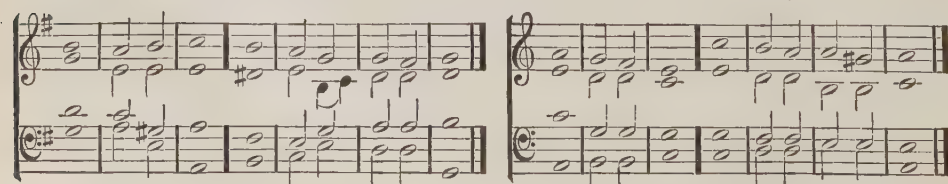


- 1 O SING unto the *Lord* a | new — | song || for *He* hath | done — | mar-vellous | things.
 - 2 With His own right hand and *with* His | ho-ly | arm || *hath* He | gotten • Him- | self the | victory.
 - 3 The *Lord* declared | His sal- | vation || His righteousness hath *He* openly *showed* in the | sight — | of the | heathen.
 - 4 *He* hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel || and all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
 - 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord* | all ye | lands || *sing* re- | joice and | give — | thanks.
 - 6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp || sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks- — | giving.
 - 7 With *trumpets* | also • and | shawms || O show yourselves *joyful* be- | fore the | Lord the | King.
 - 8 Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there-in | is || the round *world* and | they that | dwell there- | in.
 - 9 Let the floods clap their hands and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord || *for* *He* | cometh • to | judge the | earth.
 - 10 With righteousness shall *He* | judge the | world || *and* the | peo-ple | with — | equity. Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A- — | men.

514 DEUS MISEREATUR (Ps. lxxvii.)

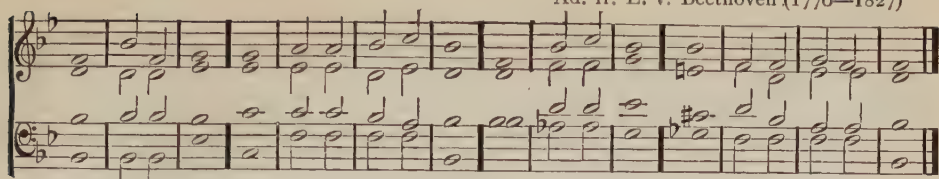
H. Aldrich (1647—1710)

W. Croft (1678—1727)



Selections for Chanting

Ad. fr. L. v. Beethoven (1770—1827)



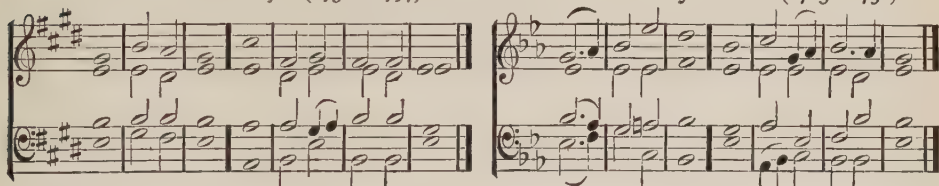
- 1 God be *merciful* unto | us and | bless us || and show us the light of His countenance,
and be | merci-ful | un-to | us;
- 2 That Thy way may be *known* up- | on — | earth || Thy *saving* | health a- | mong all |
nations.
- 3 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 4 O let the nations *rejoice* | and be | glad || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously,
and govern the | nations ' up- | on — | earth.
- 5 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase || and God, even our own *God*
shall | give — | us His | blessing.
- 7 * *God* | shall — | bless us || and all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear — | Him.
Glory be to the *Father* | and ' to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

* Last half of Double Chant.

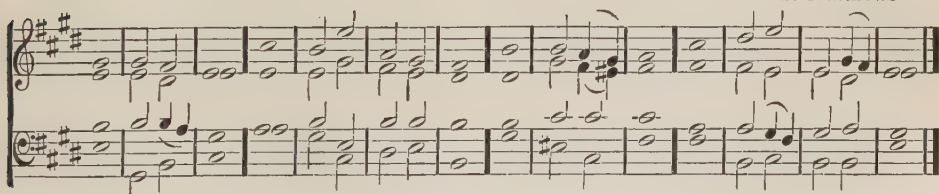
515 BONUM EST CONFITERI (Ps. xcii)

P. Hayes (1738—1797)

J. Travers (1703—1758)



S. Matthews

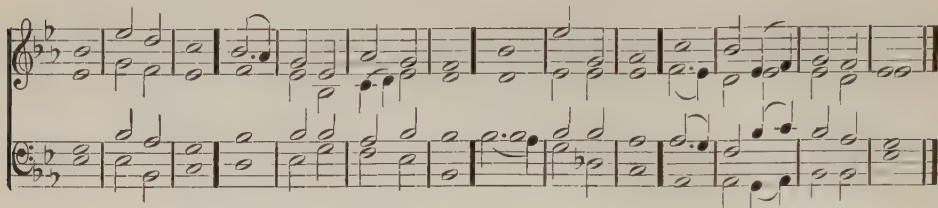


- 1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto ' the | Lord || and to sing praises unto Thy
Name | O — | Most — | Highest.
- 2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *early* | in the | morning || and of Thy *truth* | in the |
night- — | season.
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten *strings* and up- | on the | lute || upon a loud instrument |
and up- | on the | harp.
- 4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me *glad* | through Thy | works || and I will rejoice in giving
praise for the oper- | a-tions | of Thy | hands.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and ' to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

Selections for Chanting

516 BENEDIC ANIMA MEA (Ps. ciii. 1-4, 20-22)

W. Russell (1777-1813)



- 1 PRAISE the *Lord* | O my | soul || and all that is within me | praise His | ho-ly | Name.
- 2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || and for- | get not | all His | benefits ;
- 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and *healeth* | all — | thine in- | firmities ;
- 4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction || and crowneth *thee* with | mercy * and | lov-ing- | kindness ;
- 5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, *ye* that ex- | cel in | strength || ye that fulfil His commandment, and hearken unto the | voice — | of His | word.
- 6 O praise the *Lord* all | ye His | hosts || ye *servants* of | His that | do His | pleasure.
- 7 * O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all *places* of | His do- | minion || praise *thou* the | Lord — | O my | soul.

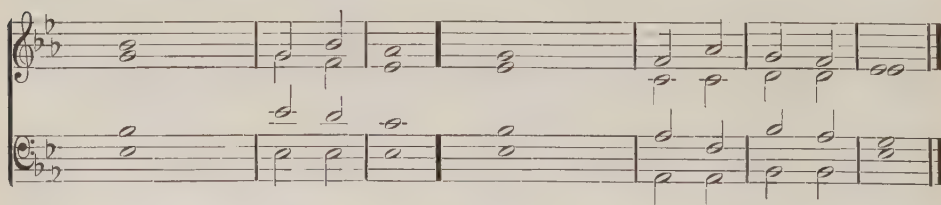
Glory be to the *Father* | and * to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A- — | *men*.

* Last half of Double Chant.

517 NUNC DIMITTIS (Luke ii. 29-32)

J. Barnby (1838-1896)



- 1 LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant de- | part in | peace || ac- | cord-ing | to Thy | word.
- 2 For mine | eyes have | seen || Thy | — sal- | va- — | tion,
- 3 Which Thou | hast pre- | pared || before the | face of | all — | people ;
- 4 To be a *light* to | lighten * the | Gentiles || and to be the glory of Thy | peo-ple | Is-ra- | el.

Glory be to the *Father* | and * to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A- — | *men*.

Selections for Chanting

518 RESPONSES TO THE COMMANDMENTS

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)

p *f*

LORD, have mer-cy, have mer-cy up-on us, and in-cline our hearts to

p After the 10th.

keep this law. Lord, have mer-cy, have mer-cy up-on us, and write all

these Thy laws in our hearts, Thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech Thee.

519 THE LORD'S PRAYER

C. A. Wickes

1 OUR Father which | art in | heaven || Hallowed | be — | Thy — name.

2 Thy | king-dom | come || Thy will be done in *earth* | as it | is in | heaven.

3 Give us this *day* our | dai-ly | bread || and forgive us our *debts* as | we for- give our | debtors.

4 And lead us *not* | into * temp- | tation || but de- | liv-er | us from | evil:

5 For Thine is the *kingdom* and the | power * and the | glory || for | ever. | A- — | men.

Selections for the Choir

520 SOJOURNER 7s, 6s. 81.

R. DeWitt Mallary, 1894

1. A PIL-GRIM and a strang-er, I jour-ney here be-low;
Far dis-tant is my coun-try, The home to which I go.
Here I must toil and trav-el, Oft wea-ry and op-pressed,
But there my God shall lead me To ev-er-last-ing rest. A-men.

2 It is a well-worn pathway,—
Many have gone before;
The holy saints and prophets,
The patriarchs of yore;
They trod the toilsome journey
In patience and in faith:
And them I fain would follow,
Like them in life and death.

3 So I must hasten forwards,—
For soon the end will come.
This land of my sojourning
Is not my destined home;

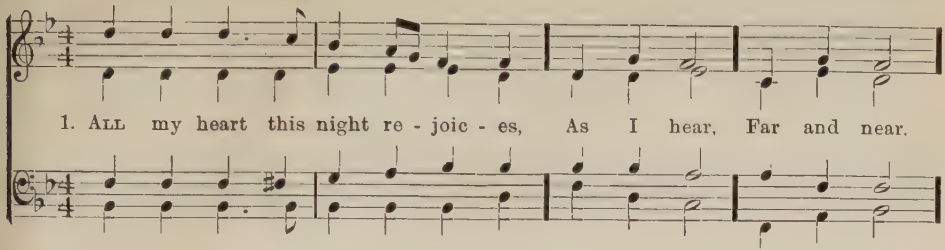
That evermore abideth,
Jerusalem above,
The everlasting city,
The land of light and love.

4 There still my thoughts are dwelling,
'Tis there I long to be!
Come, Lord, and call Thy servant
To blessedness with Thee.
Come, bid my toils be ended;
Let all my wanderings cease,
Call from the wayside lodging
To the sweet home of peace.

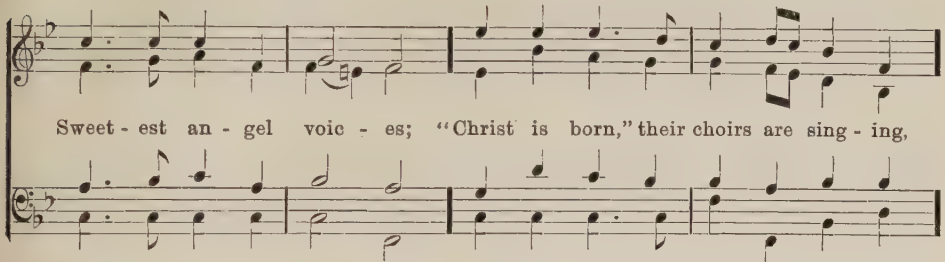
Selections for the Choir

521 STELLA (PARKER) 8, 3, 3, 6

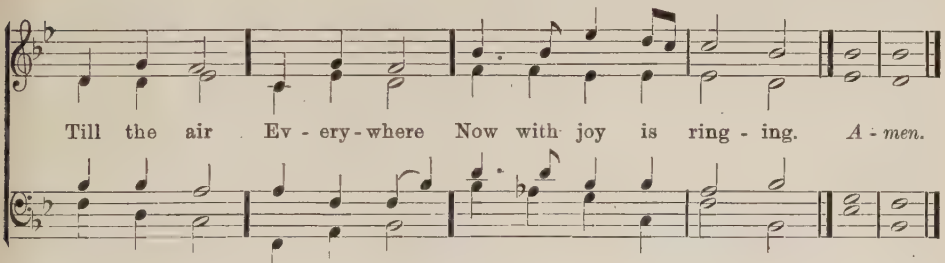
Horatio W. Parker



1. ALL my heart this night re - joice - es, As I hear, Far and near.



Sweet - est an - gel voice - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,



Till the air Ev - ery - where Now with joy is ring - ing. A - men.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt, 1656 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858

Selections for the Choir

522

GLADNESS, No. 1 (St. Anselm) 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. OH, HAP - PY band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread
With Je -

With Je - sus as your fel - low, To Je - sus as your head!

Oh, hap - py if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men!

Oh, hap - py if ye hun - ger As Je - sus hunger'd then! A - men.

2 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;

3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

4 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore.

Selections for the Choir

523

GLADNESS, No. 2 (Magdalena) 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Stainer 1875

1. O JE - SUS, we a - dore Thee, Up - on the cross, our King;

We bow our hearts be - fore Thee; Thy gra - cious name we sing;

That name hath brought sal - va - tion, That name, in life our stay,

Our peace, our con - so - la - tion, When life shall fade a - way. A - men.

2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still pressing by Thy cross.
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,
Counting all else but loss.
The grief Thy soul endured,
Who can that grief declare?
Thy pains have thus assurèd
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree.
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee,
Yet deign our hope to be.
O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesus, we confess Thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.

Selections for the Choir

524

EIN' FESTE BURG

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7

Martin Luther, 1529

Har. S. P. W.

1. In myr-iad forms, by myr-iad names, Men seek to bind and mold Thee;

But Thou dost melt, like wax in flames, The cords that would en-fold... Thee.

Who mad-est life and light, Bring'st morning after night, Who all things did'st create—

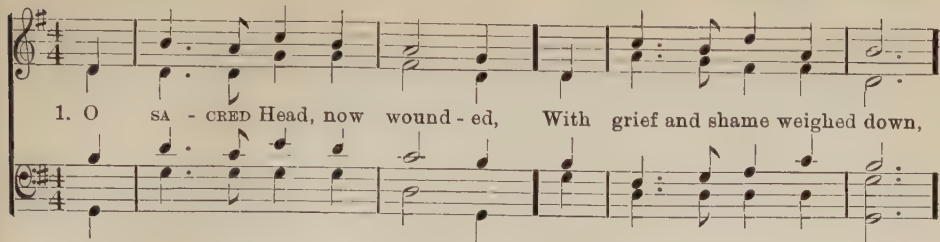
No maj-es-ty, nor state, Nor word, nor world can hold Thee! A-men.

2 Great God, to whom since time began
 The world has prayed and striven;
 Maker of stars, and earth, and man,
 To Thee our praise is given.
 Of suns Thou art the Sun,
 Eternal, holy One;
 Who us can help save Thou?
 To Thee alone we bow!
 Hear us, O God in heaven!

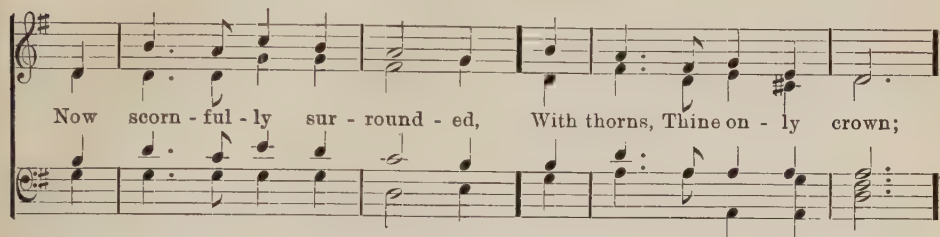
Selections for the Choir

525 GERHARDT 7s, 6s. 81.

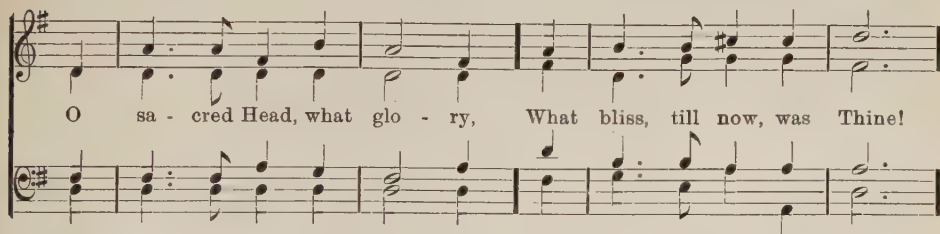
J. P. Holbrook, 1862



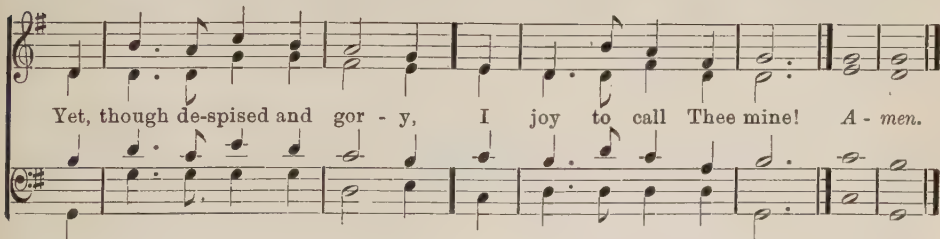
1. O SA - CRED Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine!



Yet, though de-spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine! A - men.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here, I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.

My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1100 Tr. P. Gerhardt, 1666
J. W. Alexander, 1829 A.C.

Selections for the Choir

526 BERTHOLD (Amsterdam) 7s, 6s. 81.

B. Tours, 1872

1. To Thee, my God and Sav - iour, My heart ex - ult - ing sings,

Re - joic - ing in Thy fa - vor, Al - might - y King of kings,

I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry, With all Thy saints a - bove,

And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re - deem - ing love. A - men.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast,
 My voice in supplication,
 Well pleasèd, Thou shalt hear;
 Oh, grant me Thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee through life supported,
 I pass the dangerous road,
 With heavenly hosts escorted
 Up to their bright abode;
 There cast my crown before Thee,
 Now all my conflicts o'er,
 And day and night adore Thee—
 What can an angel more?

T. Haweis, 1792

Selections for the Choir

527 CHENIES 7s, 6s. 81.

T. R. Matthews, 1855

1. THINE ho - ly day's re - turn - ing, Our hearts ex - ult to see,

The first system of the musical score for 'CHENIES' is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. THINE ho - ly day's re - turn - ing, Our hearts ex - ult to see,'.

And, with de - vo - tion burn - ing, As - cend, our God, to Thee.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'And, with de - vo - tion burn - ing, As - cend, our God, to Thee.'.

To - day with pur - est pleas - ure, Our thoughts from earth with - draw;

The third system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'To - day with pur - est pleas - ure, Our thoughts from earth with - draw;'.

We search for sa - cred treas - ure, We learn Thy ho - ly law. A - men.

The fourth system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics are: 'We search for sa - cred treas - ure, We learn Thy ho - ly law. A - men.'.

2 We join to sing Thy praises,
 God of the Sabbath day;
 Each voice in gladness raises
 Its loudest, sweetest lay.
 Thy richest mercies sharing,
 Oh, fill us with Thy love,
 By grace our souls preparing
 For nobler praise above.

R. Palmer, 1834

Selections for the Choir

528

BONAR 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

Arr. fr. J. B. Calkin, 1867
by S. P. Warren, 1896

1. UP - ward where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent

Org.

in their turn - ing Round the nev - er chang - ing pole;

Up - ward where the sky is bright - est, Up - ward where the

blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul. A - men.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Selections for the Choir

529 VIA DOLOROSA 6s, 4s. 9l. Irregular

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. THE way is long and drear - y, The path is bleak and bare, Our feet are

worn and wea - ry, But we will not de - spair. More heav - y was Thy

bur - den, More des - o - late Thy way: O Lamb of God, who tak - est

The sin of the world a - way, Have mer - cy up - on us! A - men.

2 The snows lie thick around us
In the dark and gloomy night,
The tempest roars above us,
The stars have hid their light;
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's cross that day:
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us!

3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and sad to bear;
We dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair.
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease:
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Oh give to us Thy peace!

A. A. Procter, 1858

Selections for the Choir

530 TO-DAY 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Barnby, 1883

1. To - DAY Thy mer - cy calls us To wash a - way our sin,
How - ev - er great our tres - pass, What - ev - er we have been;
How - ev - er long from mer - cy Our hearts have turn'd a - way,
Slower. Thy pre - cious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to - day. A - men.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,
His Holy Spirit waits;
His blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates.

No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home.

4 O all-embracing mercy!
O ever-open door!
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eye run o'er?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer.

Selections for the Choir

531 BENTLEY 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Hullah, 1867

1. "COME un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."

O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease. A - men.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night.
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife,

The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

Selections for the Choir

532 DAVENPORT 7s, 6s. 8 l.

M. D. Babcock, 1896

1. O LAMB of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side;

'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.

What foes and snares sur - round me! What doubts and fears with - in!

The grace that sought and found me A - lone can keep me clean. A-men.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding
The conflict can endure.
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

Selections for the Choir

533 COME, LET US PRAY 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8

A. J. Holden, 1883

1. COME, let us pray: 'tis sweet to feel That God Him - self is

near:..... That while we at His foot - stool kneel, His

mer - cy deigns to hear:..... Though sor - rows cloud life's

drear - y way, This is our sol - - ace: let us pray. A - men.

2 Come, let us pray: the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer;
Our God will chase our griefs away;
Oh, glorious thought!—come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer,
Our Heavenly Father waits to greet
The contrite spirit there:
Oh, loiter not, nor longer stay
From Him who loves us: let us pray.

Selections for the Choir

534 CROSSING THE BAR Irregular

J. Barnby, 1893

1. SUN - SET and even - ing star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no

moan - ing of the bar When I put out to sea. 2. But such a

tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which

drew from out the boundless deep Turns a - gain home. 3. Twilight and evening bell,
home. Twi - - - - light and evening bell,

And aft - er that the dark! And may there be no sad - ness of farewell When I em - bark;

Selections for the Choir

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do.* *rit.*

4. For, though from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far, ...

f

I hope to see my Pi-lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A-men.

A. Tennyson, 1899

535 CROSS AND CROWN C. M.

H. Houseley, 1896

Voices in Unison. *In Harmony.*

1. MUST Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me. A-men.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

T. Shepherd, 1692 *Alt.*

Selections for the Choir

536

URBS BEATA

7s, 6s. 81. With Refrain

G. F. Le Jeune, 1887

1. JE - RU - SA-LEM the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -

neath thy con-tem-pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest; I know not, oh, I

know not, What joys a - wait us there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry!

Refrain.

Je - ru - sa - lem, the

What bliss be-yond com-pare! Je - ru-sa-lem the gold - en, With milk and hon-ey

gold - en, Be -neath

blest, Be-neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest. A-men.

Org.

Selections for the Choir

- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All-jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng:
 The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David,—
 And there, from care released,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast;

- And they, who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. 77. J. M. Neale, 1851

537 BUDLEIGH 108.

T. M. Mudie (1809—1876)

1. I LIFT my heart to Thee, Sav - iour di - vine, For Thou art all to
 me, and I am Thine; Is there on earth a clos - er bond than
 this, That "my Be - lov - ed's mine, and I am His"? A - men.

- 2 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things owe;
 All that I have and am, and all I know.
 All that I have is now no longer mine,
 And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.
- 3 How can I, Lord, withhold life's brightest hour
 From Thee; or gathered gold, or any power?
 Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
 When Thou hast given Thine own dear self for me?
- 4 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep me in Thy love,
 Until death's holy sleep shall me remove,
 To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,
 Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

C. E. Mudie, 1873

Selections for the Choir

538 SUNDOWN 108. 61.

J. H. Gower, 1890

p Voices in Unison.

1. THE day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the sun - light glows :

Voices in Harmony.

O bright - ness of Thy Father's glo - ry, Thou E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now :

p Unison.

cres.

Harmony.

Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be ; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - men.

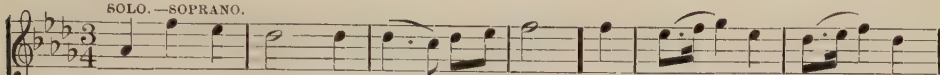
- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end ;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend ;
O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide ;
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide :
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail :
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away ;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Selections for the Choir

539 STOWELL L. M.

Solon Wilder

SOLO.—SOPRANO.

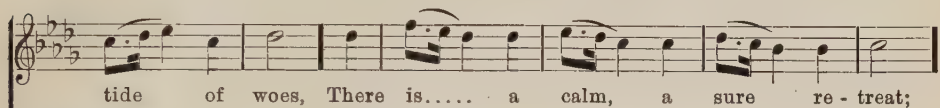


1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing

CHORUS.



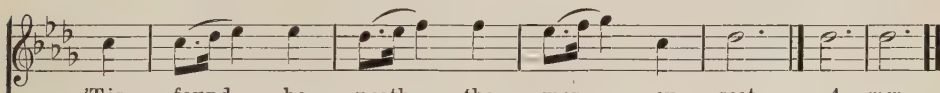
1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing



tide of woes, There is.... a calm, a sure re - treat;



tide of woes, There is.... a calm, a sure re - treat;



'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat. A - men.



'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat. A - men.



- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Selections for the Choir

540 KITTREDGE 8s, 7s. 81.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. HARK! the sound of ho - ly voic - es, Chant-ing at the crys - tal sea,

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee;

Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,

Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands. A - men.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Sainly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.

Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

Selections for the Choir

541 HOLY NIGHT P. M.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. Ho-ly night! peaceful night! Through the darkness beams a light, Ho-ly night!

peace-ful night! Through the dark-ness beams a light, Through the dark-ness

beams a light, Yon-der, where they sweet vig-ils keep O'er the Babe who, in

Rallentando.
si-lent sleep, Rests in heav-en-ly peace, Rests in heav-en-ly peace. A-men.

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies, and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing:
"Alleluia! hail the King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!

3 Holiest night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven, oh, how bright
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born;
Blessed was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy.

5 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, O lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

Selections for the Choir

542 DISMISSAL 8, 8, 8, 6

George Whelpton (1847—)

pp

LORD, let us now de - part in peace, Who in Thy name are gath-ered here;

Dis - close the brightness of Thy face, And be for - ev - er near. A - men.

543 THE SEVEN-FOLD AMEN

J. Stainer (1840—1901)

pp *Slow and sustained.* *cres.* A - - - men, A - - - - - men,

A - - - men, A - - - men, A - - - - - - - - - men,

f *dim.* *pp* A - - - - - men, *ppp* *Slower.* A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men.

f *dim.* A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men.

Responsive Services



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1905

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Responsive Services

SELECTION 1

Psalms VIII, XCIII, CXI

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;

Thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

The LORD reigneth, he is clothed with majesty;

The LORD is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself;

The world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old: thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O LORD, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The LORD on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy testimonies are very sure:

Holiness becometh thine house, O LORD, for ever.

Praise ye the LORD.

I will praise the LORD with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

The works of the LORD are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honourable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the LORD is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

He hath shewed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

The works of his hands are verity and judgment;

All his commandments are sure.

They stand fast for ever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

He sent redemption unto his people :

He hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and reverend is his name.

The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom : a good understanding have all they that do his commandments :

His praise endureth for ever.

SELECTION 2

Psalms LXXXVII, CXXV, CXXVI, CXXII

HIS foundation is in the holy mountains. The LORD loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.

I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me : behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia ; this man was born there.

And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her : and the Highest himself shall establish her.

The LORD shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there.

As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there : all my springs are in thee.

They that trust in the LORD shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the LORD is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous ; lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.

Do good, O LORD, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the LORD shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity :

But peace shall be upon Israel.

When the LORD turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing :

Then said they among the heathen, The LORD hath done great things for them.

The LORD hath done great things for us ; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O LORD, as the streams in the south. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the LORD.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together : whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the LORD, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the LORD.

For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem : they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the LORD our God I will seek thy good.

SELECTION 3

Psalms XLII, XLIII, LXXXIV

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me:

Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:

All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the LORD will command his loving-kindness in the daytime,

And in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me;

Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy:

Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,

Even thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer:
give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield, and look upon
the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than
a thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the
house of my God, than to dwell in the
tents of wickedness.

For the LORD God is a sun and shield:
the LORD will give grace and glory:
no good thing will he withhold from
them that walk uprightly.

O LORD of hosts, blessed is the man that
trusteth in thee.

SELECTION 4

Psalms XXIX, XXIV, CL

GIVE unto the LORD, O ye mighty,
give unto the LORD glory and
strength.

Give unto the LORD the glory due unto
his name; worship the LORD in the
beauty of holiness.

The voice of the LORD is upon the
waters: the God of glory thundereth:
the LORD is upon many waters.

The voice of the LORD is powerful; the
voice of the LORD is full of majesty.

The voice of the LORD breaketh the
cedars; yea, the LORD breaketh the
cedars of Lebanon.

He maketh them also to skip like a calf;
Lebanon and Sirion like a young uni-
corn.

The voice of the LORD divideth the
flames of fire.

The voice of the LORD shaketh the wil-
derness; the LORD shaketh the wilder-
ness of Kadesh.

The voice of the LORD maketh the
hinds to calve, and discovereth the for-
ests: and in his temple doth every one
speak of his glory.

The LORD sitteth upon the flood; yea,
the LORD sitteth King for ever.

The LORD will give strength unto his
people;

The LORD will bless his people with
peace.

The earth is the LORD's, and the ful-
ness thereof; the world, and they that
dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas,
and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the
LORD? or who shall stand in his holy
place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure
heart; who hath not lifted up his soul
unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the
LORD, and righteousness from the God
of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek
him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and
be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD
mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even
lift them up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The LORD of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Praise ye the LORD. Praise God in
his sanctuary:

Praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise
him according to his excellent great-
ness.

Praise him with the sound of the trum-
pet: praise him with the psaltery and
harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: By terrible things in righteousness
praise him with stringed instruments wilt thou answer us, O God of our
and organs. salvation;

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: Who art the confidence of all the ends
praise him upon the high sounding cym- of the earth, and of them that are afar
bals. off upon the sea:

Let every thing that hath breath praise Which by his strength setteth fast the
the LORD. mountains; being girded with power:

Praise ye the LORD.

Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the
noise of their waves, and the tumult of
the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost
parts are afraid at thy tokens:

Thou makest the outgoings of the morn-
ing and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest
it: thou greatly enrichest it with the
river of God, which is full of water:

Thou preparest them corn, when thou
hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abun-
dantly: thou settlest the furrows
thereof: thou makest it soft with
showers: thou blessest the springing
thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy good-
ness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the
wilderness: and the little hills rejoice
on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks;
the valleys also are covered over with
corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us;
and cause his face to shine upon us;
that thy way may be known upon
earth, thy saving health among all
nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all
the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for
joy: for thou shalt judge the people

SELECTION 5

Psalms C, LXV, LXVII

MAKE a joyful noise unto the
LORD, all ye lands.

Serve the LORD with gladness: come be-
fore his presence with singing.

Know ye that the LORD he is God: it
is he that hath made us, and not we
ourselves;

We are his people, and the sheep of his
pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiv-
ing, and into his courts with praise:
be thankful unto him, and bless his
name.

For the LORD is good; his mercy is ever-
lasting; and his truth endureth to all
generations.

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in
Zion:

And unto thee shall the vow be per-
formed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee
shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me: as for our
transgressions, thou shalt purge them
away.

Blessed is the man whom thou choos-
est, and causest to approach unto thee,
that he may dwell in thy courts:

We shall be satisfied with the goodness
of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

SELECTION 6

Psalms XCIIII, XCVIII, XCIX

THE LORD reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

The hills melted like wax at the presence of the LORD, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols:

Worship him, all ye gods.

Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy judgments, O LORD.

For thou, LORD, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

Ye that love the LORD, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints;

He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Rejoice in the LORD, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

O sing unto the LORD a new song; for he hath done marvellous things:

His right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

The LORD hath made known his salvation:

His righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel:

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all the earth:

Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

Sing unto the LORD with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the LORD, the King.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together before the LORD;

For he cometh to judge the earth:

With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

The LORD reigneth; let the people tremble:

He sitteth between the cherubim; let the earth be moved.

The LORD is great in Zion; and he is high above all the people.

Let them praise thy great and terrible name; for it is holy.

The king's strength also loveth judgment; thou dost establish equity, thou

executest judgment and righteousness in Jacob.

Exalt ye the LORD our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among them that call upon his name; they called upon the LORD, and he answered them.

He spake unto them in the cloudy pillar: they kept his testimonies, and the ordinance that he gave them.

Thou answeredst them, O LORD our God: thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions.

Exalt the LORD our God, and worship at his holy hill; for the LORD our God is holy.

SELECTION 7

Psalms xc, xcvi, cxlix

O COME, let us sing unto the LORD:

Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the LORD is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the LORD our maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

To day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart, as in the provocation,

and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness:

When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, It is a people that do err in their heart, and they have not known my ways:

Unto whom I swear in my wrath that they should not enter into my rest.

O sing unto the LORD a new song: sing unto the LORD, all the earth.

Sing unto the LORD, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

For the LORD is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the LORD made the heavens.

Honour and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the LORD, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the LORD glory and strength.

Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen that the LORD reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the LORD:

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth :

He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

Praise ye the LORD.

Sing unto the LORD a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him :

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

Let them praise his name in the dance :

Let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

For the LORD taketh pleasure in his people :

He will beautify the meek with salvation.

Let the saints be joyful in glory : let them sing aloud upon their beds.

Let the high praises of God be in their mouth. Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 8

Psalms CXLVII, CXLVIII

PRAISE ye the LORD : for it is good to sing praises unto our God ;

For it is pleasant ; and praise is comely.

The LORD doth build up Jerusalem : he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the stars ; he calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and of great power : his understanding is infinite.

The LORD lifteth up the meek :

He casteth the wicked down to the ground.

Sing unto the LORD with thanksgiving ;

Sing praise upon the harp unto our God :

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

He delighteth not in the strength of the horse : he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

The LORD taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem ; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates ; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth : his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool : he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels : who can stand before his cold ?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them :

He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation : and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the LORD.

Praise ye the LORD. Praise ye the LORD from the heavens : praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels : praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon : praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the LORD : for he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also stablished them for ever and ever : he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the LORD from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps :

Fire, and hail ; snow, and vapour ; stormy wind fulfilling his word :

Mountains, and all hills ; fruitful trees, and all cedars :

Beasts, and all cattle ; creeping things, and flying fowl :

Kings of the earth, and all people ; princes, and all judges of the earth :

Both young men, and maidens ; old men, and children :

Let them praise the name of the LORD : for his name alone is excellent ;

His glory is above the earth and heaven.

He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints ; even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.

Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 9

Psalms CXII, CXIII, CXXXV

PRAISE ye the LORD. Blessed is the man that feareth the LORD, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth : the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Wealth and riches shall be in his house : and his righteousness endureth for ever.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness : he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth : he will guide his affairs with discretion.

Surely he shall not be moved for ever : the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings :

His heart is fixed, trusting in the LORD.

Praise ye the LORD. Praise, O ye servants of the LORD, praise the name of the LORD.

Blessed be the name of the LORD from this time forth and for evermore.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the LORD'S name is to be praised.

The LORD is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.

Who is like unto the LORD our God, who dwelleth on high,

Who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth !

Praise ye the LORD. Praise ye the name of the LORD ;

Praise him, O ye servants of the LORD.

Ye that stand in the house of the LORD, in the courts of the house of our God, praise the LORD ;

For the LORD is good : sing praises unto his name ; for it is pleasant.

For the LORD hath chosen Jacob unto himself, and Israel for his peculiar treasure.

For I know that the LORD is great, and that our Lord is above all gods.

Whatsoever the LORD pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places.

He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth ; he maketh lightnings for the rain ; he bringeth the wind out of his treasuries.

Who smote the firstborn of Egypt, both of man and beast.

Who sent tokens and wonders into the midst of thee, O Egypt, upon Pharaoh, and upon all his servants.

Who smote great nations, and slew mighty kings ; Sihon king of the Amorites, and Og king of Bashan, and all the kingdoms of Canaan :

And gave their land for a heritage, a heritage unto Israel his people.

Thy name, O LORD, endureth for ever ; and thy memorial, O LORD, throughout all generations.

For the LORD will judge his people, and he will repent himself concerning his servants.

The idols of the heathen are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

They have mouths, but they speak not ; eyes have they, but they see not ;

They have ears, but they hear not ; neither is there any breath in their mouths.

They that make them are like unto them : so is every one that trusteth in them.

Bless the LORD, O house of Israel : bless the LORD, O house of Aaron :

Bless the LORD, O house of Levi : ye that fear the LORD, bless the LORD.

Blessed be the LORD out of Zion, which dwelleth at Jerusalem.

Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 10

Psalms CXXXVI, XXXIV, CXXXIV

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD ; for he is good :

For his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of gods : for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks to the Lord of lords : for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him who alone doeth great wonders : for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that by wisdom made the heavens : for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that stretched out the earth above the waters : for his mercy endureth for ever :

To him that made great lights : for his mercy endureth for ever :

The sun to rule by day : for his mercy endureth for ever :

The moon and stars to rule by night : for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who remembered us in our low estate : for his mercy endureth for ever :

And hath redeemed us from our enemies : for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who giveth food to all flesh : for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of heaven : for his mercy endureth for ever.

I will bless the LORD at all times :

His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the LORD : the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the LORD with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the LORD, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened : and their faces were not ashamed.

This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the LORD is good :
blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

Which by night stand in the house of
the LORD.

O fear the LORD, ye his saints : for there
is no want to them that fear him.

Lift up your hands in the sanctuary,
and bless the LORD.

The young lions do lack, and suffer
hunger :

The LORD that made heaven and earth
bless thee out of Zion.

But they that seek the LORD shall not
want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me :

I will teach you the fear of the LORD.

What man is he that desireth life, and
loveth many days, that he may see
good ?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips
from speaking guile : depart from evil,
and do good ; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the LORD are upon the
righteous, and his ears are open unto
their cry.

The face of the LORD is against them
that do evil, to cut off the remembrance
of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the LORD hear-
eth, and delivereth them out of all
their troubles.

The LORD is nigh unto them that are of
a broken heart ; and saveth such as be
of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the right-
eous : but the LORD delivereth him
out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones : not one of
them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked : and they
that hate the righteous shall be deso-
late.

The LORD redeemeth the soul of his ser-
vants : and none of them that trust in
him shall be desolate.

Behold, bless ye the LORD, all ye ser-
vants of the LORD,

SELECTION 11

Psalms XLVI, XLVII, XLVIII

GOD is our refuge and strength, a
very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the
earth be removed, and though the
mountains be carried into the midst of
the sea ;

Though the waters thereof roar and be
troubled,

Though the mountains shake with the
swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof
shall make glad the city of God, the
holy place of the tabernacles of the
Most High.

God is in the midst of her ; she shall not
be moved : God shall help her, and that
right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were
moved : he uttered his voice, the earth
melted.

The LORD of hosts is with us ; the God
of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the LORD,
what desolations he hath made in the
earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end
of the earth ; he breaketh the bow, and
cutteth the spear in sunder ; he burneth
the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God : I
will be exalted among the heathen, I
will be exalted in the earth.

The LORD of hosts is with us ; the God
of Jacob is our refuge.

O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

For the LORD most high is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.

He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved.

God is gone up with a shout, the LORD with the sound of a trumpet.

Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of Abraham:

For the shields of the earth belong unto God: he is greatly exalted.

Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised,

In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.

They saw it, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away.

Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as of a woman in travail.

Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.

As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the LORD of hosts, in the city of our God:

God will establish it for ever.

We have thought of thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let mount Zion rejoice,

Let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

For this God is our God for ever and ever:

He will be our guide even unto death.

SELECTION 12

Psalms CXLV, CXLVI

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness,

And shall sing of thy righteousness.

The LORD is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

The LORD is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee, O LORD; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The LORD upholdeth all that fall,

And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The LORD is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

The LORD is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

The LORD preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the LORD:

And let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

Praise ye the LORD. Praise the LORD, O my soul.

While I live will I praise the LORD: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,

Whose hope is in the LORD his God:

Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: which keepeth truth for ever:

Which executeth judgment for the oppressed: which giveth food to the hungry.

The LORD looseth the prisoners: the LORD openeth the eyes of the blind:

The LORD raiseth them that are bowed down: the LORD loveth the righteous:

The LORD preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow:

But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

The LORD shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.

Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 13

Psalm LXVIII

SING unto God, sing praises to his name:

Extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JEHOVAH, and rejoice before him.

A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.

God setteth the solitary in families: he bringeth out those which are bound with chains: but the rebellious dwell in a dry land.

O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness; the earth

shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God:

Even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.

Thy congregation hath dwelt therein: thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor.

The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it.

Kings of armies did flee apace: and she that tarried at home divided the spoil.

Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

When the Almighty scattered kings in it, it was white as snow in Salmon.

The hill of God is as the hill of Bashan;

A high hill as the hill of Bashan.

Why leap ye, ye high hills? this is the hill which God desireth to dwell in;

Yea, the LORD will dwell in it for ever.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels:

The Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.

Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men;

Yea, for the rebellious also, that the LORD God might dwell among them.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.

He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.

Thy God hath commanded thy strength: strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us.

Because of thy temple at Jerusalem shall kings bring presents unto thee.

Rebuke the company of spearmen, the multitude of the bulls, with the calves of the people, till every one submit himself with pieces of silver:

Scatter thou the people that delight in war.

Princes shall come out of Egypt;

Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth;

O sing praises unto the Lord;

To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which were of old; lo, he doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice.

Ascribe ye strength unto God: his excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds.

O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places:

The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Blessed be God.

SELECTION 14

Psalms LXVI, CXXXVIII

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:

Sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious.

Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works! through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name.

Come and see the works of God: he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot: there did we rejoice in him.

He ruleth by his power for ever; his eyes behold the nations:

Let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard:

Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

Thou broughtest us into the net; thou laidst affliction upon our loins.

Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water:

But thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

I will go into thy house with burnt offerings: I will pay thee my vows, which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.

I will offer unto thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings, with the incense of rams: I will offer bullocks with goats.

Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me: but verily God hath heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

I will praise thee with my whole heart:

Before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth: for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O LORD, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the LORD: for great is the glory of the LORD.

Though the LORD be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly:

But the proud he knoweth afar off.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me:

Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

The LORD will perfect that which concerneth me:

Thy mercy, O LORD, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

SELECTION 15

Psalms CXVII, CXVIII

**O PRAISE the LORD, all ye nations:
Praise him, all ye people.**

For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the LORD endureth for ever.

Praise ye the LORD.

O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the house of Aaron now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear the LORD say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

I called upon the LORD in distress :

The LORD answered me, and set me in a large place.

The LORD is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

The LORD taketh my part with them that help me: therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.

It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in princes.

The LORD is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous:

The right hand of the LORD doeth valiantly.

The right hand of the LORD is exalted: the right hand of the LORD doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the LORD.

The LORD hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the LORD:

This gate of the LORD, into which the righteous shall enter. I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.

This is the LORD's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the LORD hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, I beseech thee, O LORD: O LORD, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the LORD: we have blessed you out of the house of the LORD.

God is the LORD, which hath shewed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.

Thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

SELECTION 16

Psalms CIV

BLESS the LORD, O my soul. O LORD my God, thou art very great;

Thou art clothed with honour and majesty:

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:

Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:

Who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the LORD are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats;

And the rocks for the conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth: the young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.

O LORD, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all:

The earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the LORD shall endure for ever: the LORD shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the LORD.

SELECTION 17

Psalm LXXXIX

I WILL sing of the mercies of the LORD for ever:

With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever:

Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant,

Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy throne to all generations.

And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O LORD: thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.

For who in the heaven can be compared unto the LORD? who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the LORD?

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.

O LORD God of hosts, who is a strong LORD like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee?

Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain; thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm.

The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.

The north and the south thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.

Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O LORD, in the light of thy countenance.

In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

For thou art the glory of their strength: and in thy favour our horn shall be exalted.

For the LORD is our defence; and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

Then thou spakest in vision to thy Holy One, and saidst, I have laid help upon one that is mighty;

I have exalted one chosen out of the people.

I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him:

With whom my hand shall be established: mine arm also shall strengthen him.

The enemy shall not exact upon him; nor the son of wickedness afflict him.

And I will beat down his foes before his face, and plague them that hate him.

But my faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him: and in my name shall his horn be exalted.

I will set his hand also in the sea, and his right hand in the rivers.

He shall cry unto me, Thou art my Father, my God, and the Rock of my salvation.

Also I will make him my firstborn, higher than the kings of the earth.

My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him.

His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven.

If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments;

Then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes.

Nevertheless my lovingkindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.

My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.

Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David.

His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me.

It shall be established for ever as the moon, and as a faithful witness in heaven.

Blessed be the LORD for evermore. Amen, and Amen.

SELECTION 18

Psalms CXXXII, LXXX

LORD, remember David, and all his afflictions: how he sware unto the LORD, and vowed unto the mighty God of Jacob;

Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed;

I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids,

Until I find out a place for the LORD, a habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.

Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah: we found it in the fields of the wood.

We will go into his tabernacles: we will worship at his footstool.

Arise, O LORD, into thy rest; thou, and the ark of thy strength.

Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness; and let thy saints shout for joy.

For thy servant David's sake turn not away the face of thine anointed.

The LORD hath sworn in truth unto David; he will not turn from it; Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne.

If thy children will keep my covenant and my testimony that I shall teach them, their children shall also sit upon thy throne for evermore.

For the LORD hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation.

This is my rest for ever: here will I dwell; for I have desired it.

I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread.

I will also clothe her priests with salvation:

And her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

There will I make the horn of David to bud: I have ordained a lamp for mine anointed.

His enemies will I clothe with shame: but upon himself shall his crown flourish.

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock;

Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.

Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength, and come and save us.

Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

O LORD God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?

Thou feedest them with the bread of tears; and givest them tears to drink in great measure.

Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbours: and our enemies laugh among themselves.

Turn us again, O God of hosts, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it.

Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land.

The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.

She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river.

Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her?

The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it.

Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine;

And the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.

It is burned with fire, it is cut down:

They perish at the rebuke of thy countenance.

Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand,

Upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself.

So will not we go back from thee: quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.

Turn us again, O LORD God of hosts, cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners:

The LORD fulfil all thy petitions.

Now know I that the LORD saveth his anointed;

He will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses:

But we will remember the name of the LORD our God.

They are brought down and fallen: but we are risen, and stand upright.

Save, LORD: let the king hear us when we call.

Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.

In his days shall the righteous flourish;

And abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

SELECTION 19

Psalms XX, LXXII

THE LORD hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee;

Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion;

Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice;

They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence:

And precious shall their blood be in his sight.

And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:

Prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains;

The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon; and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun:

And men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

SELECTION 20

Psalms II, CX, XXI

WHY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together,

against the LORD, and against his Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.

Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

I will declare the decree: the LORD hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;

Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

Serve the LORD with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little.

Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

The LORD said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

The LORD shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.

Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.

The LORD hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.

The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath.

He shall judge among the heathen, he shall fill the places with the dead bodies;

He shall wound the heads over many countries.

He shall drink of the brook in the way : therefore shall he lift up the head.

The king shall joy in thy strength, O LORD ; and in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice !

Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips.

For thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness : thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.

His glory is great in thy salvation :

Honour and majesty hast thou laid upon him.

For thou hast made him most blessed for ever : thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance.

For the king trusteth in the LORD, and through the mercy of the Most High he shall not be moved.

Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies :

Thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee.

Thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of thine anger : the LORD shall swallow them up in his wrath, and the fire shall devour them.

Their fruit shalt thou destroy from the earth, and their seed from among the children of men.

For they intended evil against thee : they imagined a mischievous device, which they are not able to perform.

Therefore shalt thou make them turn their back, when thou shalt make ready thine arrows upon thy strings against the face of them.

Be thou exalted, LORD, in thine own strength :

So will we sing and praise thy power.

SELECTION 21

Psalms CXV, CXVI

NOT unto us, O LORD, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory,

For thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.

Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God ?

But our God is in the heavens : he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.

Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

They have mouths, but they speak not : eyes have they, but they see not :

They have ears, but they hear not : noses have they, but they smell not :

They have hands, but they handle not : feet have they, but they walk not : neither speak they through their throat.

They that make them are like unto them ;

So is every one that trusteth in them.

O Israel, trust thou in the LORD : he is their help and their shield.

O house of Aaron, trust in the LORD : he is their help and their shield.

Ye that fear the LORD, trust in the LORD :

He is their help and their shield.

The LORD hath been mindful of us : he will bless us ;

He will bless the house of Israel; he will bless the house of Aaron.

He will bless them that fear the LORD, both small and great.

The LORD shall increase you more and more, you and your children.

Ye are blessed of the LORD which made heaven and earth.

The heaven, even the heavens, are the LORD'S: but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

The dead praise not the LORD, neither any that go down into silence.

But we will bless the LORD from this time forth and for evermore. Praise the LORD.

I love the LORD, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the LORD; O LORD, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The LORD preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.

I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted: I said in my haste, All men are liars.

What shall I render unto the LORD for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the LORD: I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.

O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the LORD.

I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people, in the courts of the LORD'S house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 22

Psalms LXXXVI, LXXXV

BOW down thine ear, O LORD, hear me: for I am poor and needy.

Preserve my soul; for I am holy: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I cry unto thee daily.

Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive;

And plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

Give ear, O LORD, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.

Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord;

Neither are there any works like unto thy works.

All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name.

For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.

Teach me thy way, O LORD; I will walk in thy truth:

Unite my heart to fear thy name.

I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

For great is thy mercy toward me: and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.

O God, the proud are risen against me, and the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul; and have not set thee before them.

But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, longsuffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me;

Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.

Shew me a token for good; that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed:

Because thou, LORD, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

LORD, thou hast been favourable unto thy land: thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people; thou hast covered all their sin.

Thou hast taken away all thy wrath:

Thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.

Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease.

Wilt thou be angry with us for ever? wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?

Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?

Shew us thy mercy, O LORD, and grant us thy salvation.

I will hear what God the LORD will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly.

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

Yea, the LORD shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase.

Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps.

SELECTION 23

Psalms CIII

BLESS the LORD, O my soul;

And all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The LORD executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

Bless the LORD, all his works in all places of his dominion:

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

Bless the LORD, O my soul.

The LORD is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins;

Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the LORD pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens;

And his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the LORD, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the LORD, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

SELECTION 24

Psalms CXXI, CXXVII, CXXIII

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

The LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

The LORD is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the LORD, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion :

In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me ; he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me : therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy ;

I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the LORD.

Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice : have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face ; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, LORD, will I seek.

Hide not thy face far from me ; put not thy servant away in anger : thou hast been my help ; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the LORD will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O LORD, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies : for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.

Wait on the LORD : be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart : wait, I say, on the LORD.

The LORD is my shepherd ; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil :

For thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies :

Thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life :

And I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

SELECTION 25

Psalm cxxxix

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising ; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O LORD, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me : it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit ? or whither shall I flee from thy presence ?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there : if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea ;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God: depart from me therefore, ye bloody men.

For they speak against thee wickedly, and thine enemies take thy name in vain.

Do not I hate them, O LORD, that hate thee? and am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee?

I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION 26

Psalms XXXIII, CVIII

REJOICE in the LORD, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the LORD with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skillfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the LORD is right; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment:

The earth is full of the goodness of the LORD.

By the word of the LORD were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the LORD: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The LORD bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

The counsel of the LORD standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD;

And the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The LORD looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men: from the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multitude of a host: a mighty man is not delivered by much strength.

A horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.

Behold, the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy; to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth for the LORD: he is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory.

Awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early.

I will praise thee, O LORD, among the people: and I will sing praises unto thee among the nations.

For thy mercy is great above the heavens: and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens:

And thy glory above all the earth.

SELECTION 27

Psalm CVII

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD, for he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the LORD say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron; because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore he brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death.

Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.

He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the LORD, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the watersprings into dry ground;

A fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into watersprings.

And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation; and sow the fields, and plant

vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase.

He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly; and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

Again, they are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.

He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.

Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock.

The righteous shall see it, and rejoice: and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the LORD.

SELECTION 28

Psalms XCII, CXXIII, CXLII

IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the LORD, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night,

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

For thou, LORD, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

O LORD, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be destroyed for ever:

But thou, LORD, art most high for evermore.

For, lo, thine enemies, O LORD, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish ;

All the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of a unicorn : I shall be anointed with fresh oil.

Mine eye also shall see my desire on mine enemies, and mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked that rise up against me.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree : he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

Those that be planted in the house of the LORD shall flourish in the courts of our God.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age ; they shall be fat and flourishing ;

To shew that the LORD is upright : he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress ; so our eyes wait upon the LORD our God, until that he have mercy upon us.

Have mercy upon us, O LORD, have mercy upon us : for we are exceedingly filled with contempt.

Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud.

I cried unto the LORD with my voice ; with my voice unto the LORD did I make my supplication.

I poured out my complaint before him ; I shewed before him my trouble.

When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path.

In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me :

Refuge failed me ; no man cared for my soul.

I cried unto thee, O LORD : I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

Attend unto my cry ; for I am brought very low : deliver me from my persecutors ; for they are stronger than I.

Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name :

The righteous shall compass me about ; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

SELECTION 29

Psalm LXXXIII

TRULY God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart.

But as for me, my feet were almost gone ; my steps had well nigh slipped.

For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

For there are no bands in their death : but their strength is firm.

They are not in trouble as other men ; neither are they plagued like other men.

Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain ; violence covereth them as a garment.

Their eyes stand out with fatness : they have more than heart could wish.

They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression : they speak loftily.

They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth.

Therefore his people return hither : and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them.

And they say, How doth God know ? and is there knowledge in the Most High ?

Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world ; they increase in riches.

Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency.

For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning.

If I say, I will speak thus ; behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children.

When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me ;

Until I went into the sanctuary of God ; then understood I their end.

Surely thou didst set them in slippery places : thou castedst them down into destruction.

How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment ! they are utterly consumed with terrors.

As a dream when one awaketh ; so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image.

Thus my heart was grieved, and I was pricked in my reins.

So foolish was I, and ignorant : I was as a beast before thee.

Nevertheless I am continually with thee : thou hast holden me by my right hand.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth : but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

SELECTION 30

Psalms I, xv, xxvi

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the LORD ; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season ;

His leaf also shall not wither ; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so : but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous :

But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle ? who shall dwell in thy holy hill ?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned ; but he honoureth them that fear the LORD.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Judge me, O LORD; for I have walked in mine integrity:

I have trusted also in the LORD; therefore I shall not slide.

Examine me, O LORD, and prove me; try my reins and my heart.

For thy lovingkindness is before mine eyes: and I have walked in thy truth.

I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers.

I have hated the congregation of evil doers; and will not sit with the wicked.

I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar, O LORD:

That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.

LORD, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.

Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men:

In whose hands is mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes.

But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity: redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

My foot standeth in an even place:

In the congregations will I bless the LORD.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the LORD, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the LORD; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the LORD, and wait patiently for him:

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil doers shall be cut off; but those that wait upon the LORD, they shall inherit the earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth.

The Lord shall laugh at him: for he seeth that his day is coming.

The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy, and to slay such as be of upright conversation.

Their sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows shall be broken.

A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.

SELECTION 31

Psalm XXXVII

FRET not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For the arms of the wicked shall be broken: but the LORD upholdeth the righteous.

The LORD knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be for ever.

They shall not be ashamed in the evil time: and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the LORD shall be as the fat of lambs:

They shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.

The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again: but the righteous sheweth mercy, and giveth.

For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth; and they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the LORD upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

For the LORD loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints;

They are preserved for ever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever.

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.

The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.

The LORD will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

Wait on the LORD, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land:

When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD: he is their strength in the time of trouble.

And the LORD shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

SELECTION 32

Psalms LXXXI, L

SING aloud unto God our strength: make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.

Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery.

Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast day.

For this was a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob.

This he ordained in Joseph for a testimony, when he went out through the land of Egypt: where I heard a language that I understood not.

I removed his shoulder from the burden: his hands were delivered from the pots.

Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee;

I answered thee in the secret place of thunder: I proved thee at the waters of Meribah.

Hear, O my people, and I will testify unto thee:

O Israel, if thou wilt hearken unto me; there shall no strange god be in thee; neither shalt thou worship any strange god.

I am the LORD thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt:

Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

But my people would not hearken to my voice; and Israel would none of me.

So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust: and they walked in their own counsels.

Oh that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways!

I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries.

The haters of the LORD should have submitted themselves unto him: but their time should have endured for ever.

He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat: and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee.

The mighty God, even the LORD, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.

Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.

Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence: a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him.

He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people.

Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.

And the heavens shall declare his righteousness: for God is judge himself.

Hear, O my people, and I will speak; O Israel, and I will testify against thee:

I am God, even thy God.

I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices or thy burnt offerings, to have been continually before me.

I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he goats out of thy folds:

For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine.

If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof.

Will I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the blood of goats?

Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High: and call upon me in the day of trouble:

I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

SELECTION 33

Psalms XIX, CXIX

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul:

The testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned:

And in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:

Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in

thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

For ever, O LORD, thy word is settled in heaven.

Thy faithfulness is unto all generations: thou hast established the earth, and it abideth.

They continue this day according to thine ordinances: for all are thy servants.

Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction.

I will never forget thy precepts: for with them thou hast quickened me.

I am thine, save me; for I have sought thy precepts.

The wicked have waited for me to destroy me: but I will consider thy testimonies.

I have seen an end of all perfection: but thy commandment is exceeding broad.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments.

I am afflicted very much: quicken me, O LORD, according unto thy word.

Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill offerings of my mouth, O LORD, and teach me thy judgments.

My soul is continually in my hand: yet do I not forget thy law.

The wicked have laid a snare for me: yet I erred not from thy precepts.

Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart.

I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes always, even unto the end.

SELECTION 34

Psalm CXIX

BLESSED are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the LORD.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O LORD: teach me thy statutes.

With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

Teach me, O LORD, the way of thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end.

Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight.

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken thou me in thy way.

Stablish thy word unto thy servant, who is devoted to thy fear.

Turn away my reproach which I fear: for thy judgments are good.

Behold, I have longed after thy precepts: quicken me in thy righteousness.

Let thy mercies come also unto me, O LORD, even thy salvation, according to thy word.

So shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me: for I trust in thy word.

And take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth; for I have hoped in thy judgments.

So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed.

And I will delight myself in thy commandments, which I have loved.

My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes.

SELECTION 35

Psalms XII, X, XIV

HELP, LORD; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.

They speak vanity every one with his neighbour : with flattering lips and with a double heart do they speak.

The LORD shall cut off all flattering lips, and the tongue that speaketh proud things :

Who have said, With our tongue will we prevail ; our lips are our own : who is lord over us ?

For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the LORD ; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.

The words of the LORD are pure words : as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.

Thou shalt keep them, O LORD, thou shalt preserve them from this generation for ever.

The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted.

Why standest thou afar off, O LORD ? why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble ?

The wicked in his pride doth persecute the poor : let them be taken in the devices that they have imagined.

For the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire, and blesseth the covetous, whom the LORD abhorreth.

The wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God : God is not in all his thoughts.

His ways are always grievous ; thy judgments are far above out of his sight : as for all his enemies, he puffeth at them.

He hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved : for I shall never be in adversity.

His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and fraud : under his tongue is mischief and vanity.

He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages : in the secret places doth he murder the innocent : his eyes are privily set against the poor.

He lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den : he lieth in wait to catch the poor : he doth catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net.

He croucheth, and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones.

He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten : he hideth his face ; he will never see it.

Arise, O LORD ; O God, lift up thine hand : forget not the humble.

Wherefore doth the wicked contemn God ? he hath said in his heart, Thou wilt not require it.

Thou hast seen it ; for thou beholdest mischief and spite, to requite it with thy hand : the poor committeth himself unto thee ; thou art the helper of the fatherless.

LORD, thou hast heard the desire of the humble ; thou wilt prepare their heart, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear :

To judge the fatherless and the oppressed, that the man of the earth may no more oppress.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good.

The LORD looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.

They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy : there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge ? who eat up my people as they eat bread, and call not upon the LORD.

There were they in great fear: for God is in the generation of the righteous.

Ye have shamed the counsel of the poor, because the LORD is his refuge.

Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!

When the LORD bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

SELECTION 36

Psalms LI, CXXX

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:

According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight:

That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation:

And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips;

And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O LORD.

Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, LORD, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say,

more than they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the LORD: for with the LORD there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

SELECTION 37

Psalms XIII, VI, XXVIII

HOW long wilt thou forget me, O LORD? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? how long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?

Consider and hear me, O LORD my God: lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death;

Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him; and those that trouble me rejoice when I am moved.

But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.

I will sing unto the LORD, because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

O LORD, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

Have mercy upon me, O LORD; for I am weak: O LORD, heal me; for my bones are vexed.

My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O LORD, how long?

Return, O LORD, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake.

For in death there is no remembrance of thee:

In the grave who shall give thee thanks?

I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.

Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.

Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the LORD hath heard the voice of my weeping.

The LORD hath heard my supplication; the LORD will receive my prayer.

Unto thee will I cry, O LORD my rock; be not silent to me: lest, if thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit.

Hear the voice of my supplications, when I cry unto thee, when I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle.

Draw me not away with the wicked, and with the workers of iniquity, which speak peace to their neighbours, but mischief is in their hearts.

Because they regard not the works of the LORD, nor the operation of his hands, he shall destroy them, and not build them up.

Blessed be the LORD, because he hath heard the voice of my supplications.

The LORD is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped:

Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him.

The LORD is their strength, and he is the saving strength of his anointed.

Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance:

Feed them also, and lift them up for ever.

SELECTION 38

Psalms XXII, XXXI

MY God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent.

But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

They cried unto thee, and were delivered:

They trusted in thee, and were not confounded.

But I am a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people. All they that see me laugh me to scorn:

They shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, he trusted on the LORD that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him.

Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death.

For dogs have compassed me: the assembly of the wicked have inclosed me: they pierced my hands and my feet.

I may tell all my bones: they look and stare upon me.

They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.

But be not thou far from me, O LORD: O my strength, haste thee to help me.

In thee, O LORD, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.

Bow down thine ear to me; deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for a house of defence to save me.

For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me: for thou art my strength.

Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O LORD God of truth.

I have hated them that regard lying vanities: but I trust in the LORD.

I was a reproach among all mine enemies, but especially among my neighbours, and a fear to mine acquaintance: they that did see me without fled from me.

I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a broken vessel.

For I have heard the slander of many: fear was on every side: while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life.

But I trusted in thee, O LORD: I said, Thou art my God.

My times are in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake.

Let me not be ashamed, O LORD; for I have called upon thee: let the wicked be ashamed, and let them be silent in the grave.

Let the lying lips be put to silence; which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous.

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee;

Which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man :

Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

Blessed be the LORD: for he hath shewed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.

For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.

O love the LORD, all ye his saints: for the LORD preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the LORD.

SELECTION 39

Psalms LXI, LXII, LXIII

HEAR my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:

Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

He shall abide before God for ever: O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? ye shall be slain all of you: as a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence.

They only consult to cast him down from his excellency: they delight in lies: they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.

My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved.

In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie:

To be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery:

If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory:

But the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

SELECTION 40

Psalms IV, V, LVII

HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress;

Have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame?

How long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing?

But know that the LORD hath set apart him that is godly for himself:

The LORD will hear when I call unto him.

Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the LORD.

There be many that say, Who will shew us any good?

LORD, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.

Give ear to my words, O LORD; consider my meditation.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O LORD;

In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing:

The LORD will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy:

And in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

Be merciful unto me, O God: for man would swallow me up; he fighting daily oppresseth me.

Mine enemies would daily swallow me up: for they be many that fight against me, O thou Most High.

What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

In God I will praise his word, in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.

Every day they wrest my words:

All their thoughts are against me for evil.

They gather themselves together, they hide themselves, they mark my steps, when they wait for my soul.

Shall they escape by iniquity? in thine anger cast down the people, O God.

Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?

When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back: this I know; for God is for me.

In God will I praise his word: in the LORD will I praise his word.

In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me.

Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render praises unto thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt not thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?

SELECTION 41

Psalms CII

HEAR my prayer, O LORD, and let my cry come unto thee.

Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear

unto me: in the day when I call answer me speedily.

For my days are consumed like smoke,

And my bones are burned as a hearth.

My heart is smitten, and withered like grass; so that I forget to eat my bread.

By reason of the voice of my groaning my bones cleave to my skin.

I am like a pelican of the wilderness: I am like an owl of the desert.

I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop.

Mine enemies reproach me all the day;

And they that are mad against me are sworn against me.

For I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping,

Because of thine indignation and thy wrath: for thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down.

My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass.

But thou, O LORD, shalt endure for ever; and thy remembrance unto all generations.

Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come.

For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof.

So the heathen shall fear the name of the LORD,

And all the kings of the earth thy glory.

When the LORD shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory.

He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.

This shall be written for the generation to come:

And the people which shall be created shall praise the LORD.

For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did the LORD behold the earth;

To hear the groaning of the prisoner; to loose those that are appointed to death;

To declare the name of the LORD in Zion, and his praise in Jerusalem;

When the people are gathered together, and the kingdoms, to serve the LORD.

He weakened my strength in the way; he shortened my days.

I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days: thy years are throughout all generations.

Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth:

And the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment;

As a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:

But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee.

SELECTION 42

Psalms xxv, xxxii

UNTIL thee, O LORD, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee:

Let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me.

Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

Shew me thy ways, O LORD; teach me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O LORD, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O LORD.

Good and upright is the LORD: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the LORD are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O LORD, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the LORD? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth.

The secret of the LORD is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the LORD; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged:

O bring thou me out of my distresses.

Look upon mine affliction and my pain; and forgive all my sins.

Consider mine enemies; for they are many; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the LORD imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid.

I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:

Surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble;

Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:

I will guide thee with mine eye.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding:

Whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the LORD, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

SELECTION 43

Psalms xvi, xvii

PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust. O my soul, thou hast said unto the LORD, Thou art my Lord:

My goodness extendeth not to thee; but to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god:

Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips.

The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the LORD, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

I have set the LORD always before met because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy;

At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Hear the right, O LORD, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing:

I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Shew thy marvellous lovingkindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee from those that rise up against them.

Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings, from the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies, who compass me about.

They are inclosed in their own fat: with their mouth they speak proudly.

They have now compassed us in our steps: they have set their eyes bowing down to the earth; like as a lion that is greedy of his prey, and as it were a young lion lurking in secret places.

Arise, O LORD, disappoint him, cast him down: deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword:

From men which are thy hand, O LORD, from men of the world, which have their portion in this life, and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure: they are full of children, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes.

As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

SELECTION 44

Psalms XL, CXLIII

I WAITED patiently for the LORD; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the LORD.

Blessed is that man that maketh the LORD his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

Many, O LORD my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward:

They cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened:

Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me:

I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

I have preached righteousness in the great congregation:

Lo, I have not refrained my lips, O LORD, thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation:

I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O LORD:

Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

Be pleased, O LORD, to deliver me: O LORD, make haste to help me.

Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it;

Let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.

Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, The LORD be magnified.

But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me:

Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

Hear my prayer, O LORD, give ear to my supplications: in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.

And enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead.

Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me; my heart within me is desolate.

I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy works; I muse on the work of thy hands.

I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land.

Hear me speedily, O LORD; my spirit faileth:

Hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit.

Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust:

Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee.

Deliver me, O LORD, from mine enemies: I flee unto thee to hide me.

Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God: thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness.

Quicken me, O LORD, for thy name's sake:

For thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble.

SELECTION 45

Psalm XVIII

I WILL love thee, O LORD, my strength. The LORD is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;

My God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.

I will call upon the LORD, who is worthy to be praised:

So shall I be saved from mine enemies.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.

The sorrows of hell compassed me about: the snares of death prevented me.

In my distress I called upon the LORD, and cried unto my God:

He heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears.

He delivered me from my strong enemy, For who is God save the LORD? or who
and from them which hated me: for is a rock save our God?

They prevented me in the day of my calamity: but the LORD was my stay.

He brought me forth also into a large place; he delivered me, because he delighted in me.

The LORD rewarded me according to my righteousness; according to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.

For I have kept the ways of the LORD, and have not wickedly departed from my God.

For all his judgments were before me, and I did not put away his statutes from me.

I was also upright before him, and I kept myself from mine iniquity.

Therefore hath the LORD recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.

With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful; with an upright man thou wilt shew thyself upright;

With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure; and with the froward thou wilt shew thyself froward.

For thou wilt save the afflicted people;

But wilt bring down high looks.

For thou wilt light my candle:

The LORD my God will enlighten my darkness.

For by thee I have run through a troop;

And by my God have I leaped over a wall.

As for God, his way is perfect: the word of the LORD is tried:

He is a buckler to all those that trust in him.

It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect.

He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places.

He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.

Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation: and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.

The LORD liveth; and blessed be my Rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted.

It is God that avengeth me, and subdueth the people under me.

He delivereth me from mine enemies: yea, thou liftest me up above those that rise up against me: thou hast delivered me from the violent man.

Therefore will I give thanks unto thee, O LORD, among the heathen, and sing praises unto thy name.

Great deliverance giveth he to his king; and sheweth mercy to his anointed, to David, and to his seed for evermore.

SELECTION 46

Psalms XXXVI, LXXI

THE transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes.

For he flattereth himself in his own eyes, until his iniquity be found to be hateful.

The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit: he hath left off to be wise, and to do good.

He deviseth mischief upon his bed; he setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil.

Thy mercy, O LORD, is in the heavens; hath forsaken him: persecute and take and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the him; for there is none to deliver him. clouds.

O God, be not far from me: O my God, make haste for my help.

Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep: O LORD, thou preservest man and beast.

Let them be confounded and consumed that are adversaries to my soul; let them be covered with reproach and dishonour that seek my hurt.

How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God!

Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

But I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house;

My mouth shall shew forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day; for I know not the numbers thereof.

And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.

For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

O continue thy lovingkindness unto them that know thee; and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.

In thee, O LORD, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion.

Deliver me in my righteousness, and cause me to escape: incline thine ear unto me, and save me.

Now also when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.

Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort:

Thou hast given commandment to save me; for thou art my rock and my fortress.

Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high, who hast done great things: O God, who is like unto thee!

Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked,

Out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man.

Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth.

Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side.

For thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art my trust from my youth.

Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

I will also praise thee with the psaltery, even thy truth, O my God: unto thee will I sing with the harp, O thou Holy One of Israel.

SELECTION 47

Psalms III, XXX, CXXIV

For mine enemies speak against me; and they that lay wait for my soul take counsel together, saying, God LORD, how are they increased that trouble me! many are they that rise up against me.

**Many there be which say of my soul,
There is no help for him in God.**

But thou, O LORD, art a shield for me;
my glory, and the lifter up of mine
head.

**I cried unto the LORD with my voice,
and he heard me out of his holy hill.**

I laid me down and slept; I awaked;
for the LORD sustained me.

**I will not be afraid of ten thousands of
people, that have set themselves against
me round about.**

Arise, O LORD; save me, O my God:
for thou hast smitten all mine enemies
upon the cheek bone; thou hast broken
the teeth of the ungodly.

**Salvation belongeth unto the LORD: thy
blessing is upon thy people.**

I will extol thee, O LORD; for thou
hast lifted me up, and hast not made
my foes to rejoice over me.

**O LORD my God, I cried unto thee, and
thou hast healed me.**

O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul
from the grave: thou hast kept me
alive, that I should not go down to the
pit.

**Sing unto the LORD, O ye saints of his,
and give thanks at the remembrance of
his holiness.**

For his anger endureth but a moment;
in his favour is life:

**Weeping may endure for a night, but joy
cometh in the morning.**

And in my prosperity I said, I shall
never be moved.

**LORD, by thy favour thou hast made my
mountain to stand strong: thou didst
hide thy face, and I was troubled.**

I cried to thee, O LORD; and unto the
LORD I made supplication.

**What profit is there in my blood, when
I go down to the pit? Shall the dust
praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?**

Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me:

LORD, be thou my helper.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning
into dancing:

**Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and
girded me with gladness;**

To the end that my glory may sing
praise to thee, and not be silent.

**O LORD my God, I will give thanks unto
thee for ever.**

If it had not been the LORD who was
on our side, now may Israel say; if it
had not been the LORD who was on our
side, when men rose up against us:

**Then they had swallowed us up quick,
when their wrath was kindled against
us:**

Then the waters had overwhelmed us,
the stream had gone over our soul:

**Then the proud waters had gone over
our soul.**

Blessed be the LORD, who hath not
given us as a prey to their teeth. Our
soul is escaped as a bird out of the
snare of the fowlers:

**The snare is broken, and we are escaped.
Our help is in the name of the LORD, who
made heaven and earth.**

SELECTION 48

Psalms XLIX, XXXIX

HEAR this, all ye people;

**Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the
world: both low and high, rich and poor,
together.**

My mouth shall speak of wisdom; and
the meditation of my heart shall be of
understanding.

I will incline mine ear to a parable: I will open my dark saying upon the harp.

Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil,

When the iniquity of my heels shall compass me about?

They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches; none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him:

(For the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever:)

That he should still live for ever, and not see corruption.

For he seeth that wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others.

Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwellingplaces to all generations;

They call their lands after their own names.

Nevertheless man being in honour abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish.

This their way is their folly: yet their posterity approve their sayings.

Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them; and the up-right shall have dominion over them in the morning; and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling.

But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for he shall receive me.

Be not thou afraid when one is made rich, when the glory of his house is increased; for when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him.

Though while he lived he blessed his soul, and men will praise thee, when thou doest well to thyself.

He shall go to the generation of his fathers; they shall never see light.

Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.

I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned:

Then spake I with my tongue, LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee:

Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain:

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.

Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth:

Surely every man is vanity.

Hear my prayer, O LORD, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at

my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

SELECTION 49

Psalms xc, xci

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O LORD, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the LORD our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us;

Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no

evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:

I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

SELECTION 50

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST
Isaiah

AND there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse,

And a Branch shall grow out of his roots:

And the Spirit of the LORD shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding,

The spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the LORD;

And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the LORD:

And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth:

And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins,

And faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together;

And a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:

For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the LORD,

Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low:

And the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

And the glory of the LORD shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together:

For the mouth of the LORD hath spoken it.

O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength;

Lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

Behold, the Lord GOD will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him:

Behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd:

He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light:

They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder:

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever.

The zeal of the LORD of hosts will perform this.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them;

And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon;

They shall see the glory of the LORD, and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them

that are of a fearful heart, Be strong fear not:

Behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened; and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing:

For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those:

The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there;

But the redeemed shall walk there:

And the ransomed of the LORD shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads:

They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

SELECTION 51

THE DEATH OF CHRIST

Isaiah LIII

WHO hath believed our report?

And to whom is the arm of the LORD revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground:

He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:

And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows:

Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

And the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth:

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied:

By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great,

And he shall divide the spoil with the strong;

Because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors;

And he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION 52

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

Psalms

SING aloud unto God our strength:

Make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.

Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery.

Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast day.

I will extol thee, O LORD; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

O LORD my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave:

Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

Sing unto the LORD, O ye saints of his,

And give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life:

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

LORD, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.

I cried to thee, O LORD; and unto the LORD I made supplication.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing:

Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness;

To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent.

O LORD my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

I have set the LORD always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Open to me the gates of righteousness:

I will go into them, and I will praise the LORD:

This gate of the LORD, into which the righteous shall enter.

I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.

This is the LORD's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the LORD hath made;

We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;

And the king of glory shall come in.

Who is this king of glory?

The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The LORD of hosts, he is the King of glory.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence:

And precious shall their blood be in his sight.

And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:

Prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains;

The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun:

And men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

